

THE
SECOND VOLUME
of the
WORKS
OF

Mr. *William Congreve*;

CONTAINING,

<i>The</i> MOURNING BRIDE.	Tragedy.
<i>The</i> WAY of the WORLD,	Comedy.
<i>The</i> Judgment of PARIS.	Masque.
SEMELE.	Opera.

L O N D O N.

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at *Shakespear's Head* over-against
Catherine Street in the Strand. MDCCX.

8

W. Musgrave.



T O
Mr. CONGREVE,

Occasion'd by his

COMEDY

CALL'D

The WAY of the WORLD.

WHEN *Pleasure's falling to the low Delight,
In the vain Joys of the uncertain Sight,
No sense of Wit when rude Spectators know,
But in distorted Gesture, Farce and Show;*

To Mr. CONGREGVE.

*How could, Great Author, your aspiring Mind
Dare to Write only to the Few Refin'd!
Yet tho' that nice Ambition you pursue,
'Tis not in Congreve's Power to please but few.
Implicitly devoted to his Fame,
Well-dress'd Barbarians know his awful Name;
Tho' senseless they're of Mirth, but when they laugh,
As they feel Wine, but when, 'till drunk, they quaff.*

*On you, from Fate, a lavish Portion fell
In ev'ry way of Writing to excell.
Your Muse Applause to Arabella brings,
In Notes as sweet as Arabella Sings.
When e'er you draw an undissembled Woe,
With sweet Distress your Rural Numbers flow,
Pastora's the Complaint of ev'ry Swain,
Pastora still the Echo of the Plain!
Or if your Muse describe, with warming Force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his Horse;*

And

TO MR. CONGREV E.

*And her own William glorious in the Strife,
Bestowing on the prostrate Foe his Life:
You the great Act as gen'rously rehearse,
And all the English Fury's in your Verse.
By your selected Scenes, and handsome Choice,
Ennobled Comedy exalts her Voice;
You check unjust Esteem and fond Desire,
And teach to Scorn, what else we should Admire:
The just Impression taught by you we bear,
The Player acts the World, the World the Player,
Whom still that World unjustly disesteems,
Tho' he, alone, professes what he seems:
But when your Muse assumes her Tragick Part,
She conquers and she reigns in ev'ry Heart;
To mourn with her Men cheat their private Woe,
And gen'rous Pity's all the Grief they know;
The Widow, who impatient of Delay,
From the Town-joys must mask it to the Play,
Joyns with your Mourning-Bride's resistless Moan,
And weeps a Loss she slighted, when her own;*

You

TO MR. CONGREV E.

*You give us Torment, and you give us Ease,
And vary our Afflictions as you please;
Is not a Heart so kind as yours in Pain,
To load your Friends with Cures you only feign;
Your Friends in Grief, compos'd your self, to leave?
But 'tis the only way you'll e'er deceive.
Then still, great Sir, your moving Pow'r employ,
To lull our Sorrow, and correct our Joy.*

R. STEELE.

ERRATA.

PAG. 598. lin. 1. for *tell* read *let*. p. 762. last word,
read *advise*. p. 807. l. 2. for *Bea* read *Bed*.

THE

THE
MOURNING BRIDE.

A
TRAGEDY.

— *Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire sua.*
Ovid. de Arte Am.

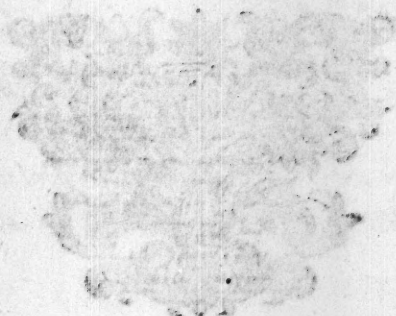


Printed in the YEAR 1710.

THE
MOURNING BRIDE.

A
TRAGEDY.

—Nobis enim lex agitur illa,
Quam necesse est uti necesse fore.
Ovid. de Arte Am.



Printed in the Year 1710.



T O

Her Royal Highness

T H E

P R I N C E S S.

M A D A M,



H A T high Station, which by Your Birth You hold above the People, exacts from every one, as a Duty, whatever Honours they are capable of paying to Your Royal Highness: But that more exalted Place, to which Your Virtues have

The Epistle Dedicatory.

rais'd You, above the rest of Princes, makes the Tribute of our Admiration and Praise, rather a Choice more immediately preventing that Duty.

The Publick Gratitude is ever founded on a Publick Benefit; and what is universally Bless'd, is always an universal Blessing. Thus from Your self we derive the Offerings which we bring; and that Incense which arises to Your Name, only returns to its Original, and but naturally requires the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem, constituted on a Moral, whose End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of consequence has recourse to Your Royal Highness's Patronage; aspiring to cast it self beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, 'till You shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Fashion in the People, for even they who are averse to Instruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But there are Multitudes, who never can have Means nor Opportunities of so near an Access, as to partake of the Benefit of such Examples. And to these, Tragedy, which distinguishes
it

The Epistle Dedicatory.

it self from the Vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Use and Information. For they who are at that distance from Original Greatness, as to be depriv'd of the Happiness of Contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highness's Person in Your Court, may yet behold some small Sketches and Imagings of the Virtues of Your Mind, abstracted, and represented on the Theatre.

Thus Poets are instructed, and instruct; not alone by Precepts which persuade, but also by Examples which illustrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Instruction; when not only Virtue is prescrib'd, but also represented.

But if we are delighted with the Liveliness of a feign'd Representation of Great and Good Persons and their Actions, how must we be charm'd with beholding the Persons themselves? If one or two excelling Qualities, barely touch'd in the single Action and small Compass of a Play, can warm an Audience, with a Concern and Regard even for the seeming Success and Prosperity of the Actor; with what Zeal must the Hearts of all be fill'd, for the continued and increasing Happiness of those, who are the true and living Instances of Elevated and Persisting

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Virtue? Even the Vicious themselves must have a secret Veneration for those peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily so eminently conspicuous in Your Royal Highness; and though repining, feel a Pleasure which in spite of Envy they per-force approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offer'd to Your Royal Highness, there shall appear the Resemblance of any one of those many Excellencies which You so promiscuously possess, to be drawn so as to merit Your least Approbation, it has the End and Accomplishment of its Design. And however imperfect it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of the Author, yet, if there is so much as to convince Your Royal Highness, that a Play may be with Industry so dispos'd (in spite of the licentious Practice of the Modern Theatre) as to become sometimes an innocent, and not unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratifie the Ambition, and recompence the Endeavours of,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Obedient, and

Most humbly Devoted Servant,

William Congreve.



P R O L O G U E

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

(plenty)
THE Time has been when Plays were not so
 And a less Number new would well content ye.
 New Plays did then like Almanacks appear;
 And One was thought sufficient for a Year:
 Tho' they are more like Almanacks of late;
 For in one Year, I think, they're out of Date.
 Nor were they without Reason join'd together;
 For just as one prognosticates the Weather,
 How plentiful the Crop, or scarce the Grain,
 What Peals of Thunder, and what Show'rs of Rain,
 So t'other can foretel, by certain Rules,
 What Crops of Coxcombs, or what Floods of Fools.
 In such like Prophecies were Poets skill'd,
 Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd:

PROLOGUE.

*The Dearth of Wit they did so long presage,
Is fall'n on us, and almost starves the Stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw
Poor Actors thrash such empty Sheafs of Straw?
Toiling and lab'ring, at their Lungs Expence,
To start a Jest, or force a little Sense.
Hard Fate for us! still harder in th' Event;
Our Author's Sin, but we alone Repent.*

*Still they proceed, and, at our Charge, write worse;
'Twere some Amends if they could reimburse:
But there's the Devil, tho' their Cause is lost,
'There's no recovering Damages or Cost.*

*Good Wits, forgive this Liberty we take,
Since Custom gives the Losers leave to speak.
But if provok'd, your dreadful Wrath remains,
Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes:
For that damn'd Poet's spar'd who damns a Brother,
As one Thief's escapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the Wits relate;
But from the rest we hope a better Fate.
To please and move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim;
And Nature miss'd, in vain he boasts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart.*

Then

R R O L O G U E.

*Then freely judge the Scenes that shall ensue,
But as with Freedom, judge with Candour too.
He wou'd not lose thro' Prejudice his Cause;
Nor wou'd obtain precariously Applause.
Impartial Censure he requests from all,
Prepar'd, by just Decrees to stand or fall.*



Drat

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

M Anuel, the King of } Granada.	Mr. Verbruggen.
Gonzalez, his Favourite.	Mr. Sanford.
Garcia, Son to Gonzalez.	Mr. Scudamour.
Perez, Captain of the Guards.	Mr. Freeman.
Alonzo, an Officer, Creature } to Gonzalez.	Mr. Arnold.
Osmyn, a Noble Prisoner.	Mr. Betterton.
Heli, a Prisoner, his Friend.	Mr. Bowman.
Selim, an Eunuch.	Mr. Baily.

W O M E N.

Almeria, the Princess of Gra- } nada.	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Zara, a Captive Queen.	Mrs. Barry
Leonora, chief Attendant on } the Princess.	Mrs. Bowman.

*Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending Zara.
Guards, &c.*

The SCENE GRANADA.

THE



THE
MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

The Curtain rising slowly to soft Musick, discovers Almeria in Mourning, Leonora waiting in Mourning.

After the Musick ALMERIA rises from her Chair, and comes forward.

ALMERIA.



MUSICK has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,

To soften Rocks, or bend a knotted Oak.

I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,

And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd,

By

By Magick Numbers and persuasive Sound.
 What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
 Than Trees, or Flint? O force of constant Woe!
 'Tis not in Harmony to calm my Griefs.

Anselmo sleeps, and is at Peace; last Night
 The silent Tomb receiv'd the good old King;
 He and his Sorrows now are safely lodg'd
 Within its cold, but hospitable Bosom.
 Why am not I at Peace?

Leo. Dear Madam, cease,
 Or moderate your Griefs; there is no Cause —

Alm. No Cause! Peace, Peace, there is Eter-
 nal Cause,
 And Misery Eternal will succeed.

Thou canst not tell — thou hast indeed no Cause.

Leo. Believe me, Madam, I lament *Anselmo*,
 And always did compassionate his Fortune;
 Have often wept, to see how cruelly
 Your Father kept in Chains his Fellow-King:
 And oft at Night, when all have been retir'd,
 Have stoln from Bed, and to his Prison crept;
 Where, while his Goaler slept, I thro' the Grate
 Have softly whisper'd, and enquir'd his Health;
 Sent in my Sighs and Pray'rs for his Deliv'rance;
 For Sighs and Pray'rs were all that I cou'd offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle Nature,
 That thus cou'dst melt to see a Stranger's Wrongs.
 O *Leonora*, hadst thou known *Anselmo*,
 How wou'd thy Heart have bled to see his Suf-
 f'rings.

Thou hadst no Cause, but general Compassion.

Leo.

Leo. Love of my Royal Mistress gave me Cause,
My Love of you begot my Grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the Chance of War
Had bless'd *Anselmo's* Arms with Victory,
And the rich Spoil of all the Field, and you,
The Glory of the whole, were made the Prey
Of his Success; that then, in spite of Hate,
Revenge, and that Hereditary Feud
Between *Valentia's* and *Granada's* Kings,
He did endear himself to your Affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent Ways
His most industrious Goodness could invent;
Proposing by a Match between *Alphonso*
His Son, the brave *Valentia* Prince, and you,
To end the long Dissention, and unite
The jarring Crowns.

Alm. *Alphonso!* O *Alphonso!*
Thou too art quiet — long hast been at Peace —
Both, both — Father and Son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when shall I have Rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these things thus — Is it of Force?
Is there Necessity, I must be miserable?
Is it of moment to the Peace of Heav'n
That I shou'd be afflicted thus? — If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are things laid
By some unseen Hand, so, as of sure consequence
They must to me bring Curses, Grief of Heart,
The last Distress of Life, and sure Despair?

Leo. Alas, you search too far, and think too deeply.

Alm. Why was I carry'd to *Anselmo's* Court?
Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly?

Why

Why not ill treated, like an Enemy?
For so my Father wou'd have us'd his Child.

O Alphonso, Alphonso!

Devouring Seas have wash'd thee from my Sight,
No Time shall rase thee from my Memory,
No, I will live to be thy Monument;
The cruel Ocean is no more thy Tomb;
But in my Heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear Resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My Love, my Lord, my Husband still, tho' lost.

Leo. Husband! O Heav'ns!

Alm. Alas! What have I said?

My Grief has hurry'd me beyond all Thought.
I wou'd have kept that secret; though I know
Thy Love and Faith to me deserve all Confidence.
But 'tis the Wretches Comfort still to have
Some small Reserve of near and inward Woe,
Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and
mourn,

And Glutton-like alone devour.

Leo. Indeed

I knew not this.

Alm. O no, thou know'st not half,
Know'st nothing of my Sorrows — if thou didst —
If I shou'd tell thee, wou'dst thou pity me?
Tell me: I know thou wou'dst, thou art com-
passionate.

Leo. Witness these Tears —

Alm. I thank thee — *Leonora,*
Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad Mistress:
For 'tis, alas, the poor Prerogative

Of

Of Greatness, to be wretched and unpitied——
But I did promise I wou'd tell thee——What?
My Miseries? Thou dost already know 'em:
And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
It was because thou didst not know *Alphonso*:
For to have known my Loss, thou must have known
His Worth, his Truth, and tenderness of Love.

Leo. The Memory of that brave Prince stands fair
In all Report——

And I have heard imperfectly his Loss;
But fearful to renew your Troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the Story.

Alm. If for my swelling Heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome Captive in *Valentia*,
Ev'n on the Day when *Manuel*, my Father,
Led on his conqu'ring Troops, high as the Gates
Of King *Anselmo's* Palace; which in Rage,
And Heat of War, and dire Revenge, he fir'd.
The good King flying to avoid the Flames,
Started amidst his Foes, and made Captivity
His fatal Refuge——Wou'd that I had fall'n
Amid those Flames—but 'twas not so decreed.

Alphonso, who foresaw my Father's Cruelty,
Had born the Queen and me on board a Ship
Ready to sail; and when this News was brought
We put to Sea; but being betray'd by some
Who knew our Flight, we closely were pursu'd,
And almost taken; when a sudden Storm
Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the Coast
Of *Africk*: There our Vessel struck the Shoar,
And bulging 'gainst a Rock was dash'd in pieces.
But Heav'n spared me for yet much more Affli-
ction!

Con-

Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun
The Shoal, and save me floating on the Waves,
While the good Queen and my *Alphonso* perish'd.

Leo. Alas! were you then wedded to *Alphonso*?

Alm. That Day, that fatal Day, our Hands
were join'd;

For when my Lord beheld the Ship pursuing,
And saw her Rate so far exceeding ours;
He came to me, and begg'd me by my Love,
I wou'd consent the Priest shou'd make us one;
That whether Death, or Victory ensu'd,
I might be his, beyond the Power of future Fate:
The Queen too did assist his Suit—I granted,
And in one Day, was wedded, and a Widow.

Leo. Indeed 'twas mournful——

Alm. 'Twas——as I have told thee——

For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
Or ever dry these swoln and watry Eyes;
Or ever taste Content, or Peace of Heart,
While I have Life, and Thought of my *Alphonso*.

Leo. Look down, good Heav'n, with Pity on
her Sorrows,

And grant, that Time may bring her some Relief.

Alm. O no! Time gives Encrease to my Af-
flictions.

The circling Hours, that gather all the Woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come, heavy-laden with th' oppressing Weight,
To me; with me, successively, they leave
The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,

And

And all the Damps of Grief, that did retard
their Flight;

They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
The dire collected Dews on my poor Head;
Then fly with Joy and Swiftneſs from me.

Leo. Hark!

The diſtant Shouts proclaim your Father's Tri-
umph; [*Shouts at a diſtance.*

O ceaſe, for Heav'n's ſake, aſſuage a little
This Torrent of your Grief; for, much I fear
'Twill urge his Wrath, to ſee you drown'd in Tears,
When Joy appears in ev'ry other Face.

Alm. And Joy he brings to ev'ry other Heart,
But double, double weight of Woe to mine;
For with him *Garcia* comes — *Garcia*, to whom
I muſt be ſacrific'd, and all the Vows
I gave my dear *Alphonſo* baſely broken,
No, it ſhall never be; for I will die;
Fiſt, die ten thouſand Deaths — Look down,
look down, [*Kneels,*

Alphonſo, hear the Sacred Vow I make;
One Moment, ceaſe to gaze on perfect Blifs,
And bend thy glorious Eyes to Earth and me;
And thou *Anſelmo*, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all Impediments of purging Fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my *Alphonſo* reigns,
Behold thou alſo, and attend my Vow.
If ever I do yield, or give Conſent,
By any Action, Word or Thought, to wed
Another Lord; may then juſt Heav'n ſhow'r down
Unheard of Curſes on me, greater far

(If such there be in angry Heav'n's Vengeance)
 Than any I have yet endur'd—And now [*Rising*.
 My Heart has some Relief; having so well
 Discharg'd this Debt, incumbent on my Love.
 Yet, one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

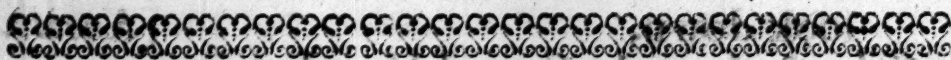
Leo. My Heart, my Life and Will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this; anon, when all
 Are wrap'd and busied in the general Joy,
 Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
 Steal forth, to visit good *Anselmo's* Tomb.

Leo. Alas! I fear some fatal Resolution.

Alm. No, on my Life, my Faith, I mean no Ill,
 Nor Violence.—I feel my self more light,
 And more at large, since I have made this Vow.
 Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
 'Tis that, or some such melancholy Thought,
 Upon my Word no more.

Leo. I will attend you.



SCENE II.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALONZO.

Alon. **T**HE Lord *Gonsalez* comes to tell your
 Highness
 The King is just arriv'd.

Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit Alon.*
 That's his Pretence, his Errand is, I know,
 To fill my Ears with *Garcia's* valiant Deeds;
 And gild and magnifie his Son's Exploits.

But

But I am arm'd with Ice around my Heart,
Not to be warm'd with Words, or idle Eloquence.



SCENE III.

GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Gonf. BE ev'ry Day of your long Life like this.
The Sun, bright Conquest, and your
brighter Eyes,
Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous Light,
And bless this Day with most unequal'd Lustre.
Your Royal Father, my victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living Laurel,
Is entring now in Martial Pomp the Palace.
Five hundred Mules precede his solemn March,
Which groan beneath the Weight of *Moorish*
Wealth.

Chariots of War, adorn'd with glittering Gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing Steeds,
White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine* Hills;
That bound, and foam, and champ the Golden Bit,
As they disdain'd the Victory they grace.
Prisoners of War in shining Fetters follow;
And Captains of the Noblest Blood of *Africk*
Sweat by his Chariot Wheel, and lick and grind,
With gnashing Teeth, the Dust his Triumphs raise.
The swarming Populace spread every Wall,
And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce

Their Hold, thro' clifted Stones, stretching and
staring,

As if they were all Eyes, and every Limb
Would feed its Faculty of Admiration.

While you alone retire, and shun this Sight;
This Sight, which is indeed not seen (tho' twice
The Multitude should gaze) in Absence of your
Eyes.

Alm. My Lord, my Eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded Trophies of exterior Honours.
Nor will my Ears be charm'd with sounding Words,
Or pompous Phrase; the Pageantry of Souls.
But that my Father is return'd in Safety,
I bend to Heav'n with Thanks.

Gonf. Excellent Princess!
But 'tis a Task unfit for my weak Age,
With dying Words, to offer at your Praise.
Garcia, my Son, your Beauty's lowest Slave,
Has better done; in proving with his Sword
The Force and Influence of your matchless Charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the worth of *Garcia's* Deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.

Leo. Madam, the King. [*Flourish.*]

Alm. My Women. I wou'd meet him.

[*Attendants to Almeria enter in Mourning.*]

SCENE



SCENE IV.

Symphony of Warlike Musick. Enter the King, attended by Garcia and several Officers. Files of Prisoners in Chains, and Guards, who are ranged in Order round the Stage. Almeria meets the King, and kneels; afterwards Gonzalez kneels and kisses the King's Hand, while Garcia does the same to the Princess.

King. **A**lmeria, rise — My best Gonzalez rise.
What, Tears! my good old Friend. —

Gonz. But Tears of Joy,
Believe me, Sir, to see you thus has fill'd
My Eyes with more Delight than they can hold.

King. By Heav'n thou lov'st me, and I'm
pleas'd thou dost:

Take it for Thanks, old Man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this Occasion — some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our Success!
Why is't, *Almeria*, that you meet our Eyes,
Upon this solemn Day, in these sad Weeds?
In Opposition to my Brightness, you,
And yours are all like Daughters of Affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.
The Year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In Mourning and strict Life, for my Deliverance
From Wreck and Death, wants yet to be expired.

King. Your Zeal to Heav'n is great; so is your
Debt:

Yet something too is due to me, who gave

That Life, which Heav'n preserv'd. A Day bestow'd

In Filial Duty, had atton'd and giv'n

A Dispensation to your Vow — No more.

'Twas weak and wilful.—and a Woman's Error.

Yet—upon thought, it doubly wounds my Sight,

To see that Sable worn upon the Day

Succeeding that, in which our deadliest Foe,

Hated *Anselmo*, was interr'd — By Heav'n,

It looks as thou didst mourn for him: Just so,

Thy senseless Vow appear'd to bear its Date,

Not from that Hour wherein thou wert preserv'd,

But that wherein the curs'd *Alphonso* perish'd.

Ha! What? thou dost not weep to think of that?

Gons. Have Patience, Royal Sir, the Princess weeps

To have offended you. If Fate decreed,

One pointed Hour should be *Alphonso's* Loss,

And her Deliverance; is she to blame?

King. I tell thee she's to blame, not to have feasted

When my first Foe was laid in Earth, such Enmity,
Such Detestation, bears my Blood to his;

My Daughter should have revell'd at his Death.

She should have made these Palace Walls to shake,

And all this high and ample Roof to ring

With her Rejoicings. What, to mourn, and weep;

Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve? By

Heav'n,

There's not a Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,

But should have smil'd that Hour, through all
his Care,

And

And shook his Chains in Transport and rude
Harmony.

Gonf. What she has done, was in Excess of
Goodness;

Betray'd by too much Piety, to seem
As if she had offended. — Sure, no more,

King. To seem is to commit, at this Conjun-
cture.

I wonot have a seeming Sorrow, seen
To Day — Retire, divest your self with Speed
Of that Offensive Black; on me be all
The Violation of your Vow: For you,
It shall be your Excuse, that I command it.

Gar. kneeling. Your Pardon, Sir, if I presume
so far,

As to remind you of your gracious Promise.

King. Rise, *Garcia* — I forgot. Yet stay,
Almeria.

Alm. My boding Heart! — What is your
Pleasure, Sir?

King. Draw near, and give your Hand; and,
Garcia, yours:

Receive this Lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your Husband, and my Son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take — O not to
take —

But to devote, and yield my self for ever
The Slave and Creature of my Royal Mistress.

Gonf. O let me prostrate pay my worthless
Thanks —

King. No more; my Promise long since pass'd,
thy Services,

And *Garcia's* well-try'd Valour, all oblige me.
This Day we triumph; but to *Morrow's* Sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy Nuptials —

Alm. Oh! —

[*Faints.*

Gar. She faints! help to support her.

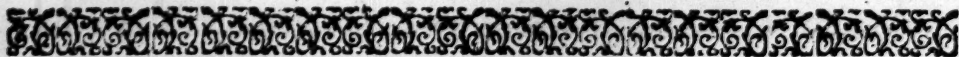
Gons. She recovers.

King. A Fit of Bridal Fear; How is't, *Almeria*?

Alm. A sudden Chilness seizes on my Spirits.
Your Leave, Sir, to retire.

King. *Garcia*, Conduct her.

[*Garcia leads Almeria to the Door, and returns.*
This idle Vow hangs on her Woman's Fears.
I'll have a Priest shall preach her from her Faith,
And make it Sin, not to renounce that Vow
Which I'd have broken. Now, what would *Alonzo*?



SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, Attendants.

Alon. YOUR beauteous Captive, *Zara*, is arriv'd,
And with a Train as if she still were Wife
To *Albucacim*, and the *Moor* had conquer'd.

King. It is our Will she should be so attended.
Bear hence these Prisoners. *Garcia*, which is he,
Of whose mute Valour you relate such Wonders?

[*Prisoners led off.*

Gar. *Osmyn*, who led the *Moorish* Horse;
but he,

Great

Great Sir, at her Request, attends on *Zara*.

King. He is your Prisoner, as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my Kindness;

And with a haughty Mien, and stern Civility,

Dumbly declines all Offers: If he speak

'Tis scarce above a Word; as he were born

Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;

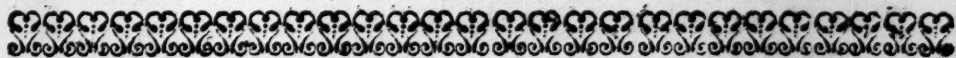
At least, to talk where he must not command.

King. Such Sullenness, and in a Man so brave, Must have some other Cause than his Captivity.

Did *Zara*, then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My Lord, she did.

King. That, join'd with his Behaviour, Begets a Doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps Her Chains hang heavier on him than his own.



S C E N E VI.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, ZARA and OSMYN bound, conducted by PEREZ and a Guard, and attended by SELIM and several Mutes and Eunuchs in a Train.

King. WHAT Welcome, and what Honours, beauteous *Zara*,

A King and Conqueror can give, are yours.

A Conqueror indeed, where you are won;

Who with such Lustre strike admiring Eyes,

That

That had our Pomp been with your Presence
grac'd,

Th' expecting Crowd had been deceiv'd ; and seen
Their Monarch enter not Triumphant, but
In pleasing Triumph led ; your Beauty's Slave.

Zara. If I on any Terms could condescend
To like Captivity, or think those Honours,
Which Conquerors in Courtesie bestow,
Of equal Value with unborrow'd Rule,
And Native Right to Arbitrary Sway ;
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this Train
With usual Homage wait. But when I feel
These Bonds, I look with loathing on my self ;
And scorn vile Slavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath Mock-Praises, and dissembled State.

King. Those Bonds ! 'Twas my Command you
should be free.

How durst you, *Perez*, disobey ?

Per. Great Sir,

Your Order was, she should not wait your Tri-
umph ;

But at some distance follow, thus attended.

King. 'Tis false ; 'twas more ; I bid she should
be free :

If not in Words, I bid it by my Eyes.

Her Eyes did more than bid — Free her and hers
With Speed — yet stay — my Hands alone can make
Fit Restitution here — Thus I release you,
And by releasing you enslave my self.

Zara. Such Favours so conferr'd, tho' when
unsought,

Deserve Acknowledgement from Noble Minds.

Such

Such Thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd —
Yet hating more Ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

King. Born to excel, and to command!
As by transcendent Beauty to attract
All Eyes, so by Preheminence of Soul
To rule all Hearts.

Garcia, what's he, who with contracted Brow,
[*Beholding Osmyn as they unbind him.*
And fullen Port, glooms downward with his Eyes;
At once regardless of his Chains, or Liberty?

Gar. That, Sir, is he of whom I spoke, that's
Osmyn.

King. He answers well the Character you gave
him.

Whence comes it, valiant *Osmyn*, that a Man
So great in Arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure Captivity,
The common Chance of War?

Osm. Because Captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and just Revenge.

King. I understand not that.

Osm. I would not have you.

Zara. That Gallant *Moor* in Battell lost a Friend,
Whom more than Life he lov'd; and the Regret,
Of not revenging on his Foes that Loss,
Has caus'd this Melancholy and Despair.

King. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected.
[*To Gons.*

Gons. That Friend may be her self; seem not
to heed

His arrogant Reply: She looks concern'd.

King.

King. I'll have Enquiry made; perhaps his Friend
Yet lives, and is a Prisoner. His Name?

Zara. Heli.

King. Garcia, that Search shall be your Care:
It shall be mine to pay Devotion here;
At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down,
And raise Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.
Conquest and Triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore:
For, ling'ring there, in long suspense she stands,
Shifting the Prize in unresolving Hands:
Unus'd to wait, I broke through her Delay,
Fix'd her by Force, and snatch'd the doubtful Day.
Now, late I find that War is but her Sport;
In Love the Goddess keeps her awful Court:
Fickle in Fields, unsteadily she flies,
But Rules with settled Sway in *Zara's* Eyes.

End of the First Act.



A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Representing the Isle of a Temple.

GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

GARCIA.



HIS Way, we're told, *Osmyn* was
seen to walk;

Chusing this lonely Mansion of the
Dead,

To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy mistaken
Fate.

Heli. Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Centre
strike me,

If to arise in very deed from Death,
And to revisit with my long-clos'd Eyes
This living Light, cou'd to my Soul, or Sense,
Afford a Thought, or show a Glimpse of Joy,
In least proportion to the vast Delight
I feel, to hear of *Osmyn's* Name; to hear
That *Osmyn* lives, and I again shall see him.

Gar. I've heard, with Admiration, of your
Friendship.

Per. Yonder, my Lord, behold the noble *Moor*.
Heli. Where? where?

Gar. I saw him not, nor any like him——

Per.

Per. I saw him when I spoke, thwarting my View,
And striding with distemper'd haste; his Eyes
Seem'd Flame, and flash'd upon me with a Glance;
Then forward shot their Fires, which he pursu'd,
As to some Object frightful, yet not fear'd.

Gar. Let's haste to follow him, and know the Cause.

Heli. My Lord, let me entreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the Cause.
I know his Melancholy, and such Starts
Are usual to his Temper. It might raise him
To act some Violence upon himself,
So to be caught in an unguarded Hour,
And when his Soul gives all her Passions way,
Secure and loose in friendly Solitude.
I know his Noble Heart would burst with Shame,
To be surpriz'd by Strangers in its Frailty.

Gar. Go, gen'rous *Heli*, and relieve your Friend.
Far be it from me, officiously to pry
Or press upon the Privacies of others.



S C E N E II.

GARCIA, PEREZ.

Gar. **P***Erez*, the King expects from our Return
To have his Jealousie confirm'd, or clear'd,
Of that appearing Love which *Zara* bears
To *Osmyn*; but some other Opportunity
Must make that plain.

Per.

Per. To me 'twas long since plain,
And ev'ry Look from him and her confirms it.

Gar. If so, Unhappiness attends their Love,
And I cou'd pity 'em. I hear some coming,
The Friends perhaps are met; let us avoid 'em.



SCENE III.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Alm. IT was a fancy'd Noise, for all is hush'd.

Leo. It bore the Accent of a Human Voice.

Alm. It was thy Fear, or else some transient Wind
Whistling thro' Hollows of this vaulted Isle.

We'll listen——

Leo. Hark!

Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as Death——
'Tis dreadful!

How reverend is the Face of this tall Pile,
Whose ancient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof,
By its own Weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking Tranquility. It strikes an Awe
And Terror on my aking Sight; the Tombs
And Monumental Caves of Death look cold,
And shoot a Chilness to my trembling Heart.
Give me thy Hand, and let me hear thy Voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy Voice——my own affrights me with its Echo's.

Leo. Let us return; the Horror of this Place
And

And Silence, will encrease your Melancholy.

Alm. It may my Fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; shew me *Anselmo's* Tomb,
Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls and mould'ring
Earth

Of Human Bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the Shroud of some pale Coarse
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia's* more detested Bed. That Thought
Exerts my Spirits; and my present Fears
Are lost in dread of greater Ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: Lead on
Where I may kneel and pay my Vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my *Alphonso's* Soul.

Leo. I go; but Heav'n can tell with what Regret.



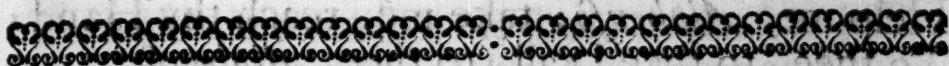
S C E N E IV.

*The Scene opening discovers a Place of Tombs,
One Monument fronting the View greater than
the rest.*

H E L I.

Heli. I Wander thro' this Maze of Monuments,
Yet cannot find him — Hark! sure 'tis the
Voice
Of one complaining — There it sounds — I'll
follow it.

SCENE



S C E N E V.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Leo. **B**Ehold the Sacred Vault, within whose
Womb

The poor Remains of good *Anselmo* rest;
Yet fresh and unconsum'd by Time or Worms.
What do I see? O Heav'n! either my Eyes
Are false, or still the Marble Door remains
Unclos'd; the Iron Grates that lead to Death
Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their Hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded Leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly Yawn of Death for me;
And that dumb Mouth, significant in Show,
Invites me to the Bed where I alone [ry,
Shall rest; shews me the Grave, where Nature wea-
And long oppress'd with Woes and bending Cares,
May lay the Burden down, and sink in Slumbers
Of Peace Eternal. Death, grim Death, will fold
Me in his leaden Arms, and press me close
To his cold clayie Breast: My Father then
Will cease his Tyranny; and *Garcia* too
Will fly my pale Deformity with loathing.
My Soul, enlarg'd from its vile Bonds, will mount,
And range the Starry Orbs, and Milky Ways,
Of that refulgent World, where I shall swim
In liquid Light, and float on Seas of Bliss
To my *Alphonso's* Soul. O Joy too great!
O Extasie of Thought! Help me, *Anselmo*;

VOL. II.

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Help

Help me, *Alphonso*; take me, reach thy Hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, *Alphonso*:
O *Alphonso*.



SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN *ascending from the Tomb.*

Osm. WHO calls that wretched Thing that
was *Alphonso*?

Alm. Angels, and all the Host of Heav'n, support me!

Osm. Whence is that Voice, whose Shrilness,
from the Grave,
And growing to his Father's Shrowd, roots up
Alphonso?

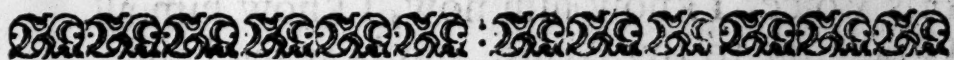
Alm. Mercy! Providence! O speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy Bosom, from the Light,
And from my Eyes.

Osm. Amazement and Illusion!
Rivet me, and nail me where I stand, ye Pow'rs;
[*Coming forward.*

That motionless I may be still deceiv'd.
Let me not stir, nor breath, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely Form of painted Air,
So like *Almeria*. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it e'er it goes, and grasp her Shade.

'Tis

'Tis Life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she her self!
Nor Dead, nor Shade, but breathing and alive!
It is *Almeria*, 'tis, it is my Wife!



SCENE VII.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN, HELI.

Leo. **A**LAS, she stirs not yet, nor lifts her Eyes;
He too is fainting—Help me, help me,
Stranger,
Who-e'er thou art, and lend thy Hand to raise
These Bodies.

Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with——*Almeria!*
O Miracle of Happiness! O Joy
Unhop'd for! does *Almeria* live!

Osm. Where is she?
Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she; shew me her Face, and let me feel
Her Lips with mine—'Tis she, I'm not deceiv'd;
I taste her Breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
Look up, *Almeria*, bless me with thy Eyes;
Look on thy Love, thy Lover, and thy Husband.

Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed *Garcia*; why d'ye
force me?
Is this a Father?——

Osm. Look on thy *Alphonso*.
Thy Father is not here, my Love, nor *Garcia*:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy *Alphonso*.
Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot
me? C 2 Hast

Hast thou thy Eyes, yet can'st not see *Alphonso*?
Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,
That seeing my Disguise, thou see'st not me?

Alm. It is, it is *Alphonso*. 'tis his Face,
His Voice, I know him now, I know him all.
O take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the Bottom of the boundless Deep,
To Seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
O how hast thou return'd? How hast thou charm'd
The Wildness of the Waves and Rocks to this?
That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
To Earth, to Light and Life, to Love and me.

Osm. O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why,
We both have backward trod the Paths of Fate,
To meet again in Life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any Circumstance
Or Means by which I have thee —

To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy Lips,
And gaze upon thy Eyes, is so much Joy,
I have not Leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle Time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a while —

Let me look on thee, yet a little more.

Osm. What would'st thou? thou dost put me
from thee.

Alm. Yes.

Osm. And why? What dost thou mean? why
dost thou gaze so?

Alm. I know not, 'tis to see thy Face, I think —
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To see him thus again is such Profusion
Of Joy, of Bliss — I cannot bear — I must

Be

Be mad — I cannot be transported thus.

Osm. Thou Excellence, thou Joy, thou Heav'n of Love!

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?

How is all this? All-powerful Heav'n, what are we! O my strain'd Heart — let me again behold thee, For I weep to see thee — Art thou not paler? Much, much; how thou art chang'd!

Osm. Not in my Love.

Alm. No, no, thy Griefs, I know, have done this to thee.

Thou hast wept much, *Alphonso*; and, I fear, Too much too tenderly lamented me.

Osm. Wrong not my Love, to say too tenderly. No more, my Life; talk not of Tears or Grief; Affliction is no more, now thou art found. Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my Arms, My Arms which ake to fold thee fast, and grow To thee with twining? Come, come to my Heart.

Alm. I will, for I should never look enough. They would have marry'd me; but I had sworn To Heav'n and thee, and sooner wou'd have dy'd--

Osm. Perfection of all Faithfulness and Love!

Alm. Indeed I wou'd — Nay, I wou'd tell thee all,

If I cou'd speak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd; For I have pray'd to thee as to a Saint; And thou hast heard my Prayer; for thou art come To my Distress, to my Despair, which Heav'n Could only by restoring thee have cur'd.

Osm. Grant me but Life, good Heav'n, but length of Days,

To pay some Part, some little of this Debt,
 This countless Sum of Tendernefs and Love,
 For which I stand engag'd to this All-excellence :
 Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fate,
 Snatch me from Life, and cut me short unwarn'd ;
 Then, then 'twill be enough — I shall be old,
 I shall have liv'd beyond all *Æra's* then
 Of yet unmeasur'd Time ; when I have made
 This exquisite, this most amazing Goodness,
 Some Recompence of Love and matchless Truth.

Alm. 'Tis more than Recompence, to see thy
 Face :

If Heav'n is greater Joy it is no Happiness,
 For 'tis not to be born — What shall I say?
 I have a thousand things to know, and ask,
 And speak — That thou art here, beyond all Hope,
 All Thought ; that all at once thou art before me,
 And with such Suddenness hast hit my Sight,
 Is such Surprize, such Mystery, such Extasie!
 It hurries all my Soul, and stuns my Sense.
 Sure from thy Father's Tomb thou didst arise!

Osm. I did, and thou my Love didst call me
 thou.

Alm. True ; but how cam'st thou there? Wert
 thou alone?

Osm. I was, and lying on my Father's Lead,
 When broken Ecchoes of a distant Voice
 Disturb'd the sacred Silence of the Vault,
 In Murmurs round my Head. I rose and listned,
 And thought I heard thy Spirit call *Alphonso* ;
 I thought I saw thee too ; but O, I thought not
 That I indeed should be so blest to see thee —

Alm.

Alm. But still, how cam'st thou hither? how thus? — Ha!

What's he, who like thy self is started here
E're seen?

Osm. Where? ha! what do I see? *Antonio?*
I'm fortunate indeed — my Friend too, safe!

Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus bless'd.

Alm. More Miracles! *Antonio* too escap'd!

Osm. And twice escap'd, both from the Rage
of Seas

And War: For in the Fight I saw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a Prisoner as your self,
And as your self made free; hither I came
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your Grief would lead you to lament *Anselmo.*

Osm. There are no Wonders, or else all is
Wonder.

Heli. I saw you on the Ground, and rais'd you up:
When with Astonishment, I saw *Almeria.*

Osm. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.

Alm. Nor I, nor could I, for my Eyes were yours.

Osm. What means the Bounty of All-gracious
Heav'n,

That persevering still, with open Hand,
It scatters good, as in a waste of Mercy!

Where will this end! but Heav'n is Infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,

When scanty Number shall be spent in telling.

Leo. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the Glimpse
Of two in shining Habits cross the Isle;

Who by their pointing seem to mark this Place.

Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

Osm. I wish at least, our Parting were a Dream,
Or we could sleep 'till we again were met.

Heli. *Zara* with *Selim*, Sir, I saw and know 'em:
You must be quick, for Love will lend her Wings.

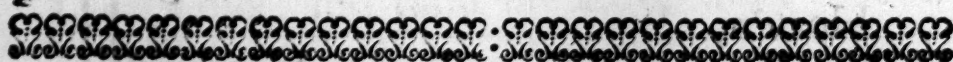
Alm. What Love? Who is she? Why are you
alarm'd?

Osm. She's the Reverse of thee; she's my Un-
happiness

Harbour no Thought that may disturb thy Peace;
But gently take thy self away, lest she
Should come and see the straining of my Eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my Friend will tell thee all;
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd *Alphonso*, now, but *Osmyn*;
And he *Heli*. All, all he will unfold,
E'er next we meet —

Alm. Sure we shall meet again —

Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and Warmth of ever-kindling Love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy Heart in Absence.



SCENE VIII.

OSMYN, alone.

Osm. **Y**ET I behold her — yet — And now no
more.
Turn your Lights inward, Eyes, and view my
Thought,

So shall you still behold her — 'twill not be.
 O impotence of Sight! Mechanick Sense,
 Which to exterior Objects ow'th thy Faculty,
 Not seeing of Election, but Necessity.
 Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrours,
 Successively reflect succeeding Images;
 Not what they would, but must; a Star, or Toad:
 Just as the Hand of Chance administers.
 Not so the Mind, whose undetermin'd View
 Revolves, and to the present adds the past:
 Effaying further to Futurity;
 But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here
 At once, as I before have seen her often —



SCENE IX.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Zara. SEE where he stands, folded and fix'd to
 Earth,
 Stiff'ning in Thought; a Statue among Statues.
 Why, cruel *Osmyn*, dost thou fly me thus?
 Is it well done? Is this then the Return
 For Fame, for Honour, and for Empire lost?
 But what is loss of Honour, Fame and Empire?
 Is this the Recompence reserv'd for Love?
 Why dost thou leave my Eyes, and fly my Arms,
 To find this Place of Horror and Obscurity?
 Am I more loathsome to thee than the Grave,
 That

That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
My Love? But to the Grave I'll follow thee——
He looks not, minds not, hears not; barbarous Man,
Am I neglected thus? Am I despis'd?

Not heard! ungrateful *Osmyn*,

Osm. Ha, 'tis *Zara*!

Zara. Yes, Traitor; *Zara*, lost, abandon'd

Zara,

Is a regardless Suppliant, now, to *Osmyn*.

The Slave, the Wretch that she redeem'd from
Death,

Disdains to listen now, or look on *Zara*.

Osm. Far be the Guilt of such Reproaches from
me;

Lost in my self, and blinded by my Thoughts,
I saw you not, 'till now.

Zara. Now then you see me ——

But with such dumb and thankless Eyes you look,
Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.

Osm. What would you from a Wretch who came
to mourn;

And only for his Sorrows chose this Solitude?
Look round; Joy is not here, nor Chearfulness.
You have pursu'd Misfortune to its Dwelling,
Yet look for Gaiety and Gladness there.

Zara. Inhuman! Why, why dost thou wrack
me thus?

And with Perverseness, from the Purpose, answer?
What is't to me, this House of Misery?
What Joy do I require? If thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to share thy Griefs,
And give thee, for 'em, in Exchange, my Love,

Osm.

Osm. O that's the greatest Grief — I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou hast a Heart, though 'tis a Savage
one;

Give it me as it is; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driven by the Tide upon my Country's Coast,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in Briny Waves,
Thou and thy Friend, 'till my Compassion found
thee;

Compassion! scarce will't own that Name, so soon,
So quickly was it Love; for thou wert God-like
Ev'n then. Kneeling on Earth, I loos'd my Hair,
And with it dry'd thy wat'ry Cheeks; then chaf'd
Thy Temples, 'till reviving Blood arose,
And like the Morn vermillion'd o'er thy Face.
O Heav'n! how did my Heart rejoice and ake,
When I beheld the Day-break of thy Eyes,
And felt the Balm of thy respiring Lips!

Osm. O call not to my Mind what you have
done,

It sets a Debt of that Account before me,
Which shews me poor and Bankrupt even in
Hopes.

Zara. The faithful *Selim*, and my Women know
The Dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abus'd the credulous King;
What Arts I us'd to make you pass on him,
When he receiv'd you as the Prince of *Fez*;
And as my Kinsman, honour'd and advanc'd you.
O, why do I relate what I have done?

What

That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
My Love? But to the Grave I'll follow thee——
He looks not, minds not, hears not; barbarous Man,
Am I neglected thus? Am I despis'd?

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You have pursu'd Misfortune to its Dwelling,
Yet look for Gaiety and Gladness there.

Zara. Inhuman! Why, why dost thou wrack
me thus?

And with Perverseness, from the Purpose, answer?
What is't to me, this House of Misery?
What Joy do I require? If thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to share thy Griefs,
And give thee, for 'em, in Exchange, my Love,

Osmy.

Osm. O that's the greatest Grief — I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou hast a Heart, though 'tis a Savage
one;

Give it me as it is; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driven by the Tide upon my Country's Coast,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in Briny Waves,
Thou and thy Friend, 'till my Compassion found
thee;

Compassion! scarce will't own that Name, so soon,
So quickly was it Love; for thou wert God-like
Ev'n then. Kneeling on Earth, I loos'd my Hair,
And with it dry'd thy wat'ry Cheeks; then chaf'd
Thy Temples, 'till reviving Blood arose,
And like the Morn vermillion'd o'er thy Face.
O Heav'n! how did my Heart rejoice and ake,
When I beheld the Day-break of thy Eyes,
And felt the Balm of thy respiring Lips!

Osm. O call not to my Mind what you have
done,

It sets a Debt of that Account before me,
Which shews me poor and Bankrupt even in
Hopes.

Zara. The faithful *Selim*, and my Women know
The Dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abus'd the credulous King;
What Arts I us'd to make you pass on him,
When he receiv'd you as the Prince of *Fez*;
And as my Kinsman, honour'd and advanc'd you.
O, why do I relate what I have done?

What

What did I not? Was't not for you this War
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor
why

You hated *Manuel*, I urg'd my Husband
To this Invasion; where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a Slave.
Look on me now, from Empire fall'n to Slavery;
Think on my Sufferings first, then look on me;
Think on the Cause of all, then view thy self:
Reflect on *Osmyn*, and then look on *Zara*,
The fall'n, the lost, and now the Captive *Zara*,
And now abandon'd — say, what then is *Osmyn*?

Osm. A fatal Wretch — a huge stupendous Ruin,
That tumbling on its Prop, crush'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous Palaces to Earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with
the vilest,
If I have gain'd thy Love, 'tis glorious Ruin;
Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A Queen; for what are Riches, Empire, Power,
But larger Means to gratifie the Will?
The Steps on which we tread, to rise, and reach
Our Wish; and that obtain'd, down with the
Scaffolding
Of Scepters, Crowns, and Thrones; they've
serv'd their End,
And are, like Lumber, to be left and scorn'd.

Osm. Why was I made the Instrument, to throw
In Bonds the Frame of this exalted Mind?

Zara. We may be free; the Conqueror is mine;
In Chains unseen I hold him by the Heart,
And can unwind or strain him as I please.

Give

Give me thy Love, I'll give thee Liberty.

Ofm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free your self,
And leave a Slave the Wretch that would be so.

Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou
talk'st.

Ofm. Alas, you know me not.

Zara. Not who thou art:

But what, this last Ingratitude declares,
This groveling Baseness—Thou say'st true, I
know

Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a Name:
By something so unworthy, and so vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,
Than all the Malice of my other Fate.

Traitor, Monster, cold and perfidious Slave;

A Slave, not daring to be free! nor dares

To love above him, for 'tis dangerous:

'Tis that, I know; for thou dost look, with Eyes
Sparkling Desire, and trembling to possess.

I know my Charms have reach'd thy very Soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darted Fires; but
thou

Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish. The
King!

There, there's the dreadful Sound, the King's
thy Rival!

Selim. Madam, the King is here, and entring
now.

Zara. As I could wish; by Heav'n I'll be re-
veng'd.

S C E N E



S C E N E X.

ZARA, OSMYN, SELIM, *the KING*, PEREZ,
and *Attendants*.

King. WHY does the fairest of her Kind with-
draw

Her Shining from the Day, to gild this Scene
Of Death and Night? Ha! what Disorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of King and Rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be Rival to the King?
Or lift his Eyes to like, where I adore?

Zara. There, he; your Prisoner, and that was
my Slave.

King. How? Better than my Hopes? Does she
accuse him? [Aside.

Zara. Am I become so low by my Captivity,
And do your Arms so lessen what they conquer,
That *Zara* must be made the Sport of Slaves?
And shall the Wretch, whom yester Sun beheld
Waiting my Nod, the Creature of my Pow'r,
Presume to Day to plead audacious Love,
And build bold Hopes on my dejected Fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the Rage of
Heav'n,

And wrench the Bolt red-hissing from the Hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that Insolence.
'Tis daring for a God. Hence, to the Wheel
With that *Ixion*, who aspires to hold

Divinity

Divinity embrac'd ; to Whips and Prisons
Drag him with Speed, and rid me of his Face.

[*Guards seize Osmyn.*]

Zara. Compassion led me to bemoan his State,
Whose former Faith had merited much more:
And through my Hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large; thence sprung his In-
solence,

And what was Charity, he constru'd Love.

King. Enough; his Punishment be what 'you
please.

But let me lead you from this Place of Sorrow,
To one, where young Delights attend; and Joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the Bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your Approach,
And spread like Roses to the Morning Sun:
Where ev'ry Hour shall roll in circling Joys,
And Love shall wing the tedious-wasting Day.
Life without Love is Load; and Time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to Death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

End of the Second Act.



A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

A PRISON.

Osmyn alone with a Paper.

O S M Y N.



UT now, and I was clos'd within the
Tomb

That holds my Father's Ashes; and
but now,

Where he was Pris'ner I am too im-
prison'd.

Sure 'tis the Hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,
And for some Purpose points out these Remem-
brances.

In a dark Corner of my Cell I found
This Paper, what it is this Light will show.

If my Alphonso — Ha!

[Reading.

If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heav'n;

Give me more Weight, crush my declining Tears

With Bolts, with Chains, Imprisonment and Want;

But bless my Son, visit not him for me.

It

It is his Hand; this was his Pray'r — yet more:

*Let ev'ry Hair, which Sorrow by the Roots [Reading.
Tears from my hoary and devoted Head,
Be doubled in thy Mercies to my Son:
Not for my self, but him, hear me, All-gracious —*

'Tis wanting what shou'd follow ——— Heav'n
shou'd follow,

But 'tis torn off — Why shou'd that Word alone
Be torn from his Petition? 'Twas to Heav'n,
But Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not; but
thus,

Thus as the Name of Heav'n from this is torn,
So did it tear the Ears of Mercy from
His Voice, shutting the Gates of Pray'r against him.
If Piety be thus debarr'd Access
On high, and of good Men the very best
Is singled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,
What is Reward? or what is Punishment?
But who shall dare to tax Eternal Justice!
Yet I may think — I may, I must; for Thought
Precedes the Will to think, and Error lives
E'er Reason can be born: Reason, the Power
To guess at Right and Wrong; the twinkling Lamp
Of wand'ring Life, that winks and wakes by turns,
Fooling the Follower, betwixt Shade and Shining.
What Noise! Who's there? my Friend! How
cam'st thou hither?



S C E N E II.

OSMYN, HELI.

Heli. THE Time's too precious to be spent in telling;

The Captain, influenc'd by *Almeria's* Power,
Gave Order to the Guards for my Admittance.

Osm. How does *Almeria*? But I know, she is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her?

Heli. You may; anon, at Midnight, when the
King

Is gone to Rest, and *Garcia* is retir'd,
(Who takes the Privilege to visit late,
Presuming on a Bridegroom's Right) she'll come.

Osm. She'll come; 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
She'll come, but whither, and to whom? O Heav'n!
To a vile Prison, and a captiv'd Wretch;
To one, whom had she never known she had
Been happy: Why, why was that heav'nly Creature
Abandon'd o'er to Love what Heav'n forsakes?
Why does she follow, with unwearied Steps,
One, who has tir'd Misfortune with pursuing?
One, driv'n about the World like blasted Leaves
And Chaff, the Sport of adverse Winds; 'till late
At length, imprison'd in some Cleft of Rock,
Or Earth, it rests, and rots to silent Dust.

Heli. Have Hopes, and hear the Voice of better
Fate.

I've learn'd there are Disorders ripe for Mutiny
Among

Among the Troops, who thought to share the Plun-
Which *Manuel* to his own Use and Avarice [der,
Converts. This News has reach'd *Valentia's* Fron-
Where many of your Subjects, long oppress'd [tiers;
With Tyranny and grievous Impositions,
Are risen in Arms, and call for Chiefs to head
And lead 'em, to regain their Rights and Liberty.

Osm. By Heav'n thou'lt rous'd me from my
Lethargy.

The Spirit which was deaf to my own Wrongs,
And the loud Cries of my Dead Father's Blood;
Deaf to Revenge — nay, which refus'd to hear
The piercing Sighs and Murmurs of my Love
Yet unenjoy'd; what not *Almeria* could
Revive, or raise, my Peoples Voice has waken'd.
O my *Antonio*, I am all on Fire,
My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the Foe, with conqu'ring Troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty,
To Victory; their Shouts and Clamours rend
My Ears, and reach the Heav'ns; where is the King?
Where is *Alphonso*? ha! where? where indeed?
O I could tear and burst the Strings of Life,
To break these Chains. Off, off, ye Stains of
Royalty.

Off Slavery. O curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my Cage, when I
Would soar, and stoop at Victory beneath.

Heli. Our Posture of Affairs, and scanty Time,
My Lord, require you should compose your self,
And think on what we may reduce to practice.

Zara, the Cause of your Restraint, may be

The Means of Liberty restor'd. That gain'd,
 Occasion will not fail to point out Ways
 For your Escape. Mean time, I've thought already
 With Speed and Safety, to convey my self
 Where not far off some Male-Contents hold Coun-
 Nightly; hating this Tyrant; some, who love [cil
Anselmo's Memory, and will, for certain,
 When they shall know you live, assist your Cause.

Osm. My Friend and Counsellor, as thou think'st
 So do. I will with Patience wait my Fortune. [fit,
Heli. When *Zara* comes, abate of your Aversion.

Osm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble Love:
 But as I may, I'll do. I have a Paper
 Which I would shew thee, Friend, but that the
 Sight

Would hold thee here, and clog thy Expedition.
 Within I found it, by my Father's Hand
 'Twas writ; a Pray'r for me, wherein appears
 Paternal Love prevailing o'er his Sorrows;
 Such Sanctity, such Tendernefs, so mix'd
 With Grief, as wou'd draw Tears from Inhumanity.

Heli. The Care of Providence sure left it there,
 To arm your Mind with Hope. Such Piety
 Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in Store
 For you, those Blessings it with-held from him.
 In that Assurance live; which Time, I hope,
 And our next Meeting will confirm.

Osm. Farewel,
 My Friend, the Good thou dost deserve attend
 thee.

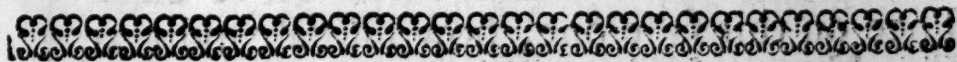
S C E N E



SCENE III.

OSMYN *alone.*

[piety
Osm. I'VE been to blame, and question'd with Im-
 The Care of Heav'n. Not so my Father bore
 More anxious Grief. This thou'd have better
 taught me:
 This Lesson, in some Hour of Inspiration,
 By him set down; when his pure Thoughts were
 born,
 Like Fumes of sacred Incense, o'er the Clouds,
 And wafted thence, on Angels Wings, thro' Ways
 Of Light to the bright Source of all. For there
 He in the Book of Prescience saw this Day;
 And waking to the World and mortal Sense,
 Left this Example of his Resignation,
 This his last Legacy to me, which, here,
 I'll treasure, as, more worth than Diadems,
 Or all extended Rule of Regal Pow'r.



SCENE IV.

OSMYN, ZARA *Veil'd.*

Osm. WHAT Brightness breaks upon me thus
 thro' Shades,
 And promises a Day to this dark Dwelling!
 Is it my Love?—

D 3

Zara.

Zara. O that thy Heart had taught

[*Lifting her Veil.*

Thy Tongue that Saying.

Osm. *Zara!* I am betray'd
By my Surprize.

Zara. What, does my Face displease thee?
That having seen it, thou dost turn thy Eyes
Away, as from Deformity and Horror.
If so, this Sable Curtain shall again
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee seeing,
And unseen. Is it my Love? ask again
That Question, speak again in that soft Voice,
And look again with Wishes in thy Eyes.
O no, thou can'st not, for thou seest me now,
As she, whose Savage Breast has been the Cause
Of these thy Wrongs; as she, whose barbarous Rage
Has loaden thee with Chains and galling Irons:
Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my Falseness;
Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom she lov'd?
No, no, it must be Hatred, dire Revenge
And Detestation, that cou'd use thee thus.
So thou dost think; then do but tell me so;
Tell me, and thou shalt see how I'll revenge
Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear
This Heart of Flint 'till it shall bleed; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own Miseries.

Osm. You wrong me, beauteous *Zara*, to believe
I bear my Fortunes with so low a Mind,
As still to meditate Revenge on all
Whom Chance, or Fate working by secret Causes,
Has made perforce subservient to that End
The Heav'nly Pow'rs allot me; no, not you,
But

But Destiny and inauspicious Stars
Have cast me down to this low Being: Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Zara. Canst thou forgive me then? wilt thou be-
So kindly of my Fault, to call it Madness? [lieve
O, give that Madness yet a milder Name,
And call it Passion; then, be still more kind,
And call that Passion Love.

Osm. Give it a Name,
Or Being as you please, such I will think it.

Zara. O thou dost wound me more with this
thy Goodness,
Than e'er thou cou'dst with bitterest Reproaches;
Thy Anger cou'd not pierce thus to my Heart.

Osm. Yet I cou'd wish —

Zara. Haste me to know it, what?

Osm. That at this Time I had not been this Thing.

Zara. What Thing?

Osm. This Slave.

Zara. O Heav'n! my Fears interpret
This thy Silence; somewhat of high Concern,
Long fashioning within thy labouring Mind,
And now just ripe for Birth, my Rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

Osm. Time may have still one fated Hour to come,
Which wing'd with Liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Zara. Swift as Occasion, I
My self will flie; and earlier than the Morn
Wake thee to Freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some News few Minutes past arriv'd, which seem'd
To shake the Temper of the King — who knows

What racking Cares disease a Monarch's Bed?
 Or Love, that late at Night still lights his Lamp,
 And strikes his Rays thro' dusk, and folded Lids,
 Forbidding Rest, may stretch his Eyes awake,
 And force their Balls abroad at this dead Hour.
 I'll try.

Osm. I have not merited this Grace;
 Nor, shou'd my secret Purpose take Effect,
 Can I repay, as you require, such Benefits.

Zara. Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I
 To give, than I've already lost. But now, [more
 So does the Form of our Engagements rest,
 Thou hast the Wrong, 'till I redeem thee hence;
 That done, I leave thy Justice to return
 My Love. Adieu.



S C E N E V.

OSMYN, alone.

Osm. **T**HIS Woman has a Soul [manding,
 Of God-like Mould, intrepid and com-
 And challenges, in spite of me, my best
 Esteem; to this she's fair, few more can boast
 Of Personal Charms, or with less Vanity
 Might hope to captivate the Hearts of Kings.
 But she has Passions which out-strip the Wind,
 And tear her Virtues up, as Tempests root
 The Sea. I fear when she shall know the Truth,
 Some swift and dire Event of her blind Rage
 Will

Will make all fatal. But behold, she comes
For whom I fear, to shield me from my Fears:
The Cause and Comfort of my boding Heart.



SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, OSMYN.

Osm. MY Life, my Health, my Liberty, my All,
How shall I welcome thee to this sad
Place?

How speak to thee the Words of Joy and
Transport?

How run into thy Arms, with-held by Fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a Thief or Murderer?
Shall I not hurt or bruise thy tender Body,
And stain thy Bosom with the Rust of these
Rude Irons? Must I meet thee thus, *Almeria*?

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'st me thou would'st think how we
might meet

To part no more——Now we will part no more,
For these thy Chains, or Death, shall join us ever.

Osm. Hard Means to ratifie that Word!——O
Cruelty!

That ever I should think beholding thee
A Torture!—yet, such is the bleeding Anguish
Of my Heart, to see thy Sufferings—O Heav'n!
That I cou'd almost turn my Eyes away,

Or

Or wish thee from my Sight.

Alm. O say not so;

Tho' 'tis because thou lov'st me. Do not say,
On any Terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's Heart, devour our Woes
With mutual Appetite; and mingling in
One Cup the common Stream of both our Eyes,
Drink bitter Draughts, with never-slacking Thirst.
Thus better, than for any Cause to part.

What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly
Upon me—speak, and take me in thy Arms—
Thou canst not! thy poor Arms are bound, and
strive

In vain with the remorseless Chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy Flesh, festring thy Limbs
With rankling Rust.

Osm. Oh! O——

Alm. Give me that Sigh.

Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy Grievs?
Thy Heart will burst, thy Eyes look red and start;
Give thy Soul way, and tell me thy dark Thought.

Osm. For this World's Rule, I wou'd not wound
thy Breast

With such a Dagger as then stuck my Heart.

Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound
me more,

Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me.
—Thou giv'st me Pain with too much Tenderness!

Osm. And thy excessive Love distracts my Sense!
O wou'dst thou be less killing, soft or kind,
Grief cou'd not double thus his Darts against me.

Alm.

Alm. Thou dost me Wrong, and Grief too
robs my Heart,

If there he shoot not ev'ry other Shaft;
Thy second self shou'd feel each other Wound,
And Woe shou'd be in equal Portions dealt.
I am thy Wife——

Osm. O thou hast search'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel Cords,
That strain my cracking Nerves; Engines and
Wheels,

That Piece-meal grind, are Beds of Down and Balm
To that Soul-racking Thought.

Alm. Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy Torment
Kill me, kill me then, dash me with thy Chains,
Tread on me: What, am I the Bosom-Snake,
That sucks thy warm Life-Blood, and gnaws thy
Heart?

O that thy Words had force to break those Bonds,
As they have Strength to tear this Heart in sunder;
So shou'dst thou be at large from all Oppression.
Am I, am I of all thy Woes the worst?

Osm. My all of Bliss, my everlasting Life,
Soul of my Soul, and End of all my Wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy Words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy Weepings?
Why dost thou ask? why dost thou talk thus
piercingly?

Thy Sorrows have disturb'd thy Peace of Mind,
And thou dost speak of Miseries impossible.

Alm. Didst thou not say, that Racks and Wheels
were Balm,

And

And Beds of Ease, to thinking me thy Wife?

Osm. No, no; nor shou'd the subtlest Pains that
Hell,

Or Hell-born Malice can invent, extort
A Wish or Thought from me, to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my Heart:
Thou art my Wife—nay, thou art yet my Bride!
The Sacred Union of Connubial Love
Yet unaccomplish'd; his mysterious Rites
Delay'd; nor has our Hymenæal Torch
Yet lighted up his last most grateful Sacrifice;
But dash'd with Rain from Eyes, and swail'd
with Sighs,

Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring Light.
Is this dark Cell a Temple for that God?
Or this vile Earth an Altar for such Off'rings?
This Den for Slaves, this Dungeon damp'd with
Woes;

Is this our Marriage-Bed! Are these our Joys!
Is this to call thee mine? O hold my Heart:
To call thee mine? Yes; thus, ev'n thus, to call
Thee mine, were Comfort, Joy, extreamest Extasie.
But O thou art not mine, not ev'n in Misery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so bless'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No; not that

The extreamest Malice of our Fate can hinder:
That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the Leavings of Calamity.

There we will feast, and smile on past Distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, our mutual Ruin.

Osm. O thou dost talk, my Love, as one resolv'd,
Because

Because not knowing Danger. But look forward;
Think on to Morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unextended Arms;
Think how my Heart will heave, and Eyes will
strain,

To grasp and reach what is deny'd my Hands:
Think how the Blood will start, and Tears will
gush

To follow thee, my separating Soul.

Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with *Garcia*!
Then will I smear these Walls with Blood, disfigure
And dash my Face, and rive my clotted Hair,
Break on the flinty Floor my throbbing Breast,
And grovel with gash'd Hands to scratch a Grave,
Stripping my Nails, to tear this Pavement up,
And bury me alive.

Alm. Heart-breaking Horror!

Ofm. Then *Garcia* shall lye panting on thy Bosom,
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy Charms;
And thou perforce must yield, and aid his Trans-
port.

Hell! Hell! have I not Cause to rage and rave?
What are all Racks, and Wheels, and Whips to this?
Are they not soothing Softness, sinking Ease,
And wafting Air to this? O my *Almeria*,
What do the Damn'd endure, but to despair,
But knowing Heav'n, to know it lost for ever?

Alm. O, I am struck; thy Words are Bolts of Ice,
Which shot into my Breast, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling Fears.
No, hold me not — O, let us not support,
But sink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
Where

Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth
With Rivers of incessant scalding Rain.



S C E N E VII.

ZARA, PEREZ, SELIM, OSMYN, ALMERIA.

Zara. Somewhat of weight to me requires his
Freedom.

Dare you dispute the King's Command? Behold
The Royal Signet.

Per. I obey; yet beg
Your Majesty one Moment to defer
Your entring, 'till the Princess is return'd
From visiting the Noble Prisoner.

Zara. Ha!
What say'st thou?

Osm. We are lost! undone! discover'd!
Retire, my Life, with speed — Alas, we're seen:
Speak of Compassion, let her hear you speak
Of interceding for me with the King;
Say somewhat quickly to conceal our Loves,
If possible.——

Alm. —— I cannot speak.

Osm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But 'till she's gone; then bless me thus again.

Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her
forth!

Con-

Confusion in his Face, and Grief in hers!
'Tis plain, I've been abus'd — Death and Destruction!

How shall I search into this Mystery?
The bluest Blast of Pestilential Air
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill his
Eyes;

Perdition catch 'em both, and Ruin part 'em.

Osm. This Charity to one unknown, and thus
[*Aloud to Almeria as she goes out.*
Distress'd, Heav'n will repay; all Thanks are poor.

S C E N E VII.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Zara. **D**amn'd, damn'd Dissembler! Yet I will
be calm,

Choak in my Rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this Deceiver — You seem much surpriz'd.

Osm. At your Return so soon and unexpected!

Zara. And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.
Confusion! yet I will contain my self.

You're grown a Favourite since last we parted;
Perhaps I'm sawcy and intruding —

Osm. — Madam!

Zara. I did not know the Princess Favourite;
Your Pardon, Sir — mistake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to set
You free: But shall return much better pleas'd,
To

To find you have an Interest superior.

Osm. You do not come to mock my Miseries?

Zara. I do.

Osm. I could at this Time spare your Mirth.

Zara. I know thou cou'dst, but I'm not often pleas'd,

And will indulge it now. What Miseries?

Who wou'd not be thus happily confin'd,

To be the Care of weeping Majesty?

To have contending Queens, at dead of Night

Forfake their Down, to wake with watry Eyes,

And watch like Tapers o'er your Hours of Rest.

O Curse! I cannot hold.—

Osm. Come, 'tis too much.

Zara. Villain!

Osm. How, Madam!

Zara. Thou shalt die.

Osm. I thank you.

Zara. Thou ly'st; for now I know for whom thou'dst live.

Osm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zara. Hell! Hell!

Yet I'll be calm — Dark and unknown Betrayer!

But now the Dawn begins, and the slow Hand

Of Fate is stretch'd to draw the Veil, and leave

Thee bare, the naked Mark of publick View.

Osm. You may be still deceiv'd, 'tis in my pow'r.

Zara. Who waits there? As you'll answer it,
look, this Slave

[To the Guard.

Attempt no Means to make himself away;

I've been deceiv'd. The Publick Safety now,

Requires he shou'd be more confin'd, and none,

No

No, not the Princess suffer'd or to see,
 Or speak with him. I'll quit you to the King.
 Vile and Ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
 The base Injustice thou hast done my Love:
 Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past Distress,
 And all those Ills which thou so long hast
 mourn'd;
 Heav'n has no Rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd,
 Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman scorn'd.

End of the Third Act.



VOL. II.

E

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

ZARA, SELIM.

ZARA.



THOU hast already rack'd me with
thy Stay;
Therefore require me not to ask
thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is con-
cluded?

Selim. Your Accusation highly has incens'd
The King, and were alone enough to urge
The Fate of *Osmyn*; but to that, fresh News
Is since arriv'd, of more revolted Troops.
'Tis certain *Heli* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds Amazement and Distraction) some
Who bore high Offices of Weight and Trust,
Both in the State and Army. This confirms
The King, in full Belief of all you told him,
Concerning *Osmyn*, and his Correspondence
With them who first began the Mutiny.

Where-

Wherefore a Warrant for his Death is sign'd;
And Order given for Publick Execution.

Zara. Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his Fate
and mine;

Find out the King, tell him I have of Weight
More than his Crown t' impart e'er *Osmyn* die.

Selim. It needs not, for the King will strait be here,
And as to your Revenge, not his own Int'rest,
Pretend to sacrifice the Life of *Osmyn*.

Zara. What shall I say? Invent, contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the King, and save his Life
In whom I live. Spite of my Rage and Pride,
I am a Woman, and a Lover still.

O! 'tis more Grief but to suppose his Death,
Than still to meet the Rigour of his Scorn.
From my Despair my Anger had its Source;
When he is dead I must despair for ever.

For ever! that's Despair — it was Distrust
Before; Distrust will ever be in Love,
And Anger in Distrust, both short-liv'd Pains.
But in Despair, and ever-during Death,
No Term, no Bound, but Infinite of Woe.

O Torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be born — Devise the Means to shun it,
Quick; or, by Heav'n, this Dagger drinks thy
Blood.

Selim. My Life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my Rage; I know thy Love
and Truth.

But say, what's to be done? or when, or how
Shall I prevent, or stop th' approaching Danger?

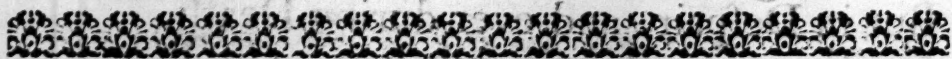
Selim. You must still seem most resolute and fix'd
On *Osmyn's* Death; too quick a Change of Mercy
Might breed Suspicion of the Cause. Advise,
That Execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what Pretence?

Selim. Your own Request's enough.
However, for a Colour, tell him, you
Have Cause to fear his Guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to *Osmyn's* Int'rest,
Who, at the Place of Execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an Escape.
The State of things will countenance all Suspi-
cions.

Then offer to the King to have him strangl'd
In secret, by your Mutes; and get an Order,
That none but Mutes may have Admittance to
him.

I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
This Grant—and I'll acquaint you with the rest.



SCENE II.

KING, GONSALEZ, PEREZ, ZARA,
SELIM.

King. BEAR to the Dungeon those Rebelli-
ous Slaves,

Th'ignoble Curs, that yelp to fill the Cry,
And spend their Mouths in barking Tyranny.
But for their Leaders, *Sancho* and *Ramirez*,

Let

Let 'em be led away to present Death.
Perez, I see it perform'd!

Gons. Might I presume,
 Their Execution better were deferr'd,
 'Till *Osmyn* die. Mean time we may learn more
 Of this Conspiracy.

King. Then be it so.
 Stay, Soldier; they shall suffer with the Moon.
 Are none return'd of those who follow'd *Heli*?

Gons. None, Sir. Some Papers have been since
 discover'd

In *Roderigo's* House, who fled with him,
 Which seem to intimate, as if *Alphonso*
 Were still alive, and arming in *Valentia*:
 Which wears indeed this Colour of a Truth,
 They who are fled have that Way bent their
 Course.

Of the same nature divers Notes have been
 Dispers'd, t' amuze the People; whereupon
 Some ready of Belief have rais'd this Rumour:
 That being sav'd upon the Coast of *Africk*,
 He there disclos'd himself to *Albucacim*,
 And by a secret Compact made with him,
 Open'd and urg'd the way to this Invasion;
 While he himself, returning to *Valentia*
 In private, undertook to raise this Tumult.

Zara. Ha! hear'st thou that? Is *Osmyn* then
Alphonso!

O Heav'n! a thousand things occur at once
 To my Remembrance now, that make it plain.
 O certain Death for him, as sure Despair
 For me, if it be known — If not, what Hope

Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest Baseness, now
To yield him up — No, I will still conceal him,
And try the Force of yet more Obligations.

Gons. 'Tis not impossible. Yet, it may be
That some Impostor has usurp'd his Name.
Your beauteous Captive *Zara* can inform,
If such a one, so 'scaping, was receiv'd,
At any time, in *Albucacim's* Court.

King. Pardon, fair Excellence, this long Neglect:
An unforeseen, unwelcome Hour of Business,
Has thrust between us and our while of Love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing Sand,
Will quickly waste, and give again the Day.

Zara. You're too secure: The Danger is more
imminent
Than your high Courage suffers you to see;
While *Osmyn* lives, you are not safe.

King. His Doom
Is pass'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.

Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your
Entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himself *Alphonso*
Was cast upon my Coast, as is reported,
And oft had private Conference with the King;
To what Effect I knew not then: But he,
Alphonso secretly departed, just
About the time our Arms embark'd for *Spain*.
What I know more is, That a tripple League
Of strictest Friendship, was profess'd between
Alphonso, *Heli*, and the Traitor *Osmyn*.

King. Publick Report is ratify'd in this.

Zara.

Zara. And *Osmy'n's* Death requir'd of strong
Necessity.

King. Give Order strait that all the Pris'ners die.

Zara. Forbear a Moment; somewhat more I
have

Worthy your private Ear, and this your Minister.

King. Let all except *Gonsalez* leave the Room.



SCENE III.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

Zara. I Am your Captive, and you've us'd me
nobly;

And in return of that, tho' otherwise
Your Enemy, I have discover'd *Osmy'n*
His private Practice and Conspiracy
Against your State: And fully to discharge
My self of what I've undertaken, now
I think it fit to tell you, that your Guards
Are tainted; some among 'em have resolv'd
To rescue *Osmy'n* at the Place of Death.

King. Is Treason then so near us as our Guards!

Zara. Most certain; tho' my Knowledge is not
yet

So ripe, to point at the particular Men.

King. What's to be done?

Zara. That too I will advise,
I have remaining in my Train some Mutes,
A Present once from the *Sultana* Queen,

In the *Grand Signior's* Court. These, from their
 Infancy,
 Are practis'd in the Trade of Death; and shall
 (As there the Custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.

Gons. My Lord, the Queen advises well.

King. What Off'ring, or what Recompence
 remains

In me, that can be worthy so great Services?
 To cast beneath your Feet the Crown you've sav'd,
 Tho' on the Head that wears it, were too little.

Zara. Of that hereafter; but, mean time, 'tis fit
 You give strict Charge, that none may be admitted
 To see the Pris'ner, but such Mutes as I
 Shall send.

King. Who waits there?



SCENE IV.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM, PEREZ.

King. ON your Life take heed,
 That only *Zara's* Mutes, or such who
 bring

Her Warrant, have Admittance to the *Moor*.

Zara. They and no other, not the Princess self.

Per. Your Majesty shall be obey'd.

King. Retire.

SCENE



SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

Gons. THAT Interdiction so particular,
Pronounc'd with Vehemence against
the Princess,
Shou'd have more Meaning than appears bare-
fac'd.

The King is blinded by his Love, and heeds
It not. Your Majesty sure might have spar'd
That last Restraint; you hardly can suspect
The Princess is Confederate with the *Moor*.

Zara. I've heard, her Charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his Request.

Gons. Ha!

King. How? She visit *Osmyn*! What, my
Daughter?

Selim. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.

Zara. And after did sollicite you on his
Behalf.—

King. Never. You have been mis-inform'd.

Zara. Indeed? Then 'twas a Whisper spread
by some,

Who wish'd it so; a common Art in Courts.

I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instruction for my Ministers of Death.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

KING, GONSALEZ.

Gons. **T**Here's somewhat yet of Mystery in this;
Her Words and Actions are obscure
and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree;
I like it not.

King. What dost thou think, *Gonsalez*;
Are we not much indebted to this Fair one?

Gons. I am a little flow of Credit, Sir,
In the Sincerity of Womens Actions.
Methinks this Lady's Hatred to the *Moor*,
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her Mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your Guards
Corrupted; how? by whom? who told her so?
I'th' Evening *Osmyn* was to die; at Midnight
She begg'd the Royal Signet to release him;
I'th' Morning he must die again; e'er Noon
Her Mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This put together suits not well.

King. Yet, that there's Truth in what she has
discover'd,
Is manifest from every Circumstance.
This Tumult, and the Lords who fled with *Heli*,
Are Confirmation——that *Alphonso* lives,
Agrees

Agrees expresly too with her Report.

Gonf. I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in Rage
Of Jealousie, she has discover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needless Caution of the Princess?
What if she had seen *Osmyn*? tho' 'twere strange.
But if she had, what was't to her? unless
She fear'd her stronger Charms might cause the

Moor's Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, Friend.
There's Reason in thy Doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'st thou that my Daughter saw this *Moor*?

Osm. If *Osmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonso's Friend; 'tis not impossible,
But she might wish on his Account to see him.

King. Say'st thou? By Heav'n thou hast arouz'd
a Thought,
That like a sudden Earthquake shakes my Frame;
Confusion! then my Daughter's an Accomplice,
And plots in private with this hellish *Moor*.

Gonf. That were too hard a Thought — but
see she comes.

'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
And try howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
For *Osmyn's* Death, as he's *Alphonso's* Friend.
Urge that, to try if she'll sollicite for him.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

KING, GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

King. **Y**our coming has prevented me, *Almeria*;
I had determin'd to have sent for you.
Let your Attendant be dismiss'd; I have
[*Leonora retires.*

To talk with you. Come near, why dost thou
shake?

What mean those swollen and red-fleck'd Eyes,
that look

As they had wept in Blood, and worn the Night
In waking Anguish? Why this, on the Day
Which was design'd to Celebrate thy Nuptials:
But that the Beams of Light are to be stain'd
With reeking Gore, from Traitors on the Rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the Marriage-Rites,
Nor shall the guilty Horrors of this Day
Prophane that Jubilee.

Alm. All Days to me
Henceforth are equal; this the Day of Death,
To Morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
With undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe.

King. Whence is thy Grief? Give me to know
the Cause,
And look thou answer me with Truth; for know,
I am not unacquainted with thy Falshood.

Why

Why art thou mute? base and degenerate Maid!
Gonf. Dear Madam, speak, or you'll incense
 the King.

Alm. What is't to speak? or wherefore shou'd
 I speak?

What mean these Tears, but Grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb Confessions of thy
 guilty Mind; (d'rate

They mean thy Guilt; and say thou wert Confe-
 With damn'd Conspirators to take my Life.

O impious Parricide! now canst thou speak?

Alm. O Earth, behold, I kneel upon thy Bosom,
 And bend my flowing Eyes, to stream upon
 Thy Face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
 Open thy Bowels of Compassion, take
 Into thy Womb the last and most forlorn
 Of all thy Race. Hear me, thou common Parent;
 — I have no Parent else — be thou a Mother,
 And step between me and the Curse of him,
 Who was — who was, but is no more a Father.
 But brands my Innocence with horrid Crimes,
 And for the tender Names of Child and Daughter,
 Now calls me Murderer and Parricide.

King. Rise, I command thee rise — and if
 thou wou'dst

Acquit thy self of those detested Names,
 Swear thou hast never seen that Foreign Dog,
 Now doom'd to die, that most accursed *Osmyn*.

Alm. Never, but as with Innocence I might,
 And free of all bad Purposes. So Heav'n's
 My Witness.

King. Vile equivocating Wretch!

With

With Innocence? O Patience! hear,—she owns it!
 Confesses it! By Heav'n I'll have him rack'd,
 Torn, mangl'd, flay'd, impal'd —— all Pains and
 Tortures

That Wit of Man and dire Revenge can think,
 Shall he accumulated under-bear.

Alm. Oh, I am lost—there Fate begins to wound.

King. Hear me, then, if thou canst reply;
 know, Traitress,

I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonso* lives;
 Nor am I ignorant what *Osmyn* is.—

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both must die,
 Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die.
 And yet alone wou'd I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
 Repeated Deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
 Yes, all my Father's wounding Wrath, tho' each
 Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest Sword,
 And cleaves my Heart; I wou'd have born it all,
 Nay, all the Pains that are prepar'd for thee:
 To the remorseless Rack I wou'd have giv'n
 This weak and tender Flesh, to have been bruis'd
 And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy Being.

King. Hell, Hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
 What, dar'st thou to my Face avow thy Guilt?
 Hence, e'er I curse—flie my just Rage with speed;
 Lest I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a Father! think I am your Child.
 Turn not your Eyes away—look on me kneeling;
 Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off.
 Did ever Father curse his kneeling Child!
 Never: For always Blessings crown that Posture.
 Nature inclines, and half-way meets that Duty,
 Stooping

Stooping to raise from Earth the Filial Reverence;
For bended Knees returning folding Arms,
With Pray'rs, and Blessings, and paternal Love.
O hear me then, thus crawling on the Earth —

King. Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while yet
The light Impression thou hast made remains.

Alm. No, never will I rise, nor loose this Hold,
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha! who may live? take heed, no more
of that;

For on my Soul he dies, tho' thou, and I,
And all shou'd follow to partake his Doom.

Away, off, let me go. — Call her Attendants.

[*Leonora and Women return.*]

Alm. Drag me, harrow the Earth with my bare
Bosom,

I'll not let go 'till you have spar'd my Husband.

King. Ha! what say'st thou? Husband! Husband!
Damnation!

What Husband? which? who?

Alm. He, he is my Husband.

King. Poison and Daggers! who?

Alm. O —

[*Faints.*]

Gonf. Help, support her.

Alm. Let me go, let me fall, sink deep —

I'll dig

I'll dig a Grave, and tear up Death; I will;

I'll scrape 'till I collect his rotten Bones,

And cloath their Nakedness with my own Flesh;

Yes, I will strip of Life, and we will change:

I will be Death; then tho' you kill my Husband

He shall be mine, still and for ever mine.

King.

King. What Husband? who? whom dost thou mean?

Gonf. She raves!

Alm. O that I did. *Osmyn*, he is my Husband.

King. *Osmyn*!

Alm. Not *Osmyn*, but *Alphonso* is my dear And wedded Husband — Heav'n, and Air, and Seas,

Ye Winds and Waves, I call ye all to witness.

King. Wilder than Winds or Waves thy self dost rave.

Shou'd I hear more, I too shou'd catch thy Madness.

Yet somewhat she must mean of dire Import,

Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at Peace.

Watch her returning Sense, and bring me Word:

And look that she attempt not on her Life.



SCENE VIII.

ALMERIA, GONSALEZ, LEONORA,

Attendants.

Alm. O Stay, yet stay; hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to Heav'n I were — He's gone.

Gonf. Have Comfort.

Alm. Curs'd be that Tongue, that bids me be
of Comfort;

Curs'd my own Tongue, that cou'd not move
his Pity;

Curs'd

Curs'd these weak Hands that cou'd not hold
him here;

For he is gone to doom *Alphonso's* Death.

Gonf. Your too excessive Grief works on your
Fancy,

And deludes your Sense. *Alphonso*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your Father's Power.

Alm. Hence, thou detested, ill-tim'd Flatterer;
Source of my Woes: Thou and thy Race be
curs'd;

But doubly thou, who cou'dst alone have Policy
And Fraud, to find the fatal Secret out,
And know that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*.

Gonf. Ha!

Alm. Why dost thou start? what dost thou see
or hear?

Was it the doleful Bell, tolling for Death?

Or dying Groans from my *Alphonso's* Breast?

See, see, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghastly Head glares by, all smear'd with
Blood,

Gasping as it wou'd speak; and after see!

Behold a damp, dead Hand has dropp'd a Dagger:

I'll catch it — Hark! a Voice cries Murder! ah!

My Father's Voice! hollow it sounds, and calls

Me from the Tomb — I'll follow it; for there

I shall again behold my dear *Alphonso*.



SCENE IX.

GONSALEZ *alone.*

Gonf. SHE's greatly griev'd; nor am I less surpriz'd.

Osmyn Alphonso! no; she over-rates
 My Policy! I ne'er suspected it:
 Nor now had known it, but from her Mistake.
 Her Husband too! Ha! Where is *Garcia* then?
 And where the Crown that shou'd descend on him,
 To grace the Line of my Posterity?
 Hold, let me think — if I shou'd tell the King —
 Things come to this Extremity? his Daughter
 Wedded already — what if he shou'd yield?
 Knowing no Remedy for what is past;
 And urg'd by Nature pleading for his Child,
 With which he seems to be already shaken.
 And tho' I know he hates beyond the Grave
Anselmo's Race; yet if — that If concludes me.
 To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is Folly.
 But how prevent the Captive Queen, who means
 To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain; O well
 Invented Tale! He was *Alphonso's* Friend.
 This subtle Woman will amuze the King,
 If I delay — 'twill do — or better so.
 One to my Wish. *Alonzo*, thou art welcome.

SCENE



SCENE X.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

Alon. THE King expects your Lordship.

Gonf. 'Tis no matter.

I'm not i'th' way at present, good *Alonzo*.

Alon. If't please your Lordship, I'll return;
and say

I have not seen you.

Gonf. Do, my best *Alonzo*.

Yet stay, I wou'd — but go; anon will serve —

Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.

I think thou wou'dst not stop to do me Service.

Alon. I am your Creature.

Gonf. Say thou art my Friend.

I've seen thy Sword do Noble Execution.

Alon. All that it can your Lordship shall command.

Gonf. Thanks; and I take thee at thy Word.

Thou'lt seen,

Among the Followers of the Captive Queen,
Dumb Men, who make their Meaning known by
Signs.

Alon. I have, my Lord.

Gonf. Cou'dst thou procure, with Speed
And Privacy, the wearing Garb of one
Of those, tho' purchas'd by his Death, I'd give
Thee such Reward, as shou'd exceed thy Wish.

Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I wait
your Lordship?

Gons. At my Apartment. Use thy utmost Diligence;

And say I've not been seen — haste, good *Alonzo*.

So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonso* slain,

The greatest Obstacle is then remov'd.

Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;

And I yet fix the Crown on *Garcia's* Head.

End of the Fourth Act.



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

KING, PEREZ, ALONZO.

KING.



NOT to be found? In an ill Hour he's absent.

None, say you, none? what not the Fav'rite Eunuch?

Nor she her self, nor any of her Mutes, Have yet requir'd Admittance?

Per. None, my Lord.

King. Is *Osmyn* so dispos'd as I commanded?

Per. Fast bound in double Chains, and at full length

He lyes supine on Earth; with as much ease She might remove the Centre of this Earth, As loose the Rivets of his Bonds,

King. 'Tis well.

[*A Mute appears, and seeing the King retires.*
Ha! stop and seize that Mute; *Alonzo*, follow him.
Ent'ring he met my Eyes, and started back,

F 3

Frighted,

Frighted, and fumbling one Hand in his Bosom,
As to conceal th'Importance of his Errand.

[Alonzo follows him, and returns with a Paper.

Alon. O bloody Proof of obstinate Fidelity!

King. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seiz'd the Man,
He snatch'd from out his Bosom this—and strove
With rash and greedy haste, at once to cram
The Morsel down his Throat. I catch'd his Arm,
And hardly wrench'd his Hand to wring it from
him;

Which done, he drew a Ponyard from his Side,
And on the instant plung'd it in his Breast.

King. Remove the Body thence e'er Zara see it.

Alon. I'll be so bold to borrow his Attire;
'Twill quit me of my Promise to Gonzalez.



S C E N E II.

KING, PEREZ.

Per. **W**Hate'er it is, the King's Complexion
turns.

King. How's this? My Mortal Foe beneath my
Roof! [Having read the Letter.

O, give me Patience, all ye Powers! no; rather
Give me new Rage, implacable Revenge,
And trebled Fury—Ha! who's there?

Per. My Lord.

King. Hence, Slave, how dar'st thou 'bide to
watch and pry

Into

Into how poor thing a King descends;
How like thy self, when Passion treads him down?
Ha! stir not, on thy Life: For thou wert fix'd,
And planted here to see me gorge this Bait,
And lash against the Hook—By Heav'n you're all
Rank Traitors; thou art with the rest combin'd;
Thou knew'st that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*, knew'st
My Daughter privately with him Conferr'd;
And wert the Spy and Pandar to their Meeting;

Per. By all that's Holy, I'm amaz'd.—

King. Thou ly'st.

Thou art Accomplice too with *Zara*; here
Where she sets down—*Still will I set thee free—*

[*Reading.*
That somewhere is repeated—I have Power
O'er them that are thy Guards—Mark that, thou
Traitor.

Per. It was your Majesty's Command, I should
Obey her Order.—

King. Reading.— And still will I set
Thee free, Alphonso— Hell! curs'd, curs'd
Alphonso!

False and Perfidious *Zara*! Strumpet Daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble Boy, fond Love,
All Nature, Softness, Pity and Compassion,
This Hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell Hate, within my Breast, Revenge and Gall.
By Heav'n I'll meet, and counterwork this Treachery.

Hark thee, Villain, Traitor—answer me, Slave.

Per. My Service has not merited those Titles.

King. Dar'st thou reply? Take that——thy Service? thine? [Strikes him.]

What's thy whole Life, thy Soul, thy All, to my One Moment's Ease? Hear my Command; and look

That thou obey, or Horror on thy Head.
Drench me thy Dagger in *Alphonso's* Heart.
Why dost thou start? Resolve, or——

Per. —— Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,

His Teeth may grin, and mock at her Remorse. [Perez going.]

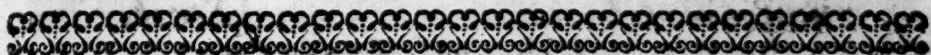
——Stay thee——I've farther thought——I'll add to this,

And give her Eyes yet greater Disappointment :
When thou hast ended him, bring me his Robe ;
And let the Cell where she'll expect to see him
Be darken'd, so as to amuse the Sight.

I'll be conducted thither——mark me well——
There with his Turbant, and his Robe array'd,
And laid along as he now lies supine,
I shall Convict her to her Face of Falshood.

When for *Alphonso's* she shall take my Hand,
And breath her Sighs upon my Lips for his,
Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her Guilt.
But see she comes ; I'll shun th' Encounter ; thou,
Follow me, and give heed to my Direction.

SCENE



SCENE III.

ZARA, SELIM.

Zara. **T**HE Mute not yet return'd! ha, 'twas
the King!

The King that parted hence! frowning he went;
His Eyes like Meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry Beams; as if his Sight
Would, like the raging Dog-star, scorch the Earth,
And kindle Ruin in its Course. Dost think
He saw me?

Selim. Yes: But then, as if he thought
His Eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd
Th'imperfect Look, and sternly turn'd away.

Zara. Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast
undone me.

Thy shallow Artifice begets Suspicion,
And, like a Cobweb-Veil, but thinly shades
The Face of thy Design; alone disguising
What should have ne'er been seen; imperfect
Mischief!

Thou like the Adder, venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the Traveller; and, after, hear'st
Not his pursuing Voice; ev'n where thou think'st
To hide, the rustling Leaves and bended Grass
Confess, and point the Path which thou hast crept.
O Fate of Fools! officious in Contriving;
In Executing puzzled, lame and lost.

Selim.

Selim. Avert it, Heav'n, that you should ever
suffer

For my Defect: or that the Means which I
Devis'd to serve should ruin your Design!
Prescience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to Man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being Man,
I needs must fail; impute not as a Crime
My Nature's want, but punish Nature in me;
I plead not for a Pardon and to live,
But to be punish'd and forgiven. Here, strike;
I bare my Breast to meet your just Revenge.

Zara. I have not leisure now to take so poor
A Forfeit as thy Life: Somewhat of high
And more important Fate requires my Thought,
When I've concluded on my self, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my Command to die.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in Charge; for I'm resolv'd.
Give Order, that the two remaining Mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a Bowl
Of such Ingredients mix'd, as will with speed
Benumn the living Faculties, and give
Most easie and inevitable Death.
Yes, *Osmyn*, yes; be *Osmyn* or *Alphonso*,
I'll give thee Freedom, if thou dar'st be free:
Such Liberty as I embrace my self,
Thou shalt partake. Since Fates no more afford;
I can but die with thee to keep my Word.

SCENE



SCENE IV.

Scene opening shews the Prison.

GONSALEZ *alone, disguis'd like a Mute, with a Dagger.*

Gons. **N**OR Centinel, nor Guard! the Doors unbarr'd!

And all as still, as at the Noon of Night!

Sure Death already has been busie here.

There lies my Way, that Door is too unlock'd.

[*Looks in.*]

Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what

A Lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly Flame,

By fits reveals—his Face seems turn'd, to favour

Th' Attempt: I'll steal, and do it unperceiv'd.

What Noise! some body coming? 'ft, *Alonso?*

No body? Sure he'll wait without—I would

'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sting him to the Heart;

Then cast my Skin, and leave it there to answer it.

[*Goes in.*]



SCENE V.

GARCIA, ALONZO.

Gar. **W**Here? where, *Alonso?* where's my Father? where

The King? Confusion! all is on the Rout!

All's

All's lost, all ruin'd by Surprize and Treachery.
Where, where is he? Why dost thou thus mis-
lead me?

Alon. My Lord, he enter'd but a moment since,
And cou'd not pass me unperceiv'd — What ho!
My Lord, my Lord, what, ho! My Lord *Gonsalez!*



S C E N E VI.

GARCIA, ALONZO, GONSALEZ *bloody.*

Gonsf. PERdition choak your Clamours — whence
this Rudeness?

Garcia!

Gar. Perdition, Slavery, and Death,
Are entring now our Doors. Where is the King?
What means this Blood? and why this Face of
Horror?

Gonsf. No matter — give me first to know the Cause
Of these your rash and ill-tim'd Exclamations.

Gar. The Eastern Gate is to the Foe betray'd,
Who, but for Heaps of slain that choak the Passage,
Had enter'd long e'er now, and born down all
Before 'em, to the Palace Walls. Unless
The King in Person animate our Men
Granada's lost; and to confirm this Fear,
The Traitor *Perez*, and the Captive *Moor*,
Are thro' a Postern fled, and join the Foe.

Gonsf. Wou'd all were false as that; for whom
you call

The

The Moor, is dead. That *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*;
In whose Heart's Blood this Ponyard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible; for *Osmyn* was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by *Perez* for *Alphonso*.

Gonf. Enter that Chamber, and convince your
Eyes,

How much Report has wrong'd your easie Faith.

[*Garcia goes in.*

Alon. My Lord, for certain Truth *Perez* is fled;
And has declar'd the Cause of his Revolt,
Was to revenge a Blow the King had giv'n him.

Gar. returning. Ruin and Horror! O heart-
wounding Sight! [Horror?

Gonf. What says my Son? what Ruin? ha? what

Gar. Blasted my Eyes, and speechless be my
Rather than or to see, or to relate [Tongue,
This Deed — O dire Mistake! O fatal Blow!

The King —

Gonf. } The King!
Alon. }

Gar. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in Blood.
See, see, attir'd like *Osmyn*, where he lies.

[*They look in.*

O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the Manner, or the Cause?

Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our Swords against
Our selves, and expiate with our own his Blood.

Gonf. O Wretch! O curs'd, and rash, deluded
Fool!

On me, on me, turn your avenging Sword.

I, who have spilt my Royal Master's Blood,

Shou'd

Shou'd make Atonement by a Death as horrid;
And fall beneath the Hand of my own Son.

Gar. Ha! what? atone this Murder with a greater!
The Horror of that Thought has damp'd my Rage.
The Earth already groans to bear this Deed;
Oppress her not, nor think to stain her Face
With more unnatural Blood. Murder my Father!
Better with this to rip up my own Bowels,
And bathe it to the Hilt, in far less damnable
Self-Murder.

Gonf. O my Son, from the blind Dotage
Of a Father's Fondness these Ills arose;
For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this Sea of Sin;
Stemming the Tide with only one weak Hand,
While t'other bore the Crown, (to wreath thy
Brow)

Whose Weight has sunk me e'er I reach'd the Shoar.

Gar. Fatal Ambition! Hark! the Foe is enter'd:

[*Shout.*

The Shrilness of that Shout speaks 'em at hand.

We have no time to search into the Cause
Of this surprizing and most fatal Error.

What's to be done? the King's Death known,
will strike

The few remaining Soldiers with Despair,
And make 'em yield to Mercy of the Conqueror.

Alon. My Lord, I've thought how to conceal
the Body;

Require me not to tell the Means, 'till done,
Lest you forbid what then you may approve.

[*Goes in. Shout.*

Gonf.

Gonf. They shout again! Whate'er he means
to do,
'Twere fit the Soldiers were amus'd with Hopes;
And in the mean time fed with Expectation
To see the King in Person at their Head.

Gar. Were it a Truth, I fear 'tis now too late,
But I'll omit no Care, nor Haste; and try
Or to repel their Force, or bravely die.



SCENE VII.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

Gonf. WHAT hast thou done, *Alonzo*?

Alon. Such a Deed

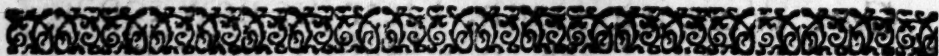
As but an Hour ago I'd not have done,
Tho' for the Crown of Universal Empire.
But what are Kings reduc'd to common Clay?
Or who can wound the Dead? — I've from the
Body

Sever'd the Head, and in an obscure Corner
Dispos'd it, muffled in the Mute's Attire,
Leaving to View of them who enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable Trunk:
Which may be still mistaken by the Guards
For *Osmyn*, if in seeking for the King
They chance to find it.

Gonf. 'Twas an Act of Horror;
And of a piece with this Day's dire Misdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.

Haste

Haste thee, *Alonzo*, haste thee hence with speed,
To aid my Son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to re-inforce his Arms: At least,
I shall make good, and shelter his Retreat.



S C E N E VIII.

*ZARA, followed by SELIM, and two Mutes
bearing the Bowls.*

Zara. Silence and Solitude are ev'ry where!
S Thro' all the Gloomy Ways and Iron
Doors
That hither lead, nor Human Face nor Voice
Is seen or heard. A dreadful Din was wont
To grate the Sense, when enter'd here; from
Groans
And Howls of Slaves condemn'd, from Clink of
Chains,
And Crash of rusty Bars and creaking Hinges:
And ever and anon the Sight was dash'd
With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks
Of grim and ghastly Executioners.
Yet more this Stilness terrifies my Soul,
Than did that Scene of complicated Horrors.
It may be, that the Cause of this my Errand
And Purpose, being chang'd from Life to Death,
Has also wrought this chilling Change of Temper.
Or does my Heart bode more? what can it more
Than Death?—

Let

Let 'em set down the Bowls, and warn *Alphonso*
That I am here——so. You return and find

[*Mutes going in.*

The King; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the Deed.



S C E N E IX.

ZARA and MUTES.

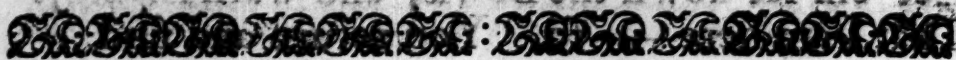
Zara. **W**HAT have you seen? Ha! where-
fore stare you thus,

[*The Mutes return, and look affrighted.*

With haggard Eyes? why are your Arms a-crofs?
Your heavy and desponding Heads hung down?
Why is't you more than speak in these sad Signs?
Give me more ample Knowledge of this Mourning.

*They go to the Scene, which opening she perceives
the Body.*

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! O——I'm lost,
O *Osmyn*! O *Alphonso*! Cruel Fate!
Cruel, Cruel, O more than killing Object!
I came prepared to die, and see thee die——
Nay, came prepar'd my self to give thee Death——
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my *Osmyn* ——
O this accurs'd, this base, this treach'rous King!



SCENE X.

ZARA, SELIM.

Selim. I'VE fought in vain, for no where can the
King
Be found——

Zara. Get thee to Hell, and seek him there.

[*Stabs him.*]

His Hellish Rage had wanted Means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious Counsel.

Selim. You thought it better then——but I'm
rewarded.

The Mute you sent, by some Mischance was seen,
And forc'd to yield your Letter with his Life:
I found the dead and bloody Body stripp'd——
My Tongue falters, and my Voice fails——I
sink——

Drink not the Poison—for *Alphonso* is—— [*Dies.*]

Zara. As thou art now——And I shall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;
I have a certain Remedy for that.
But Oh, he dy'd unknowing in my Heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height:
Nor that I meant to fall before his Eyes,
A Martyr and a Victim to my Vows:
Insensible of this last Proof he's gone.
Yet Fate alone can rob his Mortal Part

Of

Of Sense : His Soul still fees, and knows each
Purpose,

And fix'd Event of my persisting Faith.

Then, wherefore do I pause?—give me the Bowl.

[A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.]

Hover a Moment, yet, thou gentle Spirit,
Soul of my Love, and I will wait thy Flight.

This to our mutual Bliss when join'd above.

[Drinks.]

O friendly Draught, already in my Heart.

Cold, cold; my Veins are Icicles and Frost.

I'll creep into his Bosom, lay me there;

Cover us close—or I shall chill his Breast,

And fright him from my Arms—See, see, he slides

Still further from me; look, he hides his Face,

I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach.

O now he's gone, and all is dark ——— *[Dies.]*

[The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.]



SCENE XI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, MUTES, &c.

Alm. O Let me seek him in this horrid Cell;
For in the Tomb or Prison, I alone
Must hope to find him.

Leo. Heav'ns! what dismal Scene
Of Death is this? The Eunuch *Selim* slain!

Alm. Shew me, for I am come in search of
Death;

But want a Guide; for Tears have dimn'd my Sight.

Leo. Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful Men,
 Who seem the Murderers, kneel weeping by :
 Feeling Remorse too late for what they've done.
 But O forbear——lift up your Eyes no more ;
 But haste away, fly from this Fatal Place,
 Where Miseries are multiply'd; return,
 Return and look not on; for there's a Dagger
 Ready to stab the Sight, and make your Eyes
 Rain Blood——

Alm. O I foreknow, foresee that Object.
 Is it at last then so? is he then dead?
 What dead at last, quite, quite, for ever dead?
 There, there I see him; there he lies, the Blood
 Yet bubbling from his Wounds——O more than
 Savage!

Had they, or Hearts, or Eyes, that did this Deed?
 Could Eyes endure to guide such cruel Hands?
 Are not my Eyes guilty alike with theirs,
 That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to Stone?
 —I do not weep! The Springs of Tears are dry'd;
 And of a sudden I am calm, as if
 All things were well; and yet my Husband's
 murder'd!

Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll Sluce this Heart,
 The Source of Woe, and let the Torrent loose.
 ——Those Men have left to weep! they look on
 me!

I hope they murder all on whom they look.
 Behold me well; your bloody Hands have err'd,
 And wrongfully have slain those Innocents :
 I am the Sacrifice design'd to bleed;

And

And come prepar'd to yield my Throat——they
shake

Their Heads in sign of Grief and Innocence!

[They point at the Bowl on the Ground.

And point! what mean they? Ha! a Cup. O
well

I understand what Medicine has been here.

O noble Thirst! yet greedy, to drink all——

——O for another Draught of Death——What
mean they? *[They point at the other Cup.*

Ha! point again? 'tis there, and full, I hope.

Thanks to the liberal Hand that fill'd thee thus;

I'll drink my glad Acknowledgment——

Leo. O hold

For Mercy's sake; upon my Knee I beg——

Alm. With thee the kneeling World shou'd
beg in vain.

Seest thou not there? behold who prostrate lyes,

And pleads against thee? who shall then prevail?

Yet I will take a cold and parting Leave,

From his pale Lips; I'll kiss him e'er I drink,

Lest the rank Juice shou'd blister on my Mouth,

And stain the Colour of my last Adieu.

Horror! a headless Trunk! nor Lips nor Face,

*[Coming nearer the Body, starts and lets fall
the Cup.*

But spouting Veins, and mangled Flesh! O, oh!——

SCENE the Last.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, HELI,
PEREZ, with GARCIA Prisoner, Guards
and Attendants.

Alph. AWAY, stand off, where is she? tel me
fly,
Save her from Death; and snatch her to my Heart.

Alm. Oh —

Alph. Forbear; my Arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to Life, and wake her into Gladness.
O let me talk to thy reviving Sense,
The Words of Joy and Peace; warm thy cold
Beauties,
With the new-flushing Ardour of my Cheek;
Into thy Lips, pour the soft trickling Balm
Of cordial Sighs; and reinspire thy Bosom
With the Breath of Love. Shine, awake, *Almeria*,
Give a new Birth to thy long-shaded Eyes,
Then double on the Day reflected Light.

Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this
Dream intend?

Alph. O may'st thou never dream of less Delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial Joys.

Alm. Giv'n me again from Death! O all ye
Pow'rs

Confirm this Miracle! Can I believe
My Sight, against my Sight? and shall I trust

That

That Sense, which in one Instant shews him dead
And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With Apparitions, and affrighting Fantoms:
This is my Lord, my Life, my only Husband;
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My Father too shall have Compassion —

Alph. O my Heart's Comfort; 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail Life, to be entirely bless'd. Even now,
In this extreamest Joy my Soul can taste,
Yet am I dash'd to think that thou must weep;
Thy Father fell, where he design'd my Death.
Gonsalez and *Alonzo*; both of Wounds
Expiring, have with their last Breath confess'd
The just Decrees of Heav'n, which on themselves
Has turn'd their own most bloody Purposes.
Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you shou'd be thus —

[*She weeps.*]

Let 'em remove the Body from her Sight.

Ill-fated *Zara*! Ha! a Cup? Alas!

Thy Error then is plain; but I were Flint
Not to o'erflow in Tribute to thy Memory,

O *Garcia*! —

Whose Virtue has renounc'd thy Father's Crimes,
Seest thou, how just the Hand of Heav'n has been?

Let us who thro' our Innocence survive,

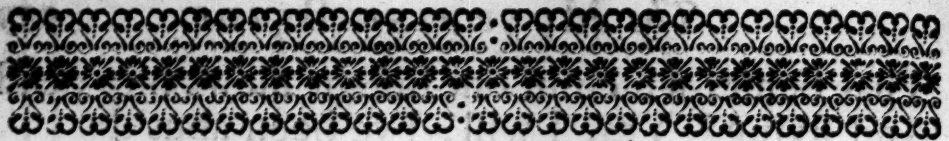
Still in the Paths of Honour persevere,

And not, from past or present Ills despair:

For Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;

And tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princess, but in statu quo:
And now as unconcern'd this Mourning wear,
As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
I've leisure, now, to mark your sev'ral Faces,
And know each Critick by his sour Grimaces.
To poison Plays, I see some where they sit,
Scatter'd, like Rats-bane, up and down the Pit;
While others watch like Parish-Searchers, hir'd
To tell of what Disease the Play expir'd.
O with what Joy they run, to spread the News
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muse!
But if he's scape, with what Regret they're seiz'd!
And how they're disappointed when they're pleas'd!
Criticks to Plays for the same End resort,
That Surgeons wait on Trials in a Court;
For Innocence condemn'd they've no Respect,
Provided they've a Body to dissect.

EPILOGUE.

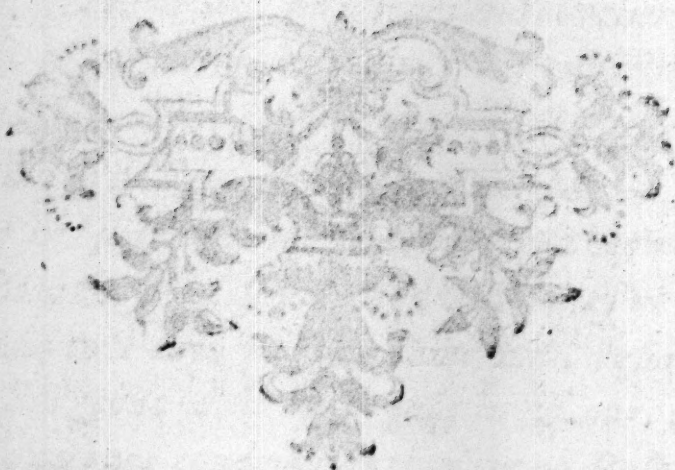
*As Suffex Men, that dwell upon the Shoar,
Look out when Storms arise, and Billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted Hands,
That some well-laden Ship may strike the Sands;
To whose rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
So Criticks throng to see a New Play split,
And thrive and prosper on the Wrecks of Wit.
Small Hope our Poet from these Prospects draws;
And therefore to the Fair commends his Cause.
Your tender Hearts to Mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this Play will Favour find, }
Which was an Off'ring to the Sex design'd.*



THE

EPITOME

At Suffolk Men, that dwell upon the River,
 Look out when Storms arise, and Billows roar,
 Devoutly praying, with uplifted Hands,
 That some well-laden Ship may strike the Sands;
 To rob the rich Cargo they may make Prey;
 And fatten on the Spoils of Providence;
 So Critics living to see a New Play, shall
 And thrive and prosper on the Success of it;
 Small Hope our Port from these Trophies draws;
 And therefore to the Lord commands his Cause;
 Your tender Hearts to Mercy are invited,
 Whithersoever he hopes, that we will have said,
 it hath been an O'ring to the Lord's Hand.



THE
WAY of the WORLD.
A
COMEDY.

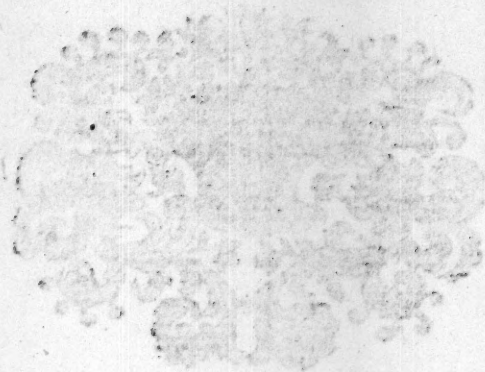
Audire est Operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui mæchis non vultis — Hor. Sat. 2. l. 1.
— Metuat doti deprensa. — Ibid.



Printed in the YEAR 1710.

THE
WAY of the WORLD.
A
COMEDY.

As it was acted at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in the Year 1710.
By the most excellent Comedians, the Actors and Actresses of that Theatre.
In two Volumes.



Printed in the Year 1710.



To the Right Honourable

R A L P H

Earl of MOUNTAGUE, &c.

My LORD,



Hether the World will arraign me
of Vanity, or not, that I have pre-
sum'd to Dedicate this Comedy to
Your Lordship, I am yet in Doubt:
Tho' it may be it is some degree
of Vanity even to doubt of it. One who has at
any time had the Honour of Your Lordship's
Conversation, cannot be suppos'd to think very
meanly of that which he wou'd prefer to Your
Perusal: Yet it were to incur the Imputation of
too

The Dedication.

too much Sufficiency, to pretend to such a Merit as might abide the Test of Your Lordship's Censure.

Whatever Value may be wanting to this Play while yet it is mine, will be sufficiently made up to it, when it is once become Your Lordship's; and it is my Security, that I cannot have over-rated it more by my Dedication, than Your Lordship will dignifie it by Your Patronage.

That it succeeded on the Stage, was almost beyond my Expectation; for but little of it was prepar'd for that general Taste which seems now to be predominant in the Pallats of our Audience.

Those Characters which are meant to be ridicul'd in most of our Comedies, are of Fools so gross, that in my humble Opinion, they shou'd rather disturb than divert the well-natur'd and reflecting Part of an Audience; they are rather Objects of Charity than Contempt; and instead of moving our Mirth, they ought very often to excite our Compassion.

This Reflection mov'd me to design some Characters, which shou'd appear ridiculous not so much thro' a natural Folly (which is incorrigible, and therefore not proper for the Stage) as thro'

The Dedication.

thro' an affected Wit; a Wit, which at the same time that it is affected, is also false. As there is some Difficulty in the Formation of a Character of this Nature, so there is some Hazard which attends the Progress of its Success, upon the Stage: For many come to a Play, so over-charg'd with Criticism, that they very often let fly their Censure, when thro' their Rashness they have mistaken their Aim. This I had Occasion lately to observe: For this Play had been acted two or three Days, before some of these hasty Judges cou'd find the leisure to distinguish betwixt the Character of a *Witwound* and a *Truewit*.

I must beg Your Lordship's Pardon for this Digression from the true Course of this Epistle; but that it may not seem altogether impertinent, I beg, that I may plead the Occasion of it, in part of that Excuse of which I stand in need, for recommending this Comedy to Your Protection. It is only by the Countenance of Your Lordship, and the *Few* so qualify'd, that such who write with Care and Pains can hope to be distinguish'd: For the Prostituted Name of *Poet* promiscuously levels all that bear it.

Terence, the most correct Writer in the World, had a *Scipio* and a *Lelius*, if not to assist him, at least

The Dedication.

least to support him in his Reputation: And notwithstanding his extraordinary Merit, it may be, their Countenance was not more than necessary.

The Purity of his Stile, the Delicacy of his Turns, and the Justness of his Characters, were all of them Beauties, which the greater Part of his Audience were incapable of Tasting: Some of the coarsest Strokes of *Plautus*, so severely censur'd by *Horace*, were more likely to affect the Multitude; such, who come with expectation to laugh at the last Act of a Play, and are better entertain'd with two or three unseasonable Jest, than with the artful Solution of the *Fable*.

As *Terence* excell'd in his Performances, so had he great Advantages to encourage his Undertakings; for he built most on the Foundations of *Menander*: His Plots were generally modell'd, and his Characters ready drawn to his Hand. He copied *Menander*; and *Menander* had no less Light in the Formation of his Characters, from the Observations of *Theophrastus*, of whom he was a Disciple; and *Theophrastus* it is known was not only the Disciple, but the immediate Successor of *Aristotle*, the first
and

The Dedication.

and greatest Judge of Poetry. These were great Models to design by; and the further Advantage which *Terence* possess'd, towards giving his Plays the due Ornaments of Purity of Stile, and Justness of Manners, was not less considerable; from the Freedom of Conversation, which was permitted him with *Leilius* and *Scipio*, two of the greatest and most polite Men of his Age. And indeed, the Privilege of such a Conversation, is the only certain Means of attaining to the Perfection of Dialogue.

If it has happen'd in any Part of this Comedy, that I have gain'd a Turn of Stile, or Expression more Correct, or at least more Corrigible than in those which I have formerly written, I must, with equal Pride and Gratitude, ascribe it to the Honour of Your Lordship's admitting me into Your Conversation, and that of a Society where every body else was so well worthy of You, in Your Retirement last Summer from the Town: For it was immediately after, that this Comedy was written. If I have fail'd in my Performance, it is only to be regretted, where there were so many, not infe-

The Dedication.

rior either to a *Scipio* or a *Lelius*, that there shou'd be one wanting, equal in Capacity to a *Terence*.

If I am not mistaken, Poetry is almost the only Art, which has not yet laid Claim to your Lordship's Patronage. Architecture, and Painting, to the great Honour of our Country, have flourish'd under Your Influence and Protection. In the mean time, Poetry, the eldest Sister of all Arts, and Parent of most, seems to have resign'd her Birth-right, by having neglected to pay her Duty to Your Lordship; and by permitting others of a later Extraction, to prepossess that Place in Your Esteem, to which none can pretend a better Title. Poetry, in its Nature, is sacred to the Good and Great; the Relation between them is reciprocal, and they are ever propitious to it. It is the Privilege of Poetry to address to them, and it is their Prerogative alone to give it Protection.

This receiv'd Maxim is a general Apology for all Writers who Consecrate their Labours to great Men: But I could wish, at this time, that this Address were exempted from the common Pretence of all Dedications; and that as

The Dedication.

I can distinguish Your Lordship even among the most Deserving, so this Offering might become remarkable by some particular Instance of Respect, which should assure Your Lordship, that I am, with all due Sense of Your extream Worthiness and Humanity,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient

and most Oblig'd Humble Servant,

Will. Congreve.





PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

O*F those few Fools, who with ill Stars are curst,
Sure scribbling Fools, call'd Poets, fare the
worst:*

*For they're a sort of Fools which Fortune makes,
And after she has made 'em Fools, forsakes.*

*With Nature's Oafs 'tis quite a diff'rent Case,
For Fortune favours all her Idiot-Race:*

*In her own Nest the Cuckow-Eggs we find,
O'er which she broods to hatch the Changling-Kind.*

*No Portion for her own she has to spare,
So much she doats on her adopted Care.*

*Poets are Bubbles, by the Town drawn in,
Snffer'd at first some trifling Stakes to win:*

But what unequal Hazards do they run!

Each time they write they venture all they've won:

The Squire that's butter'd still, is sure to be undone.

*This Author, heretofore, has found your Favour,
But pleads no Merit from his past Behaviour.*

To

PROLOGUE.

*To build on that might prove a vain Presumption,
Shou'd Grants to Poets made, admit Resumption:
And in Parnassus he must lose his Seat,
If that he found a forfeited Estate.*

*He owns, with Toil, he wrought the following
Scenes,*

*But if they're naught ne'er spare him for his Pains:
Damn him the more; have no Commiseration
For Dulness on mature D liberation.*

*He swears he'll not resent one hiss'd-off Scene,
Nor, like those peevish Wits, his Playmaintain,
Who, to assert their Sense, your Taste arraign.*

*Some Plot we think he has, and some new Thought;
Some Humour too, no Farce; but that's a Fault.*

Satire, he thinks, you ought not to expect;

For so Reform'd a Town, who dares Correct?

*To Please, this Time, has been his sole Pretence,
He'll not instruct, lest it shou'd give Offence.*

Shou'd he by chance a Knave or Fool expose,

That hurts none here, sure here are none of those.

In short, our Play shall (with your Leave to shew it)

Give you one Instance of a Passive Poet.

Who to your Judgments yields all Resignation;

So Save or Damn, after your own Discretion.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Fainall</i> , In Love with Mrs. <i>Marwood</i> .	Mr. <i>Betterton</i>
<i>Mirabell</i> , In Love with Mrs. <i>Millamant</i> .	Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Witwoud</i> , } Followers of Mrs. <i>Millamant</i> .	} Mr. <i>Bowen</i> .
<i>Petulant</i> , }	} Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
Sir <i>Wilfull Witwoud</i> , Half Brother to <i>Wit-</i>	} Mr. <i>Underhill</i> .
<i>woud</i> , and Nephew to Lady <i>Wishfort</i> .	
<i>Waitwell</i> , Servant to <i>Mirabell</i> .	Mr. <i>Bright</i> .

W O M E N.

Lady <i>Wishfort</i> , Enemy to <i>Mirabell</i> , for hav-	} Mrs. <i>Leigh</i> .
ing falsely pretended Love to her.	
Mrs. <i>Millamant</i> , A fine Lady, Neice to La-	} Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
dy <i>Wishfort</i> , and loves <i>Mirabell</i>	
Mrs. <i>Marwood</i> , Friend to Mr. <i>Fainall</i> , and	} Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
likes <i>Mirabell</i> .	
Mrs. <i>Fainall</i> , Daughter to Lady <i>Wishfort</i> , and	} Mrs. <i>Bowman</i> .
Wife to <i>Fainall</i> , formerly Friend to <i>Mi-</i>	
<i>rabell</i> .	
<i>Foible</i> , Woman to Lady <i>Wishfort</i> .	Mrs. <i>Willis</i> .
<i>Mincing</i> , Woman to Mrs. <i>Millamant</i> .	Mrs. <i>Prince</i> .

Dancers, Footmen, and Attendants.

SCENE LONDON.

The Time equal to that of the Presentation.

THE

THE
WAY of the WORLD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chocolate-House.

MIRABELL and FAINALL [*Rising from Cards.*] BETTY waiting.

MIRABELL.



YOU are a fortunate Man,
Mr. Fainall.

Fain. Have we done?

Mira. What you please. I'll
play on to entertain you.

Fain. No, I'll give you your Revenge
another time, when you are not so indif-
ferent; you are thinking of something
else now, and play too negligently; the
Coldness of a losing Gamester lessens the
Pleasure of the Winner. I'd no more play

H 4

with

with a Man that slighted his ill Fortune, than I'd make Love to a Woman who undervalu'd the Loss of her Reputation.

Mira. You have a Taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your Pleasures.

Fain. Prithee, why so reserv'd? Something has put you out of Humour.

Mira. Not at all: I happen to be grave to Day; and you are gay; that's all.

Fain. Confess, *Millamant* and you quarrell'd last Night, after I left you; my fair Cousin has some Humours that wou'd tempt the Patience of a Stoick. What, some Coxcomb came in, and was well receiv'd by her, while you were by.

Mira. *Witwoud* and *Petulant*; and what was worse, her Aunt, your Wife's Mother, my evil Genius; or to sum up all in her own Name, my old Lady *Wishfort* came in. ———

Fain. O there it is then——She has a lasting Passion for you, and with Reason. ——— What, then my Wife was there?

Mira. Yes, and Mrs. *Marwood* and three or four more, whom I never saw before; seeing me, they all put on their grave Faces, whisper'd one another; then complain'd aloud of the Vapours, and after fell into a profound Silence.

Fain.

Fain. They had a mind to be rid of you.

Mira. For which Reason I resolv'd not to stir. At last the good old Lady broke thro' her painful Taciturnity, with an Invective against long Visits. I would not have understood her, but *Millamant* joining in the Argument, I rose and with a constrain'd Smile told her, I thought nothing was so easie as to know when a Visit began to be troublesome; she reden'd and I withdrew, without expecting her Reply.

Fain. You were too blame to resent what she spoke only in Compliance with her Aunt.

Mira. She is more Mistress of her self, than to be under the necessity of such a Resignation.

Fain. What? tho' half her Fortune depends upon her Marrying with my Lady's Approbation?

Mira. I was then in such a Humour, that I shou'd have been better pleas'd if she had been less discreet.

Fain. Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last Night was one of their Cabal-Nights; they have 'em three times a Week, and meet by turns; at one another's Apartments, where they come together like the Coroner's Inquest,
to

to sit upon the murder'd Reputations of the Week. You and I are excluded; and it was once propos'd that all the Male Sex shou'd be excepted; but some body mov'd that to avoid Scandal there might be one Man of the Community; upon which Motion *Witwoud* and *Petulant* were enroll'd Members.

Mira. And who may have been the Foundress of this Sect? My Lady *Wishfort*, I warrant, who publishes her Detestation of Mankind; and full of the Vigour of Fifty five, declares for a Friend and *Ratafia*; and let Posterity shift for it self, she'll breed no more.

Fain. The Discovery of your sham Addresses to her, to conceal your Love to her Neice, has provok'd this Separation: Had you dissembl'd better, Things might have continu'd in the State of Nature.

Mira. I did as much as Man cou'd, with any reasonable Conscience; I proceeded to the very last Act of Flattery with her, and was guilty of a Song in her Commendation. Nay, I got a Friend to put her into a Lampoon, and complement her with the Imputation of an Affair with a young Fellow, which I carry'd so far, that I told her the malicious Town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden; and when she lay in of a Drop-sie,

ſie, perſuaded her ſhe was reported to be in Labour. The Devil's in't, if an old Woman is to be flatter'd further, unleſs a Man ſhou'd endeavour downright perſonally to debauch her; and that my Ver- tue forbad me. But for the Diſcovery of this Amour, I am indebted to your Friend, or your Wife's Friend, Mrs. *Marwood*.

Fain. What ſhou'd provoke her to be your Enemy, unleſs ſhe has made you Advances, which you have ſlighted? Women do not eaſily forgive Omiſſions of that Nature.

Mira. She was always civil to me, 'till of late; I confeſs I am not one of thoſe Coxcombs who are apt to interpret a Woman's good Manners to her Preju- dice; and think that ſhe who does not re- fuſe 'em ev'ry thing, can reſuſe 'em nothing.

Fain. You are a gallant Man, *Mirabell*; and tho' you may have Cruelty enough, not to ſatiſfie a Lady's longing; you have too much Generoſity, not to be tender of her Honour. Yet you ſpeak with an Indifference which ſeems to be affected; and confeſſes you are conſcious of a Neg- ligence.

Mira. You purſue the Argument with a Diſtruſt that ſeems to be unaffected; and confeſſes you are conſcious of a Con- cern

cern for which the Lady is more indebted to you, than is your Wife.

Fain. Fie, fie Friend, if you grow censorious I must leave you; — I'll look upon the Gamesters in the next Room.

Mira. Who are they?

Fain. *Petulant* and *Witwoud* — Bring me some Chocolate.

Mira. *Betty*, what says your Clock?

Bet. Turn'd of the last Canonical Hour, Sir.

Mira. How pertinently the *Jade* answers me! Ha? almost one a Clock! [*Looking on his Watch.*] O, y'are come —



S C E N E II.

MIRABELL *and* FOOTMAN.

Mira. WELL; is the grand Affair over? You have been something tedious.

Serv. Sir, there's such Coupling at *Pancras*, that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a Country Dance. Ours was the last Couple to lead up; and no Hopes appearing of Dispatch, besides, the Parson growing hoarse, we were afraid

fraid his Lungs wou'd have fail'd before it came to our Turn; so we drove round to *Duke's-Place*; and there they were rivetted in a trice.

Mira. So, so, you are sure they are married.

Serv. Married and Bedded, Sir: I am Witness.

Mira. Have you the Certificate.

Serv. Here it is, Sir.

Mira. Has the Tailor brought *Waitwell's* Cloaths home, and the new Liveries?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Mira. That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, and adjourn the Consummation 'till farther Order; bid *Waitwell* shake his Ears, and Dame *Partlet* rustle up her Feathers, and meet me at One a Clock by *Rosamond's* Pond; that I may see her before she returns to her Lady: And as you tender your Ears be secret.



SCENE

S C E N E. III.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

Fain. JOY of your Success, *Mirabell*;
you look pleas'd.

Mira. Ay; I have been engag'd in a Matter of some sort of Mirth, which is not yet ripe for Discovery. I am glad this is not a Cabal-Night. I wonder, *Fainall*, that you who are married, and of consequence should be discreet, will suffer your Wife to be of such a Party.

Fain. Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who are engag'd are Women and Relations; and for the Men, they are of a Kind too contemptible to give Scandal.

Mira. I am of another Opinion. The greater the Coxcomb, always the more the Scandal: For a Woman who is not a Fool, can have but one Reason for associating with a Man who is one.

Fain. Are you jealous as often as you see *Witwoud* entertain'd by *Millamant*?

Mira. Of her Understanding I am, if not of her Person.

Fain. You do her wrong; for to give her her Due, she has Wit.

Mira.

Mira. She has Beauty enough to make any Man think so; and Complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

Fain. For a passionate Lover, methinks you are a Man somewhat too discerning in the Failings of your Mistress.

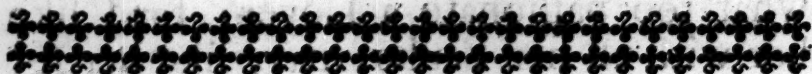
Mira. And for a discerning Man, somewhat too passionate a Lover; for I like her with all her Faults; nay, like her for her Faults. Her Follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those Affectations which in another Woman wou'd be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, *Fainall*, she once us'd me with that Insolence, that in Revenge I took her to pieces; sifted her, and separated her Failings; I study'd 'em, and got 'em by Rote. The Catalogue was so large, that I was not without Hopes, one Day or other to hate her heartily: To which end I so us'd myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my Design and Expectation, they gave me ev'ry Hour less and less Disturbance; 'till in a few Days it became habitual to me, to remember 'em without being displeas'd. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own Frailties; and in all probability in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.

Fuin.

Fain. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her Charms, as you are with her Defects, and my Life on't, you are your own Man again.

Mira. Say you so?

Fain. I, I, I have Experience: I have a Wife, and so forth.



SCENE IV.

[*To them*] MESSENGER.

Mess. IS one Squire *Witwoud* here?

Bet. Yes; What's your Business?

Mess. I have a Letter for him, from his Brother Sir *Wilfull*, which I am charg'd to deliver into his own Hands.

Bet. He's in the next Room, Friend—That way.



SCENE V.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

Mira. WHAT, is the chief of that noble Family in Town, Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*?

Fain.

Fain. He is expected to Day. Do you know him?

Mira. I have seen him, he promises to be an extraordinary Person; I think you have the Honour to be related to him.

Fain. Yes; he is half Brother to this *Witwoud* by a former Wife, who was Sister to my Lady *Wishfort*, my Wife's Mother. If you marry *Millamant*, you must call Cousins too.

Mira. I had rather be his Relation than his Acquaintance.

Fain. He comes to Town in order to Equip himself for Travel.

Mira. For Travel! Why the Man that I mean is above Forty.

Fain. No matter for that; 'tis for the Honour of *England*, that all *Europe* should know we have Blockheads of all Ages.

Mira. I wonder there is not an Act of Parliament to save the Credit of the Nation, and prohibit the Exportation of Fools.

Fain. By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to Trade with a little Loss, than to be quite eaten up, with being overstock'd.

Mira. Pray, are the Follies of this Knight-Errant, and those of the Squire his Brother, any thing related?

Fain. Not at all; *Witwood* grows by the Knight, like a Medlar grafted on a Crab. One will melt in your Mouth, and t'other set your Teeth on edge; one is all Pulp, and the other all Core.

Mira. So one will be Rotten before he be Ripe, and the other will be Rotten without ever being Ripe at all.

Fain. Sir *Wilfull* is an odd Mixture of Bashfulness and Obstinacy. — But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the Monster in the Tempest; and much after the same manner. To give t'other his due; he has something of good Nature, and does not always want Wit.

Mira. Not always; but as often as his Memory fails him, and his common Place of Comparisons. He is a Fool with a good Memory, and some few Scraps of other Folks Wit. He is one whose Conversation can never be approv'd, yet it is now and then to be endur'd. He has indeed one good Quality, he is not Exceptionous; for he so passionately affects the Reputation of understanding Raillery, that he will construe an Affront into a Jest; and call downright Rudeness and ill Language, Satire and Fire.

Fain. If you have a mind to finish his Picture, you have an Opportunity to do it at full length. Behold the Original.

SCENE



SCENE VI.

[To them] WITWOUND.

Wit. Afford me your Compassion, my Dears; pity me, *Fainall*, *Mirabell*, pity me.

Mira. I do from my Soul.

Fain. Why, what's the Matter?

Wit. No Letters for me, *Betty*?

Bet. Did not a Messenger bring you one but now, Sir?

Wit. Ay, but no other?

Bet. No, Sir.

Wit. That's hard, that's very hard;—A Messenger, a Mule, a Beast of Burden, he has brought me a Letter from the Fool my Brother, as heavy as a Panegyrick in a Funeral Sermon, or a Copy of Commendatory Verses from one Poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a Forerunner of the Author, as an Epistle Dedicatory.

Mira. A Fool, and your Brother, *Witwound*!

Wit. Ay, ay, my half Brother. My half Brother he is, no nearer upon Honour.

Mira. Then 'tis possible he may be but half a Fool.

Wit. Good, good, *Mirabell, le Drole!* Good, good, hang him, don't let's talk of him;—*Fainall*, how does your Lady? Gad. I say any thing in the World to get this Fellow out of my Head. I beg Pardon that I shou'd ask a Man of Pleasure, and the Town, a Question at once so Foreign and Domestick. But I Talk like an old Maid at a Marriage, I don't know what I say: But she's the best Woman in the World.

Fain. 'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your Commendation wou'd go near to make me either Vain or Jealous.

Wit. No Man in Town lives well with a Wife but *Fainall*. Your Judgment, *Mirabell*?

Mira. You had better step and ask his Wife; if you wou'd be credibly inform'd.

Wit. *Mirabell*.

Mira. Ay.

Wit. My Dear, I ask Ten Thousand Pardons;—Gad I have forgot what I was going to say to you.

Mira. I thank you heartily, heartily.

Wit. No, but prithee excuse me,—my Memory is such a Memory.

Mira.

Mira. Have a care of such Apologies, *Witwoud*; — for I never knew a Fool but he affected to complain, either of the Spleen or his Memory.

Fain. What have you done with *Petulant*?

Wit. He's reckoning his Mony, — my Mony it was — I have no Luck to Day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at Play; — for you are sure to be too hard for him at Repartee: Since you monopolize the Wit that is between you, the Fortune must be his of Course.

Mira. I don't find that *Petulant* confesses the Superiority of Wit to be your Talent, *Witwoud*.

Wit. Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed Debates — *Petulant's* my Friend, and a very honest Fellow, and a very pretty Fellow, and has a smattering — Faith and Troth a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small Wit: Nay, I'll do him Justice. I'm his Friend, I won't wrong him. — And if he had any Judgment in the World, — he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the Merits of my Friend.

Fain. You don't take your Friend to be over-nicely bred.

Wit. No, no, hang him, the Rogue has no Manners at all, that I must own—No more Breeding than a Bum-baily, that I grant you,——'Tis pity; the Fellow has Fire and Life.

Mira. What, Courage?

Wit. Hum, faith I don't know as to that,——I can't say as to that.——Yes, faith, in a Controversie he'll contradict any Body.

Mira. Tho' 'twere a Man whom he fear'd, or a Woman whom he lov'd.

Wit. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks;——We have all our Failings; you are too hard upon him, you are faith. Let me excuse him,——I can defend most of his Faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the Truth on't, if he were my Brother, I cou'd not acquit him——That indeed I cou'd wish were otherwise.

Mira. Ay marry, what's that, *Wit-would?*

Wit. O pardon me——Expose the Infirmitics of my Friend.——No, my Dear, excuse me there.

Fain. What I warrant he's unsincere, or 'tis some such Trifle.

Wit. No, no, what if he be? 'Tis no matter for that, his Wit will excuse that: A Wit shou'd no more be sincere, than a Woman

Woman constant; one argues a Decay of Parts, as t'other of Beauty.

Mira. May be you think him too positive?

Wit. No, no, his being positive is an Incentive to Argument, and keeps up Conversation.

Fain. Too illiterate.

Wit. That! that's his Happiness— His want of Learning gives him the more Opportunities to shew his natural Parts.

Mira. He wants Words.

Wit. Ay; but I like him for that now; for his want of Words gives me the Pleasure very often to explain his Meaning.

Fain. He's Impudent.

Wit. No, that's not it.

Mira. Vain.

Wit. No.

Mira. What, he speaks unseasonable Truths sometimes, because he has not Wit enough to invent an Evasion.

Wit. Truths! Ha, ha, ha! No, no, since you will have it, — I mean, he never speaks Truth at all, — That's all. He will lie like a Chambermaid, or a Woman of Quality's Porter. Now that is a Fault.

I 4 SCENE



SCENE VII.

[*To them*] COACHMAN.

Coach. IS Master *Petulant* here, Mistress?

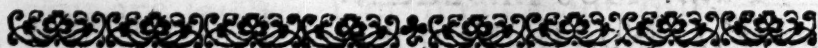
Bet. Yes.

Coach. Three Gentlewomen in a Coach would speak with him.

Fain. O brave *Petulant*, Three !

Bet. I'll tell him.

Coach. You must bring Two Dishes of Chocolate and a Glass of Cinnamon-water.



SCENE VIII.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOLD.

Wit. THAT should be for Two fasting Strumpets, and a Bawd troubled with Wind. Now you may know what the Three are.

Mira. You are very free with your Friend's Acquaintance.

Wit. Ay, ay, Friendship without Freedom is as dull as Love without Enjoyment, or Wine without Toasting; but to tell you a Secret, these are Trulls whom he
allows

allows Coach-hire, and something more by the Week, to call on him once a Day at publick Places.

Mira. How!

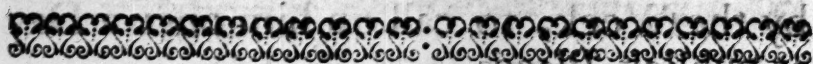
Wit. You shall see he won't go to 'em because there's no more Company here to take notice of him — Why this is nothing to what he us'd to do; — Before he found out this way, I have known him call for himself —

Fain. Call for himself? What dost thou mean?

Wit. Mean, why he wou'd slip you out of this Chocolate-house, just when you had been talking to him — As soon as your Back was turn'd — Whip he was gone; — Then trip to his Lodging, clap on a Hood and Scarf, and a Mask, flap into a Hackney-Coach, and drive hither to the Door again in a trice; where he wou'd send in for himself, that I mean, call for himself, wait for himself, nay and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a Letter for himself.

Mira. I confess this is something extraordinary — I believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a coming; O I ask his Pardon.

SCENE



S C E N E IX.

PETULANT, MIRABELL, FAINALL,
WITWOUD, BETTY.

Bet. SIR, the Coach stays.

Pet. Well, well; I come —
'Sbud a Man had as good be a profess'd
Midwife, as a profess'd Whoremaster, at
this rate; to be knock'd up and rais'd at
all Hours, and in all Places. Pox on 'em
I won't come — D'ye hear, tell 'em I
won't come. — Let 'em snivel and cry
their Hearts out.

Fain. You are very cruel, *Petulant*.

Pet. All's one, let it pass — I have a
Humour to be cruel.

Mira. I hope they are not Persons of
Condition that you use at this rate.

Pet. Condition, Condition's a dry'd
Fig, if I am not in Humour — By this
Hand, if they were your — a — a — your
What-dee-call-'ems themselves, they must
wait or rub off, if I want Appetite.

Mira. What-dee-call-'ems! What are
they, *Witwoud*?

Wit. Empresses, my Dear — By your
What-

What-dee-call-'ems he means Sultana Queens.

Pet. Ay, *Roxolana's*.

Mira. Cry you Mercy.

Fain. *Witwoud* says they are——

Pet. What does he say th'are?

Wit. I; fine Ladies I say.

Pet. Pass on, *Witwoud*——Harkee, by this Light his Relations——Two Co-heiresses his Cousins, and an old Aunt, who loves Catterwauling better than a Conventicle.

Wit. Ha, ha, ha; I had a Mind to see how the Rogue wou'd come off——Ha, ha, ha; Gad I can't be angry with him; if he had said they were my Mother and my Sisters.

Mira. No!

Wit. No; the Rogue's Wit and Readiness of Invention charm me, dear *Petulant*.

Bet. They are gone, Sir, in great Anger.

Pet. Enough, let 'em trundel. Anger helps Complexion, saves Paint.

Fain. This Continnence is all dissembled; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes Court to *Millamant*, and swear he has abandoned the whole Sex for her Sake.

Mira. Have you not left off your impudent

dent Pretensions there yet? I shall cut your Throat, sometime or other, *Petulant*, about that Business.

Pet. Ay, ay, let that pass — There are other Throats to be cut. —

Mira. Meaning mine, Sir?

Pet. Not I — I mean no Body — I know nothing. — But there are Uncles and Nephews in the World — And they may be Rivals — What then? All's one for that —

Mira. How! Harkee *Petulant*, come hither — Explain, or I shall call your Interpreter.

Pet. Explain; I know nothing — Why you have an Uncle, have you not, lately come to Town, and lodges by my Lady *Wishfort's*?

Mira. True.

Pet. Why that's enough — You and he are not Friends; and if he shou'd marry and have a Child, you may be disinherited, ha?

Mira. Where hast thou stumbled upon all this Truth?

Pet. All's one for that; why then say I know something.

Mira. Come, thou art an honest Fellow *Petulant*, and shalt make Love to my Mistress, thou sha't, Faith. What hast thou heard of my Uncle?

Tet.

Pet. I, nothing I. If Throats are to be cut, let Swords clash; snug's the Word, I shrug and am silent.

Mira. O Raillery, Raillery. Come, I know thou art in the Womens Secrets — What you're a Cabalist, I know you staid at *Millamant's* last Night, after I went. Was there any Mention made of my Uncle, or me? Tell me; if thou hadst but good Nature equal to thy Wit *Petulant*, *Tony Witwoud*, who is now thy Competitor in Fame, would shew as dim by thee as a dead Whiting's Eye by a Pearl of Orient; he wou'd no more be seen by thee, than *Mercury* is by the Sun: Come, I'm sure thou wo't tell me.

Pet. If I do, will you grant me common Sense then, for the future?

Mira. Faith I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that Heav'n may grant it thee in the mean time.

Pet. Well, harkee.

Fain. *Petulant* and you both will find *Mirabell* as warm a Rival as a Lover.

Wit. Pshaw, pshaw, that she laughs at *Petulant* is plain. And for my part — But that it is almost a Fashion to admire her, I should — Harkee — To tell you a Secret, but let it go no further — Between Friends, I shall never break my Heart for her.

Fain.

Fain. How!

Wit. She's handsome; but she's a sort of an uncertain Woman.

Fain. I thought you had dy'd for her.

Wit. Umh — No —

Fain. She has Wit.

Wit. 'Tis what she will hardly allow any body else — Now, Demme, I shou'd hate that, if she were as handsome as *Cleopatra*. *Mirabell* is not so sure of her as he thinks for.

Fain. Why do you think so?

Wit. We staid pretty late there last Night; and heard something of an Uncle to *Mirabell*, who is lately come to Town, — and is between him and the best part of his Estate; *Mirabell* and he are at some Distance, as my Lady *Wishfort* has been told; and you know she hates *Mirabell*, worse than a Quaker hates a Parrot, or than a Fishmonger hates a hard Frost. Whether this Uncle has seen Mrs. *Millamant* or not, I cannot say; but there were Items of such a Treaty being in Embrio; and if it shou'd come to Life, poor *Mirabell* wou'd be in some sort unfortunately fobb'd i'faith.

Fain. 'Tis impossible *Millamant* shou'd harken to it.

Wit.

Wit. Faith, my Dear, I can't tell; she's a Woman and a kind of a Humorist.

Mira. And this is the Sum of what you cou'd collect last Night.

Pet. The Quintessence. May be *Wit-*would knows more, he stay'd longer — Besides they never mind him; they say any thing before him.

Mira. I thought you had been the greatest Favourite.

Pet. Ay *tete a tete*; But not in publick, because I make Remarks.

Mira. You do?

Pet. Ay, ay, pox I'm malicious, Man. Now he's soft, you know, they are not in awe of him — The Fellow's well bred, he's what you call a — What-d'ye-call-'em. A fine Gentleman, but he's silly withal.

Mira. I thank you, I know as much as my Curiosity requires. *Fainall*, are you for the *Mall*?

Fain. Ay, I'll take a Turn before Dinner.

Wit. Ay, we'll all walk in the Park, the Ladies talk'd of being there.

Mira. I thought you were oblig'd to watch for your Brother Sir *Wilfull*'s Arrival.

Wit. No, no, he come's to his Aunt's,
my

my Lady *Wishfort*; pox on him, I shall be troubled with him too; what shall I do with the Fool?

Pet. Beg him for his Estate; that I may beg you afterwards; and so have but one Trouble with you both.

Wit. O rare *Petulant*; thou art as quick as Fire in a frosty Morning; thou shalt to the *Mall* with us; and we'll be very severe.

Pet. Enough, I'm in a Humour to be severe.

Mira. Are you? Pray then walk by your selves, — Let not us be accessary to your putting the Ladies out of Countenance, with your senseless Ribaldry; which you roar out aloud as often as they pass by you; and when you have made a handsome Woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

Pet. What, what? Then let 'em either shew their Innocence by not understanding what they hear, or else shew their Discretion by not hearing what they would not be thought to understand.

Mira. But hast not thou then Sense enough to know that thou ought'st to be most ashamed thy self, when thou hast put another out of Countenance.

Pet. Not I, by this Hand ——— I always

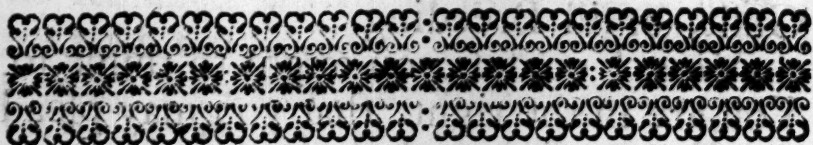
ways take Blushing either for a Sign of Guilt, or ill Breeding.

Mira. I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the Error of your Judgment in defence of your Practice.

*Where Modesty's ill Manners, 'tis but fit
That Impudence and Malice pass for Wit.*

End of the First Act.





ACT II. SCENE I

*St. JAMES'S PARK.**Mrs. FAINALL and Mrs. MARWOOD.**Mrs. FAINALL.*

Y, ay, dear *Marwood*, if we will be happy, we must find the Means in our selves, and among our selves. Men are ever in Extreams; either doating, or averse. While they are Lovers, if they have Fire and Sense, their Jealousies are insupportable: And when they cease to Love, (we ought to think at least) they loath; they look upon us with Horror and Distaste; they meet us like the Ghosts of what we were, and as from such, fly from us.

Mrs. Mar. True, 'tis an unhappy Circumstance of Life, that Love shou'd ever die before us; and that the Man so often shou'd out-live the Lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left, than never

ver to have been lov'd. To pass our Youth in dull Indifference, to refuse the Sweets of Life because they once must leave us, is as preposterous, as to wish to have been born Old, because we one Day must be Old. For my part, my Youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my Possession.

Mrs. *Fain*. Then it seems you dissemble an Aversion to Mankind, only in compliance to my Mother's Humour.

Mrs. *Mar*. Certainly. To be free; I have no Taste of those insipid dry Discourses, with which our Sex of force must entertain themselves, apart from Men. We may affect Endearments to each other, profess eternal Friendships, and seem to dote like Lovers; but 'tis not in our Natures long to persevere. Love will resume his Empire in our Breasts, and every Heart, or soon or late, receive and readmit him as its lawful Tyrant.

Mrs. *Fain*. Bless me, how have I been deceiv'd! Why you profess a Libertine.

Mrs. *Mar*. You see my Friendship by my Freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your Sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. *Fain*. Never.

Mrs. *Mar*. You hate Mankind?

Mrs. Fain. Heartily, Inveterately.

Mrs. Mar. Your Husband?

Mrs. Fain. Most transcendently; ay, tho' I say it, meritoriously.

Mrs. Mar. Give me your Hand upon it.

Mrs. Fain. There.

Mrs. Mar. I join with you; what I have said has been to try you.

Mrs. Fain. Is it possible? Dost thou hate those Vipers Men?

Mrs. Mar. I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em.

Mrs. Fain. There spoke the Spirit of an *Amazon*, a *Penthesilea*.

Mrs. Mar. And yet I am thinking sometimes to carry my Aversion further.

Mrs. Fain. How?

Mrs. Mar. Faith by marrying; if I cou'd but find one that lov'd me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill Usage, I think I should do my self the Violence of undergoing the Ceremony.

Mrs. Fain. You would not make him a Cuckold?

Mrs. Mar. No; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. Fain. Why had not you as good do it?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Mar.* O if he shou'd ever discover it, he wou'd then know the worst, and be out of his Pain; but I wou'd have him ever to continue upon the Rack of Fear and Jealousie.

Mrs. *Fain.* Ingenious Mischief! Wou'd thou wert married to *Mirabell*.

Mrs. *Mar.* Wou'd I were.

Mrs. *Fain.* You change Colour.

Mrs. *Mar.* Because I hate him.

Mrs. *Fain.* So do I; but I can hear him nam'd. But what Reason have you to hate him in particular?

Mrs. *Mar.* I never lov'd him; he is, and always was insufferably proud.

Mrs. *Fain.* By the Reason you give for your Aversion, one wou'd think it dissembled; for you have laid a Fault to his Charge, of which his Enemies must acquit him.

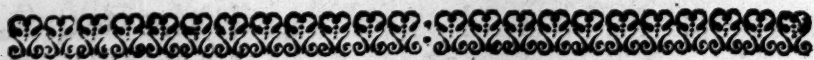
Mrs. *Mar.* O then it seems you are one of his favourable Enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

Mrs. *Fain.* Do I? I think I am a little sick o' the sudden.

Mrs. *Mar.* What ails you?

Mrs. *Fain.* My Husband. Don't you see him? He turn'd short upon me unawares, and has almost overcome me.

K 3 SCENE



S C E N E II.

[*To them*] FAINALL and MIRABELL.

Mrs. Mar. **H**A, ha, ha ; he comes opportunely for you.

Mrs. Fain. For you, for he has brought *Mirabell* with him.

Fain. My Dear.

Mrs. Fain. My Soul.

Fain. You don't look well to Day, Child.

Mrs. Fain. D'ye think so?

Mira. He is the only Man that does, Madam.

Mrs. Fain. The only Man that wou'd tell me so at least ; and the only Man from whom I cou'd hear it without Mortification.

Fain. O my Dear I am satisfy'd of your Tenderness ; I know you cannot resent any thing from me ; especially what is an effect of my Concern.

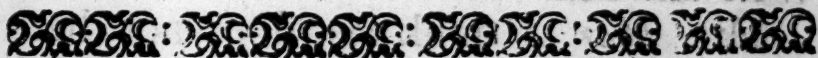
Mrs. Fain. Mr. *Mirabell*, my Mother interrupted you in a pleasant Relation last Night : I wou'd fain hear it out.

Mira. The Persons concern'd in that Affair, have yet a tolerable Reputation.

— I

— I am afraid Mr. *Fainall* will be censorious.

Mrs. Fain. He has a Humour more prevailing than his Curiosity, and will willingly dispence with the hearing of one scandalous Story, to avoid giving an Occasion to make another by being seen to walk with his Wife. This way Mr. *Mirabell*, and I dare promise you will oblige us both,



S C E N E III.

FAINALL, Mrs. MARWOOD.

Fain. EXcellent Creature! Well, sure if I shou'd live to be rid of my Wife, I shou'd be a miserable Man.

Mrs. Mar. Ay!

Fain. For having only that one Hope, the accomplishment of it, of Consequence must put an end to all my Hopes; and what a Wretch is he who must survive his Hopes! Nothing remains when that Day comes, but to sit down and weep like *Alexander*, when he wanted other Worlds to conquer.

Mrs. Mar. Will you not follow 'em?

Fain. Faith, I think not.

Mrs. Mar. Pray let us; I have a Reason.

Fain. You are not Jealous?

Mrs. Mar. Of whom?

Fain. Of *Mirabell*.

Mrs. Mar. If I am, is it inconsistent with my Love to you that I am tender of your Honour?

Fain. You wou'd intimate then, as if there were a fellow-feeling between my Wife and him.

Mrs. Mar. I think she does not hate him to that degree she wou'd be thought.

Fain. But he, I fear, is too Insensible.

Mrs. Mar. It may be you are deceiv'd.

Fain. It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

Mrs. Mar. What?

Fain. That I have been deceiv'd, Madam, and you are false.

Mrs. Mar. That I am false! What mean you?

Fain. To let you know I see through all your little Arts——Come, you both love him; and both have equally dissembl'd your Aversion. Your mutual Jealousies of one another, have made you clash 'till you have both struck Fire. I have seen the warm Confession red'ning on your Cheeks, and sparkling from your Eyes.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mar. You do me wrong.

Fain. I do not — 'Twas for my ease to oversee and wilfully neglect the gross Advances made him by my Wife; that by permitting her to be engag'd, I might continue unsuspected in my Pleasures; and take you oftner to my Arms in full Security. But cou'd you think, because the nodding Husband wou'd not wake, that e'er the watchful Lover slept?

Mrs. Mar. And wherewithal can you reproach me?

Fain. With Infidelity, with loving another, with Love of *Mirabell*.

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis false. I challenge you to shew an Instance that can confirm your groundless Accusation. I hate him.

Fain. And wherefore do you hate him? He is insensible, and your Resentment follows his Neglect. An Instance! The Injuries you have done him are a Proof: Your interposing in his Love. What cause had you to make Discoveries of his pretended Passion? To undeceive the credulous Aunt, and be the officious Obstacle of his Match with *Millamant*?

Mrs. Mar. My Obligations to my Lady urg'd me: I had profess'd a Friendship to her; and cou'd not see her easie Nature so abus'd by that Dissembler.

Fain.

Fain. What, was it Conscience then? Profess'd a Friendship! O the pious Friendships of the Female Sex!

Mrs. Mar. More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty Vows of Men, whether professing Love to us, or mutual Faith to one another.

Fain. Ha, ha, ha; you are my Wife's Friend too.

Mrs. Mar. Shame and Ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! Have I been false to her, thro' strict Fidelity to you, and sacrific'd my Friendship to keep my Love inviolate? And have you the Baseness to charge me with the Guilt, unmindful of the Merit! To you it shou'd be meritorious, that I have been vicious: And do you reflect that Guilt upon me, which shou'd lie buried in your Bosom?

Fain. You misinterpret my Reproof. I meant but to remind you of the slight Account you once cou'd make of strictest Ties, when set in Competition with your Love to me.

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis false, you urg'd it with deliberate Malice——'Twas spoke in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

Fain. Your Guilt, not your Resentment, begets your Rage. If yet you lov'd,
you

you cou'd forgive a Jealousie: But you are stung to find you are discover'd.

Mrs. Mar. It shall be all discover'd. You too shall be discover'd; be sure you shall. I can but be expos'd — If I do it my self I shall prevent your Baseness.

Fain. Why, what will you do?

Mrs. Mar. Disclose it to your Wife; own what has past between us.

Fain. Frenzy!

Mrs. Mar. By all my Wrongs I'll do't — I'll publish to the World the Injuries you have done me, both in my Fame and Fortune: With both I trusted you, you Bankrupt in Honour, as indigent of Wealth.

Fain. Your Fame I have preserv'd. Your Fortune has been bestow'd as the Prodigality of your Love would have it, in Pleasures which we both have shar'd. Yet, had not you been false, I had e'er this repaid it — 'Tis true — had you permitted *Mirabell* with *Millamant* to have stoll'n their Marriage, my Lady had been incens'd beyond all Means of Reconcilement: *Millamant* had forfeited the Moiety of her Fortune; which then wou'd have descended to my Wife; — And wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful Prize of a rich Widow's Wealth, and squander it on Love and you?

Mrs. Mar.

Mrs. Mar. Deceit and frivolous Pretence.

Fain. Death, am I not married? What's Pretence? Am I not imprison'd, fetter'd? Have I not a Wife? Nay a Wife that was a Widow, a young Widow, a handsome Widow; and wou'd be again a Widow, but that I have a Heart of Proof, and something of a Constitution to baffle thro' the ways of Wedlock and this World. Will you yet be reconcil'd to Truth and me?

Mrs. Mar. Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent — I hate you, and shall for ever.

Fain. For loving you?

Mrs. Mar. I loath the Name of Love after such Usage; and next to the Guilt with which you wou'd asperse me, I scorn you most. Farewel.

Fain. Nay, we must not part thus.

Mrs. Mar. Let me go.

Fain. Come, I'm sorry.

Mrs. Mar. I care not — Let me go — Break my Hands, do — I'd leave 'em to get loose.

Fain. I wou'd not hurt you for the World. Have I no other Hold to keep you here?

Mrs. Mar. Well, I have deserv'd it all.

Fain.

Fain. You know I love you.

Mrs. Mar. Poor dissembling! — O that — Well, it is not yet —

Fain. What? What is it not? What is it not yet? It is not yet too late —

Mrs. Mar. No, it is not yet too late — I have that Comfort.

Fain. It is, to love another.

Mrs. Mar. But not to loath, detest, abhor Mankind, my self and the whole treacherous World.

Fain. Nay, this is Extravagance — Come, I ask your Pardon — No Tears — I was to blame, I cou'd not love you and be easie in my Doubts — Pray forbear — I believe you; I'm convinc'd I've done you wrong; and any way, ev'ry way will make amends; — I'll hate my Wife yet more, Damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all she's worth, and we'll retire somewhere, any where, to another World, I'll marry thee — Be pacify'd — 'Sdeath they come, hide your Face, your Tears — You have a Mask, wear it a moment. This way, this way, be perswaded.

SCENE



SCENE III.

MIRABELL and Mrs. FAINALL.

Mrs. Fain. **T**HEY are here yet.

Mira. They are turning into the other Walk.

Mrs. Fain. While I only hated my Husband, I cou'd bear to see him; but since I have despis'd him, he's too offensive.

Mira. O you shou'd hate with Prudence.

Mrs. Fain. Yes, for I have lov'd with Indiscretion.

Mira. You shou'd have just so much Disgust for your Husband, as may be sufficient to make you relish your Lover.

Mrs. Fain. You have been the Cause that I have lov'd without Bounds, and wou'd you set Limits to that Aversion, of which you have been the Occasion? Why did you make me marry this Man?

Mira. Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous Actions? To save that Idol Reputation. If the Familiarities of our Loves had produc'd that Consequence, of which you were apprehensive,

five, where cou'd you have fix'd a Father's Name with Credit, but on a Husband? I knew *Fainall* to be a Man lavish of his Morals, an interested and professing Friend, a false and a designing Lover; yet one whose Wit and outward fair Behaviour, have gain'd a Reputation with the Town, enough to make that Woman stand excus'd, who has suffer'd her self to be won by his Addresses. A better Man ought not to have been sacrific'd to the Occasion; a worse had not answer'd to the Purpose. When you are weary of him, you know your Remedy.

Mrs. Fain. I ought to stand in some Degree of Credit with you, *Mirabell*.

Mira. In Justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole Design, and put it in your Pow'r to ruin or advance my Fortune.

Mrs. Fain. Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended Uncle?

Mira. *Waitwell*, my Servant.

Mrs. Fain. He is an humble Servant to *Foible* my Mother's Woman, and may win her to your Interest.

Mira. Care is taken for that—— She is won and worn by this time. They were married this Morning.

Mrs. Fain. Who?

Mira.

Mira. Waitwell and Foible. I wou'd not tempt my Servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your Mother, in hopes to ruin me, shou'd consent to marry my pretended Uncle, he might, like *Mosca* in the *Fox*, stand upon Terms; so I made him sure before-hand.

Mrs. Fain. So, if my poor Mother is caught in a Contract, you will discover the Imposture betimes; and release her by producing a Certificate of her Gallant's former Marriage.

Mira. Yes, upon Condition that she consent to my Marriage with her Neice, and surrender the Moiety of her Fortune in her Possession.

Mrs. Fain. She talk'd last Night of endeavouring at a Match between *Millamant* and your Uncle.

Mira. That was by *Foible's* Direction, and my Instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. Fain. Well, I have an Opinion of your Success; for I believe my Lady will do any thing to get an Husband; and when she has this, which you have provided for her; I suppose she will submit to any thing to get rid of him.

Mira. Yes, I think the good Lady wou'd marry any thing that resembl'd a Man, though 'twere no more than
what

what a Butler could pinch out of a Napkin.

Mrs. Fain. Female Frailty! We must all come to it, if we live to be Old, and feel the craving of a false Appetite when the true is decay'd.

Mira. An old Woman's Appetite is deprav'd like that of a Girl ——— 'Tis the Green-Sickness of a second Childhood; and like the faint Offer of a latter Spring, serves but to usher in the Fall; and withers in an affected Bloom.

Mrs. Fain. Here's your Mistress.



S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] *Mrs. MILLAMANT*, WIT-
WOOD, MINCING.

Mira. **H**ERE she comes i'faith full Sail, with her Fan spread and Streamers out, and a Shoal of Fools for Tenders ——— Ha, no, I cry her Mercy.

Mrs. Fain. I see but one poor empty Sculler; and he tows her Woman after him.

Mira. You seem to be unattended, Madam, ——— You us'd to have the *Beau-*
VOL. II. L *mond*

mond Throng after you; and a Flock of gay fine Perukes hovering round you.

Wit. Like Moths about a Candle——

I had like to have lost my Comparison for want of Breath.

Milla. O I have deny'd my self Airs to Day. I have walk'd as fast through the Croud——

Wit. As a Favourite just disgraced; and with as few Followers.

Milla. Dear Mr. *Witwoud*, Truce with your Similitudes: For I am as Sick of 'em——

Wit. As a Physician of a good Air—— I cannot help it, Madam, tho' 'tis against my self.

Milla. Yet again! *Mincing*, stand between me and his Wit.

Wit. Do, Mrs. *Mincing*, like a Skreen before a great Fire. I confess I do blaze to Day, I am too bright.

Mrs. *Fain*. But dear *Millamant*, why were you so long?

Milla. Long! Lord, have I not made violent haste? I have ask'd every living Thing I met for you; I have enquir'd after you, as after a new Fashion.

Wit. Madam, Truce with your Similitudes——No, you met her Husband, and did not ask him for her.

Mira. By your leave *Witwoud*, that were like enquiring after an old Fashion, to ask a Husband for his Wife. *Wit.*

Wit. Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confess it.

Mrs. Fain. You were dress'd before I came abroad.

Milla. Ay, that's true — O but then I had — *Mincing*, what had I? Why was I so long?

Minc. O Mem, your Laship staid to peruse a Pacquet of Letters.

Milla. O ay, Letters — I had Letters — I am persecuted with Letters — I hate Letters — No Body knows how to write Letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why — They serve one to pin up one's Hair.

Wit. Is that the way? Pray, Madam, do you pin up your Hair with all your Letters; I find I must keep Copies.

Milla. Only with those in Verse, *Mr. Witwoud.* I never pin up my Hair with Prose. I think I try'd once, *Mincing*.

Minc. O Mem, I shall never forget it.

Milla. Ay, poor *Mincing* tift and tift all the Morning.

Minc. 'Till I had the Cramp in my Fingers, I'll vow Mem. And all to no purpose. But when your Laship pins it up with Poetry, it fits so pleasant the next Day as any Thing, and is so pure and so crips.

Wit. Indeed, so crips?

Minc. You're such a Critick, Mr. *Wit-*
woud.

Milla. Mirabell, Did you take Exceptions last Night? O ay, and went away — Now I think on't I'm angry — No, now I think on't I'm pleas'd — For I believe I gave you some Pain.

Mira. Does that please you?

Milla. Infinitely; I love to give Pain.

Mira. You wou'd affect a Cruelty which is not in your Nature; your true Vanity is in the Power of pleasing.

Milla. O I ask your Pardon for that — Ones Cruelty is ones Power, and when one parts with ones Cruelty, one parts with ones Power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mira. Ay, ay, suffer your Cruelty to ruin the Object of your Power, to destroy your Lover — And then how vain, how lost a Thing you'll be? Nay, 'tis true: You are no longer handsome when you've lost your Lover; your Beauty dies upon the Instant: For Beauty is the Lover's Gift; 'tis he bestows your Charms — Your Glass is all a Cheat. The Ugly and the Old, whom the Looking-glass mortifies, yet after Commendation can be flatter'd by it, and discover Beauties in
in

in it: For that reflects our Praises, rather than your Face.

Milla. O the Vanity of these Men! *Fainall*, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now you must know they cou'd not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the Lover's Gift — Lord, what is a Lover, that it can give? Why one makes Lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases: And then if one pleases one makes more.

Wit. Very pretty. Why you make no more of making of Lovers, Madam, than of making so many Card-matches.

Milla. One no more owes ones Beauty to a Lover, than ones Wit to an Eccho: They can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty Things if we are silent or unseen, and want a Being.

Mira. Yet, to those two vain empty Things, you owe two the greatest Pleasures of your Life.

Milla. How so?

Mira. To your Lover you owe the Pleasure of hearing your selves prais'd; and to an Eccho the Pleasure of hearing your selves talk.

Wit. But I know a Lady that loves Talking so incessantly, she won't give an

Eccho fair play; she has that everlasting Rotation of Tongue, that an Eccho must wait 'till she dies, before it can catch her last Words.

Milla. O Fiction; *Fainall*, let us leave these Men.

Mira. Draw off *Witwoud*.

[*Aside to Mrs. Fainall.*

Mrs. Fain. Immediately; I have a Word or two for Mr. *Witwoud*.



SCENE V.

MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, MINCING.

Mira. I Wou'd beg a little private Audience too. — You had the Tyranny to deny me last Night; tho' you knew I came to impart a Secret to you that concern'd my Love.

Milla. You saw I was engag'd.

Mir. Unkind. You had the leisure to entertain a Herd of Fools; Things who visit you from their excessive Idleness; bestowing on your Easiness that Time, which is the Incumbrance of their Lives. How can you find Delight in such Society? It is impossible they shou'd admire you, they are not capable: Or if they were, it shou'd be to you as a Mortifi-

tification ; for sure to please a Fool is some degree of Folly.

Milla. I please my self — Besides, sometimes to converse with Fools is for my Health.

Mira. Your Health! Is there a worse Disease than the Conversation of Fools?

Milla. Yes, the Vapours ; Fools are Physick for it, next to *Assa-fetida*.

Mira. You are not in a Course of Fools?

Milla. *Mirabell*, if you persist in this offensive Freedom — you'll displease me — I think I must resolve after all, not to have you — We shan't agree.

Mira. Not in our Physick it may be.

Milla. And yet our Distemper in all likelihood will be the same ; for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded, nor instructed ; 'tis so dull to act always by Advice, and so tedious to be told of ones Faults — I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you *Mirabell* — I'm resolv'd — I think — You may go — Ha, ha, ha. What wou'd you give, that you cou'd help loving me?

Mira. I wou'd give something that you did not know, I cou'd not help it.

Milla. Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me?

Mira. I say that a Man may as soon make a Friend by his Wit, or a Fortune by his Honesty, as win a Woman with Plain-dealing and Sincerity.

Milla. Sententious *Mirabell*! Prithee don't look with that violent and inflexible wise Face, like *Solomon* at the dividing of the Child in an old Tapestry Hanging.

Mira. You are merry, Madam, but I would persuade you for a Moment to be serious.

Milla. What, with that Face? No, if you keep your Countenance, 'tis impossible I shou'd hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a Love-sick Face. Ha, ha, ha.—Well I won't laugh, don't be peevish——Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a Watch-light. Well *Mirabell*, if ever you will win me woo me now——Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well;——I see they are walking away.

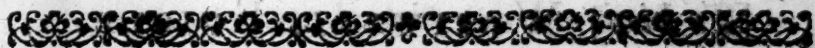
Mira. Can you not find in the variety of your Disposition one Moment——

Milla. To hear you tell me *Foible's* Marry'd, and your Plot like to speed——No.

Mira. But how you came to know it——

Milla.

Milla. Without the help of the Devil, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me her self. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me.



SCENE VI,

MIRABELL alone.

Mira. I Have something more — Gone — Think of you! To think of a Whirlwind, tho' 'twere in a Whirlwind, were a Case of more steady Contemplation; a very Tranquility of Mind and Mansion. A Fellow that lives in a Windmill, has not a more whimsical Dwelling than the Heart of a Man that is lodg'd in a Woman. There is no Point of the Compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turn'd; and by one as well as another; for Motion not Method is their Occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in Love, is to be made wise from the Dictates of Reason, and yet persevere to play the Fool by the force of Instinct. — O here come my Pair of Turtles, — What, billing so sweetly!

sweetly ! Is not *Valentine's Day* over with you yet ?



S C E N E VII.

[*To him*] WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

Mira. Sirrah, *Waitwell*, why fure you think you were marry'd for your own Recreation, and not for my Conveniency.

Wait. Your Pardon, Sir. With Submission, we have indeed been solacing in lawful Delights ; but still with an Eye to Business, Sir. I have instructed her as well as I could. If she can take your Directions as readily as my Instructions, Sir, your Affairs are in a prosperous way.

Mira. Give you Joy, Mrs. *Foible*.

Foib. O-las, Sir, I'm so aasham'd——I'm afraid my Lady has been in a Thousand Inquietudes for me. But I protest, Sir, I made as much haste as I could.

Wait. That she did indeed, Sir. It was my Fault that she did not make more.

Mira. That I believe.

Foib.

Foib. But I told my Lady as you instructed me, Sir. That I had a prospect of seeing Sir *Rowland* your Uncle; and that I wou'd put her Ladiship's Picture in my Pocket to shew him; which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamour'd of her Beauty, that he burns with Impatience to lye at her Ladiship's Feet and worship the Original.

Mira. Excellent *Foible*! Matrimony has made you eloquent in Love.

Wait. I think she has profited, Sir. I think so.

Foib. You have seen Madam *Milla-*
mant, Sir?

Mira. Yes.

Foib. I told her, Sir, because I did not know that you might find an Opportunity; she had so much Company last Night.

Mira. Your Diligence will merit more
—In the mean time — [*Gives Money.*]

Foib. O dear Sir, your humble Servant.

Wait. Spouse.

Mira. Stand off Sir, not a Penny—
Go on and prosper, *Foible*—The Lease shall be made good and the Farm stock'd, if we succeed.

Foib. I don't question your Generosity, Sir: And you need not doubt of Success.

cells. If you have no more Commands, Sir, I'll be gone; I'm sure my Lady is at her Toilet, and can't dress 'till I come. — O dear, I'm sure that [*Looking out.*] was Mrs. *Marwood* that went by in a Mask; if she has seen me with you I'm sure she'll tell my Lady. I'll make haste home and prevent her. Your Servant Sir. B'w'y *Waitwell*.



S C E N E VIII.

MIRABELL, WAITWELL.

Wait. SIR *Rowland* if you please. The Jade's so pert upon her Preference she forgets her self.

Mira. Come Sir, will you endeavour to forget your self—and transform into Sir *Rowland*.

Wait. Why Sir; it will be impossible I shou'd remember my self ——— Marry'd, Knighted and attended all in one Day! 'Tis enough to make any Man forget himself. The Difficulty will be how to recover my Acquaintance and Familiarity with my former self; and fall from my Transformation to a Reformation into *Waitwell*. Nay, I shan't be quite the same

same *Waitwell* neither——for now I remember me, I'm marry'd, and can't be my own Man again.

*Ay there's my Grief; that's the sad
Change of Life;
To lose my Title, and yet keep my Wife.*

End of the Second Act.



ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Lady Wishfort's House.

Lady WISHFORT at her Toilet, PEG waiting.

L A D Y.

Merciful, no News of *Foible* yet?
Peg. No, Madam.

Lady. I have no more Patience — If I have not fretted my self 'till I am pale again, there's no Veracity in me. Fetch me the Red — the Red, do you hear, Sweet-heart? An errant Ash colour, as I'm a Person. Look you how this Wench stirs! Why dost thou not fetch me a little Red? Didst thou not hear me, Mopus?

Peg. The red *Ratafia* does your Ladyship mean, or the Cherry-Brandy?

Lady. *Ratafia*, Fool. No, Fool. Not the *Ratafia*, Fool — Grant me Patience! I mean the *Spanish Paper*, Idiot, Complexion Darling. Paint, Paint, Paint, dost

dost thou understand that, Changeling, dangling thy Hands like Bobbins before thee? Why dost thou not stir, Puppet? thou wooden Thing upon Wires.

Peg. Lord, Madam, your Ladiship is so impatient—I cannot come at the Paint, Madam, Mrs. *Foible* has lock'd it up, and carry'd the Key with her.

Lady. A Pox take you both—Fetch me the Cherry-Brandy then.



SCENE II.

Lady. WISHFORT.

I'M as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. *Qualmsick* the Curate's Wife, that's always breeding—Wench, come, come, Wench, what art thou doing, Sipping? Tasting? Save thee, dost thou not know the Bottle?



SCENE



S C E N E III.

Lady WISHFORT, PEG with a Bottle and China Cup.

Peg. **M**Adam, I was looking for a Cup.
Lady. A Cup, fave thee, and what a Cup hast thou brought! Dost thou take me for a *Fairy*, to drink out of an *Acorn*? Why didst thou not bring thy *Thimble*? Hast thou ne'er a *Brass-Thimble* clinking in thy *Pocket* with a bit of *Nutmeg*? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill.
 — So — again. See who that is —
 [*One knocks.*] Set down the *Bottle* first. Here, here, under the *Table* — What, wou'dst thou go with the *Bottle* in thy *Hand* like a *Tapster*. As I'm a *Person*, this *Wench* has liv'd in an *Inn* upon the *Road*, before she came to me, like *Marritornes* the *Asturian* in *Don Quixote*. No *Foible* yet?

Peg. No *Madam*, *Mrs. Marwood*.

Lady. O *Marwood*, let her come in. Come in good *Marwood*.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

[To them] Mrs. MARWOOD.

Mrs. Mar. I'M surpriz'd to find your Ladyship in *dishabillé* at this time of Day.

Lady. *Foible's* a lost Thing; has been abroad since Morning, and never heard of since.

Mrs. Mar. I saw her but now, as I came mask'd through the Park, in Conference with *Mirabell*.

Lady. With *Mirabell*! You call my Blood into my Face, with mentioning that Traitor. She durst not have the Confidence. I sent her to negotiate an Affair, in which if I'm detected I'm undone. If that wheadling Villain has wrought upon *Foible* to detect me, I'm ruin'd. Oh my dear Friend, I'm a Wretch of Wretches if I'm detected.

Mrs. Mar. O Madam, you cannot suspect Mrs. *Foible's* Integrity.

Lady. O, he carries Poison in his Tongue that wou'd corrupt Integrity it self. If she has given him an Opportunity, she has as good as put her Integrity

into his Hands. Ah dear *Marwood*, what's Integrity to an Opportunity? — Hark! I hear her — Dear Friend retire into my Closet, that I may examine her with more Freedom — You'll pardon me, dear Friend, I can make bold with you — There are Books over the Chimney — *Quarles* and *Pryn*, and the *Short View of the Stage*, with *Bunyan's* Works to entertain you. — Go, you Thing, and send her in. [To Peg.



S C E N E V.

Lady WISHFORT, FOIBLE.

Lady. *O Foible*, where hast thou been? what hast thou been doing?

Foib. Madam, I have seen the Party.

Lady. But what hast thou done?

Foib. Nay, 'tis your Ladiship has done, and are to do; I have only promis'd. But a Man so enamour'd — so transported! Well, if worshipping of Pictures be a Sin — Poor Sir *Rowland*, I say.

Lady. The Miniature has been counted like — But hast thou not betray'd me, *Foible*? Hast thou not detected me to that faithless *Mirabell*? — What hadst thou to do with him in the Park? Answer

swer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

Foib. So, the Devil has been beforehand with me, what shall I say?—Alas, Madam, cou'd I help it, if I met that confident Thing? Was I in Fault? If you had heard how he us'd me, and all upon your Ladiship's Account, I'm sure you wou'd not suspect my Fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst I cou'd have born: But he had a Fling at your Ladiship too; and then I cou'd not hold: But i'faith I gave him his own.

Lady. Me? What did the filthy Fellow say?

Foib. O Madam; 'tis a Shame to say what he said——With his Taunts and his Fleers, tossing up his Nose. Humh (says he) what you are a hatching some Plot (says he) you are so early abroad, or Catering (says he) ferreting for some disbanded Officer, I warrant——Half Pay is but thin Subsistence (says he)——Well, what Pension does your Lady propose? Let me see (says he) what she must come down pretty deep now, she's superannuated (says he) and——

Lady. Ods my Life, I'll have him, I'll have him murder'd. I'll have him poison'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a Drawer to have him poison'd in his Wine. I'll send for *Robin* from *Locket's*——Immediately.

Foib. Poison him? Poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, Madam, starve him; marry Sir *Rowland*, and get him disinherited. O you wou'd bless your self, to hear what he said.

Lady. A Villain, superannuated!

Foib. Humh (says he) I hear you are laying Designs against me too (says he) and Mrs. *Millamant* is to marry my Uncle; (he does not suspect a Word of your Ladiship;) but (says he) I'll fit you for that, I warrant you (says he) I'll hamper you for that (says he) you and your old Frippery too (says he) I'll handle you—

Lady. Audacious Villain! handle me, wou'd he durst—Frippery? old Frippery! Was there ever such a foul-mouth'd Fellow? I'll be marry'd to Morrow, I'll be contracted to Night.

Foib. The sooner the better, Madam.

Lady. Will Sir *Rowland* be here, say'st thou? when, *Foible*?

Foib. Incontinently, Madam. No new Sheriff's Wife expects the Return of her Husband after Knighthood, with that Impatience in which Sir *Rowland* burns for the dear Hour of kissing your Ladiship's Hand after Dinner.

Lady. Frippery! superannuated Frippery! I'll Frippery the Villain; I'll reduce him to Frippery and Rags: A Tat-ter-de-

terdemallion — I hope to see him hung with Tatters, like a *Long-Lane* Pent-house, or a Gibbet-Thief. A slander-mouth'd Railer: I warrant the Spend-thrift Prodigal's in Debt as much as the Million Lottery, or the whole Court upon a Birth-Day. I'll spoil his Credit with his Tailor. Yes, he shall have my Neice with her Fortune, he shall.

Foib. He! I hope to see him lodge in *Ludgate* first, and angle into *Black-Fryars* for Brass Farthings, with an old Mitten.

Lady. Ay dear *Foible*; thank thee for that, dear *Foible*. He has put me out of all Patience. I shall never recompose my Features, to receive Sir *Rowland* with any Oeconomy of Face. This Wretch has fretted me that I am absolutely decay'd. Look *Foible*.

Foib. Your Ladiship has frown'd a little too rashly, indeed Madam. There are some Cracks discernable in the white Vernish.

Lady. Let me see the Glass — Cracks, say'st thou? Why I am arrantly flea'd — I look like an old peel'd Wall. Thou must repair me, *Foible*, before Sir *Rowland* comes; or I shall never keep up to my Picture.

Foib. I warrant you, Madam; a little Art once made your Picture like you;

and now a little of the same Art must make you like your Picture. Your Picture must fit for you, Madam.

Lady. But art thou sure Sir Rowland will not fail to come? Or will a not fail when he does come? Will he be importunate, *Foible*, and push? For if he should not be importunate—I shall never break Decorums—I shall die with Confusion, if I am forc'd to advance—Oh no, I can never advance—I shall swoon if he should expect Advances. No, I hope Sir Rowland is better bred, than to put a Lady to the Necessity of breaking her Forms. I won't be too coy neither.—I won't give him Despair—But a little Disdain is not amiss; a little Scorn is alluring.

Foib. A little Scorn becomes your Ladyship.

Lady. Yes, but Tendernefs becomes me best—A sort of a Dyingnefs—You see that Picture has a sort of a—Ha *Foible*? A Swimmingnefs in the Eyes—Yes, I'll look so—My Neice affects it; but she wants Features. Is Sir Rowland handsome? Let my Toilet be remov'd—I'll dress above. I'll receive Sir Rowland here. Is he handsome? Don't answer me. I won't know: I'll be surpriz'd. I'll be taken by Surprize.

Foib.

Foib. By Storm, Madam. Sir Rowland's a brisk Man.

Lady. Is he! O then he'll importune, if he's a brisk Man. I shall save Decorums if Sir Rowland importunes. I have a mortal Terror at the Apprehension of offending against Decorums. O I'm glad he's a brisk Man. Let my Things be remov'd, good *Foible*.

SCENE VI.

Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

Mrs. Fain. O *Foible*, I have been in a Fright, lest I shou'd come too late. That Devil, *Marwood*, saw you in the Park with *Mirabell*, and I'm afraid will discover it to my Lady.

Foib. Discover what, Madam?

Mrs. Fain. Nay, nay, put not on that strange Face. I am privy to the whole Design, and know that *Waitwell*, to whom thou wert this Morning marry'd, is to personate *Mirabell's* Uncle, and as such, winning my Lady, to involve her in those Difficulties from which *Mirabell* only must release her, by his making his Conditions to have my Cousin and her Fortune left to her own Disposal.

M 4

Foib.

Foib. O dear Madam, I beg your Pardon. It was not my Confidence in your Ladiship that was deficient; but I thought the former good Correspondence between your Ladiship and Mr. *Mirabell*, might have hinder'd his communicating this Secret.

Mrs. Fain. Dear *Foible*, forget that.

Foib. O dear Madam, Mr. *Mirabell* is such a sweet winning Gentleman——But your Ladiship is the Pattern of Generosity.——Sweet Lady, to be so good! Mr. *Mirabell* cannot chuse but be grateful. I find your Ladiship has his Heart still. Now, Madam, I can safely tell your Ladiship our Success, Mrs. *Marwood* had told my Lady; but I warrant I manag'd my self. I turn'd it all for the better. I told my Lady that Mr. *Mirabell* rail'd at her. I laid horrid Things to his Charge, I'll vow; and my Lady is so incens'd, that she'll be contracted to Sir *Rowland* to Night, she says;——I warrant I work'd her up, that he may have her for asking for, as they say of a *Welsh* Maiden-head.

Mrs. Fain. O rare *Foible*!

Foib. Madam, I beg your Ladiship to acquaint Mr. *Mirabell* of his Success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him —— besides, I believe Madam

Marwood

Marwood watches me. — She has a Month's Mind; but I know Mr. *Mirabell* can't abide her. — [Calls.] *John* — remove my Lady's Toilet. Madam, your Servant. My Lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, if I stay.

Mrs. Fain. I'll go with you up the back Stairs, lest I shou'd meet her.



SCENE VII.

Mrs. MARWOOD: alone.

Mrs. Mar. **I**Ndeed, Mrs. Engine, is it thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this Importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why this Wench is the *Pass-par-toute*, a very Master-Key to every Body's strong Box. My Friend *Fainall*, have you carry'd it so swimmingly? I thought there was something in it; but it seems it's over with you. Your Loathing is not from a want of Appetite then, but from a Surfeit. Else you could never be so cool to fall from a Principal to be an Assistant; to procure for him! A Pattern of Generosity, that I confess. Well, Mr. *Fainall*, you have met with your Match. —

O

O Man, Man! Woman, Woman! The Devil's an Ass: If I were a Painter, I would draw him like an Idiot, a Driveler with a Bib and Bells. Man thou'd have his Head and Horns, and Woman the rest of him. Poor simple Fiend! Madam *Marwood* has a Month's Mind, but he can't abide her — 'Twere better for him you had not been his Confessor in that Affair; without you could have kept his Counsel closer. I shall not prove another Pattern of Generosity — he has not oblig'd me to that with those Excesses of himself; and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good Lady, panting ripe; with a Heart full of Hope, and a Head full of Care, like any Chymist upon the Day of Projection.



S C E N E VIII.

[*To her*] *Lady WISHFORT.*

Lady. O Dear *Marwood*, what shall I say for this rude Forgetfulness — — But my dear Friend is all Goodness.

Mrs. Mar. No Apologies, dear Madam, I have been very well entertain'd.

Lady.

Lady. As I'm a Person I am in a very Chaos to think I shou'd so forget my self — But I have such an Olio of Affairs really I know not what to do — [*Calls*] — *Foible* — I expect my Nephew Sir *Wilfull* ev'ry Moment too; — Why *Foible* — He means to travel for Improvement.

Mrs. Mar. Methinks Sir *Wilfull* shou'd rather think of marrying than travelling at his Years. I hear he is turn'd of forty.

Lady. O he's in less Danger of being spoil'd by his Travels — I am against my Nephew's marrying too Young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquit'd Discretion to chuse for himself.

Mrs. Mar. Methinks *Mrs. Millamant* and he wou'd make a very fit Match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a Thing very usual with young Gentlemen.

Lady. I promise you I have thought on't — And since 'tis your Judgment, I'll think on't again. I assure you I will; I value your Judgment extreamly. On my Word I'll propose it.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

[To them] FOIBLE.

Lady. **C**ome, come *Foible* — I had forgot my Nephew will be here before Dinner — I must make haste.

Foib. Mr. *Witwoud* and Mr. *Petulant* are come to dine with your Ladiship.

Lady. O Dear, I can't appear 'till I am dress'd. Dear *Marwood* shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em. I'll make all imaginable haste. Dear Friend excuse me.

SCENE X.

Mrs. MARWOOD, Mrs. MILLAMANT,
MINCING.

Milla. **S**URE never any thing was so Unbred as that odious Man. —
Marwood, your Servant.

Mrs. Mar. You have a Colour, what's the matter?

Milla.

Milla. That horrid Fellow *Petulant* has provok'd me into a Flame—I have broke my Fan—*Mincing*, lend me yours;—Is not all the Powder out of my Hair?

Mrs. Mar. No. What has he done?

Milla. Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talk'd—Nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has contradicted ev'ry Thing that has been said. For my part, I thought *Witwoud* and he wou'd have quarrell'd.

Minc. I vow Mem, I thought once they wou'd have fitt.

Milla. Well, 'tis a lamentable thing I swear, that one has not the Liberty of chusing one's Acquaintance as one does ones Cloaths.

Mrs. Mar. If we had that Liberty, we shou'd be as weary of one Set of Acquaintance, tho' never so good, as we are of one Suit, tho' never so fine. A Fool and a *Doily* Stuff wou'd now and then find Days of Grace, and be worn for Variety.

Milla. I could consent to wear 'em, if they wou'd wear alike; but Fools never wear out—They are such *Drap-de-berry* Things! Without one cou'd give 'em to ones Chamber-maid after a Day or two.

Mrs. Mar.

Mrs. Mar. 'Twere better so indeed. Or what think you of the Play-house? A fine gay glossy Fool shou'd be given there, like a new masking Habit, after the Masquerade is over, and we have done with the Disguise. For a Fool's Visit is always a Disguise; and never admitted by a Woman of Wit, but to blind her Affair with a Lover of Sense. If you wou'd but appear bare-fac'd now, and own *Mirabell*; you might as easily put off *Petulant*, and *Witwoud*, as your Hood and Scarf. And indeed 'tis time, for the Town has found it: The Secret is grown too big for the Pretence: 'Tis like Mrs. *Primly's* great Belly; she may lace it down before, but it burnishes on her Hips. Indeed, *Mil-lamant*, you can no more conceal it, than my Lady *Strammel* can her Face, that goodly Face, which in Defiance of her Rhenish-wine Tea, will not be comprehended in a Mask.

Milla. I'll take my Death, *Marwood*, you are more Censorious than a decay'd Beauty, or a discarded Toast; *Mincing*, tell the Men they may come up. My Aunt is not dressing here; their Folly is less provoking than your Malice.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

MILLAMANT, MARWOOD.

Milla. THE Town has found it. What has it found? That *Mirabell* loves me is no more a Secret, than it is a Secret that you discover'd it to my Aunt, or than the Reason why you discover'd it is a Secret.

Mrs. Mar. You are pett'l'd.

Milla. You're mistaken. Ridiculous!

Mrs. Mar. Indeed, my Dear, you'll tear another Flan, if you don't mitigate those violent Airs.

Milla. O silly! Ha, ha, ha. I could laugh immoderately. Poor *Alinabell*! His Constancy to me has quite destroy'd his Complaisance for all the World beside. I swear, I never enjoin'd it him, to be so coy—If I had the Vanity to think he wou'd obey me; I wou'd command him to shew more Gallantry—'Tis hardly well bred to be so particular on one Hand, and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own Way. Ha, ha, ha. Pardon me, dear Creature, I must laugh, ha, ha, ha; tho'

tho' I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, ha, ha, ha,

Mrs. Mar. What pity 'tis, so much fine Railery, and deliver'd with so significant Gesture, shou'd be so unhappily directed to miscarry.

Milla. Hæ? Dear Creature I ask your Pardon—I swear I did not mind you.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. *Mirabell* and you both may think it a Thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you——

Milla. O dear, what? for it is the same thing, if I hear it——Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Mar. That I detest him, hate him, Madam.

Milla. O Madam, why so do I——And yet the Creature loves me, ha, ha, ha. How can one forbear laughing to think of it—I am a Sybil if I am not amaz'd to think what he can see in me. I'll take my Death, I think you are handsomer—and within a Year or two as young.——If you cou'd but stay for me, I shou'd overtake you——But that cannot be——Well, that Thought makes me melancholick——Now I'll be sad.

Mrs. Mar. Your merry Note may be chang'd sooner than you think.

Milla. D'ye say so? Then I'm resolv'd I'll have a Song to keep up my Spirits.

SCENE



SCENE XII.

[To them] MINCING.

Minc. **T**HE Gentlemen stay but to Comb, Madam; and will wait on you.

Milla. Desire Mrs.——that is in the next Room to sing the Song I wou'd have learnt Yesterday. You shall hear it, Madam——Not that there's any great Matter in it——But 'tis agreeable to my Humour.

S O N G.

Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

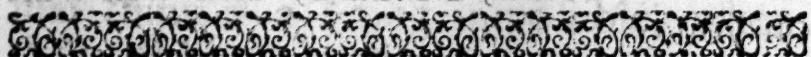
I.
LOVE's but the Frailty of the Mind;
When 'tis not with Ambition join'd;
A sickly Flame, which if not fed expires;
And feeding, wastes in Self-consuming Fires.

II.
'Tis not to wound a wanton Boy
Or am'rous Youth, that gives the Joy;
VOL. II. N But

*But 'tis the Glory to have pierc'd a Swain,
For whom inferior Beauties sigh'd in vain.*

III.

*Then I alone the Conquest prize,
When I insult a Rival's Eyes:
If there's Delight in Love, 'tis when I see
That Heart which others bleed for, bleed*
[for me.



SCENE XIII.

[To them] PETULANT, WITWOUND.

Milla. IS your Animosity compos'd, Gentlemen?

Wit. Raillery, Raillery, Madam, we have no Animosity——We hit off a little Wit now and then, but no Animosity——The falling out of Wits is like the falling out of Lovers——We agree in the main, like Treble and Base. Ha, *Petulant*!

Pet. Ay in the main——But when I have a Humour to contradict——

Wit. Ay, when he has a Humour to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my Cue. Then we contradict one another like two Battle-dores; For
Con-

Contradictions beget one another like Jews.

Pet. If he says Black's Black—If I have a Humour to say 'tis Blue—Let that pass—All's one for that. If I have a Humour to prove it, it must be granted.

Wit. Not positively must—But it may—It may.

Pet. Yes, it positively must, upon Proof positive.

Wit. Ay, upon Proof positive it must; but upon Proof presumptive it only may. That's a Logical Distinction now, Madam.

Mrs. Mar. I perceive your Debates are of Importance, and very learnedly handled.

Pet. Importance is one Thing, and Learning's another; but a Debate's a Debate, that I assert.

Wit. *Petulant's* an Enemy to Learning; he relies altogether on his Parts.

Pet. No, I'm no Enemy to Learning; it hurts not me.

Mrs. Mar. That's a Sign indeed its no Enemy to you.

Pet. No, no, it's no Enemy to any Body, but them that have it.

Milla. Well, an illiterate Man's my Aversion, I wonder at the Impudence of any illiterate Man, to offer to make Love.

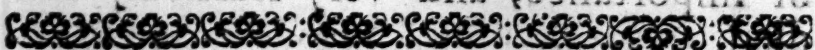
692 *The Way of the World.*

Wit. That I confess I wonder at too.

Milla. Ah! to marry an Ignorant! that can hardly Read or Write.

Pet. Why should a Man be any further from being Marry'd tho' he can't read, than he is from being Hang'd. The Ordinary's paid for setting the *Psalm*, and the Parish-Priest for reading the Ceremony. And for the rest which is to follow in both Cases, a Man may do it without Book—So all's one for that.

Milla. D'y'e hear the Creature? Lord, here's Company, I'll be gone.



SCENE XIV.

Sir WILFULF WITWOOD in a riding Dress, Mrs. MARWOOD, PETULANT, WITWOOD, FOOTMAN.

Wit. **I**N the Name of *Bartlemew* and his Fair, what have we here?

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis your Brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

Wit. Not I—Yes, I think it is he—I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the Revolution.

Foot.

Foot. Sir, my Lady's dressing. Here's Company; if you please to walk in, in the mean time.

Sir Wil. Dressing! What, it's but Morning here I warrant with you in London; we shou'd count it towards Afternoon in our Parts, down in Shropshire—Why then belike my Aunt han't din'd yet — Ha, Friend?

Foot. Your Aunt, Sir?

Sir Wil. My Aunt, Sir, yes my Aunt, Sir, and your Lady, Sir; your Lady is my Aunt, Sir — Why, what do'st thou not know me, Friend? Why then send some Body hither that does. How long hast thou liv'd with thy Lady, Fellow, ha?

Foot. A Week, Sir; longer than any Body in the House, except my Lady's Woman.

Sir Wil. Why then belike thou dost not know thy Lady, if thou see'st her, ha Friend?

Foot. Why truly Sir, I cannot safely swear to her Face in a Morning, before she is dress'd. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her by this time.

Sir Wil. Well, prithee try what thou canst do; if thou canst not guess, enquire her out, do'st hear, Fellow? And tell her,

her Nephew, *Sir Wilfull Witwoud*, is in the House.

Foot. I shall, Sir.

Sir Wil. Hold ye, hear me, Friend; a Word with you in your Ear, prithee who are these Gallants?

Foot. Really, Sir, I can't tell; here come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all.



S C E N E XV.

Sir WILFULL WITWOUD, PETULANT, WITWOUD, Mrs. MARWOOD.

Sir Wil. **O**ns this Fellow knows less than a Starling; I don't think a' knows his own Name.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. *Witwoud*, your Brother is not behind hand in Forgetfulness — I fancy he has forgot you too.

Wit. I hope so — The Devil take him that remembers first, I say.

Sir Wil. Save you Gentlemen and Lady.

Mrs. Mar. For shame, Mr. *Witwoud*; why won't you speak to him? — And you, Sir.

Wit. Petulant speak.

Pet.

Pet. And you, Sir.

Sir Wil. No Offence, I hope.

[*Salutes Marwood.*]

Mrs. Mar. No sure, Sir.

Wit. This is a vile Dog, I see that already. No Offence! Ha, ha, ha, to him; to him, *Petulant*, smoke him.

Pet. It seems as if you had come a Journey, Sir; hem, hem.

[*Surveying him round.*]

Sir Wil. Very likely, Sir, that it may seem so.

Pet. No Offence, I hope, Sir.

Wit. Smoke the Boots, the Boots;
Petulant, the Boots; Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Wil. May be not, Sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, Sir.

Pet. Sir, I presume upon the Information of your Boots.

Sir Wil. Why, 'tis like you may, Sir: If you are not satisfy'd with the Information of my Boots, Sir, if you will step to the Stable, you may enquire further of my Horse, Sir.

Pet. Your Horse, Sir! Your Horse is an Afs, Sir!

Sir Wil. Do you speak by way of Offence, Sir?

Mrs. Mar. The Gentleman's merry, that's all, Sir — S'life, we shall have a Quarrel betwixt an Horse and an Afs,

before they find one another out. You must not take any thing amiss from your Friends, Sir. You are among your Friends, here, tho' it may be you don't know it— If I am not mistaken, you are Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*.

Sir *Wil.* Right Lady; I am Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, so I write my self; no Offence to any Body, I hope; and Nephew to the Lady *Wishfort* of this Mansion.

Mrs. *Mar.* Don't you know this Gentleman, Sir?

Sir *Wil.* Hum! What, sure 'tis not — Yea by'r Lady, but 'tis — 'Sheart I know not whether 'tis or no — Yea but 'tis, by the *Rekin*. Brother *Antony*! What *Tony*, i'faith! What do'st thou not know me? By'r Lady nor I thee, thou art so Becravated, and so Beperriwig'd — 'Sheart why do'st not speak? Art thou o'erjoy'd?

Wit. Odso Brother, is it you? Your Servant, Brother.

Sir *Wit.* Your Servant! Why yours, Sir. Your Servant again — 'Sheart, and your Friend and Servant to that — And a — (*puff*) and a Flap Dragon for your Service, Sir: And a Hare's Foot, and a Hare's Scut for your Service, Sir; an you be so cold and so courtly!

Wit. No Offence, I hope, Brother.

Sir

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, Sir, but there is, and much Offence, — A Pox, is this your Inns o' Court Breeding, not to know your Friends and your Relations, your Elders, and your Betters?

Wit. Why, Brother *Wilfull* of *Satop*, you may be as short as a *Shrewsbury* Cake, if you please. But I tell you 'tis not modish to know Relations in Town. You think you're in the Country, where great lubberly Brothers flabber and kiss one another when they meet, like a Call of Serjeants — 'Tis not the Fashion here; 'tis not indeed, dear Brother.

Sir *Wil.* The Fashion's a Fool; and you're a Fop, dear Brother. 'Sheart, I've suspected this — By'r Lady I conjectur'd you were a Fop, since you began to change the Stile of your Letters, and write in a scrap of Paper gilt round the Edges, no bigger than a *Subpana*. I might expect this when you left off Honour'd Brother; and hoping you are in good Health, and so forth — To begin with a Rat me, Knight, I'm so sick of a last Night's Debauch — O'ds Heart, and then tell a familiar Tale of a Cock and a Bull, and a Whore and a Bottle, and so conclude — You cou'd write News before you were out of your Time, when you liv'd with honest *Pumple-Nose*
the

the Attorney of *Furnival's Inn* ——— You cou'd intreat to be remember'd then to your Friends round the *Rekin*. We could have Gazettes then, and *Dawks's* Letter, and the Weekly Bill, 'till of late Days.

Pet. 'Slife, *Witwoud*, were you ever an Attorney's Clerk? Of the Family of the *Furnivals*. Ha, ha, ha!

Wit. Ay, ay, but that was but for a while. Not long, not long; pshaw, I was not in my own Power then. An Orphan, and this Fellow was my Guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that Man, to come to *London*. He had the Disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound Prentice to a Felt-maker in *Shrewsbury*; this Fellow would have bound me to a Maker of Felts.

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, and better than to be bound to a Maker of Fops; where, I suppose, you have serv'd your Time; and now you may set up for your self.

Mrs. Mar. You intend to Travel, Sir, as I'm inform'd.

Sir Wil. Belike I may, Madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt Seas, if my Mind hold.

Pet. And the Wind serve.

Sir Wil. Serve or not serve, I shan't ask License of you, Sir; nor the Weather-Cock your Companion. I direct my Discourie

Discourse to the Lady, Sir; 'Tis like my Aunt may have told you, Madam —

Yes, I have settl'd my Concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see Foreign Parts. If an how that the Peace holds, whereby that is Taxes abate.

Mrs. Mar. I thought you had designed for *France* at all Adventures.

Sir Wil. I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a Resolution, — because when I make it I keep it. I don't stand shill I, shall I, then; if I say't, I'll do't: But I have Thoughts to tarry a small matter in Town, to learn somewhat of your *Lingo* first, before I cross the Seas. I'd gladly have a spice of your *French* as they say, whereby to hold Discourse in Foreign Countries.

Mrs. Mar. Here's an Academy in Town for that use.

Sir Wil. There is? 'Tis like there may.

Mrs. Mar. No doubt you will return very much improv'd.

Wit. Yes, refin'd like a *Dutch Skipper* from a Whale-fishing.

SCENE

S C E N E XVI.

[To them] *Lady WISHFORT* and
FAINALL.

Lady. Nephew, you are welcome.
Sir Wil. Aunt, your Servant.

Fain. *Sir Wilfull*, your most faithful
Servant.

Sir Wil. Cousin *Fainall*, give me your
Hand.

Lady. Cousin *Witwoud*, your Servant;
Mr. Petulant, your Servant——Ne-
phew, you are welcome again. Will you
drink any Thing after your Journey, Ne-
phew, before you eat? Dinner's almost
ready.

Sir Wil. I'm very well I thank you,
Aunt——However, I thank you for your
courteous Offer. 'Sheart I was afraid you
wou'd have been in the Fashion too, and
have remember'd to have forgot your Re-
lations. Here's your Cousin *Tony*, be-
like, I mayn't call him Brother for fear of
Offence.

Lady. O he's a Rallier, Nephew——
My Cousin's a Wit: And your great Wits
always rally their best Friends to chuse.
When

When you have been Abroad, Nephew, you'll understand Raillery better.

[*Fain. and Mrs. Marwood talk apart.*]

Sir *Wil.* Why then let him hold his Tongue in the mean Time; and rail when that Day comes.

SCENE XVII.

[*To them*] MINCING.

Minc. **M**Em, I come to acquaint your Laship that Dinner is impatient.

Sir *Wil.* Impatient? Why then belike it won't stay 'till I pull off my Boots. Sweet-heart, can you help me to a pair of Slippers?—My Man's with his Horses, I warrant.

Lady. Fie, fie, Nephew, you won'd not pull off your Boots here—Go down into the Hall—Dinner shall stay for you—My Nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, Madam,—Gentlemen will you walk? *Marwood?*

Mrs. Mar. I'll follow you, Madam, —Before Sir *Wilfull* is ready.

SCENE



SCENE XVIII.

MARWOOD, FAINALL.

Fain. **W**HY then *Foible's* a Bawd, an Errant, Rank Match-making Bawd. And I it seems am a Husband, a Rank-Husband; and my Wife a very Errant, Rank-Wife,—all in the Way of the *World*. 'Sdeath to be a Cuckold by Anticipation, a Cuckold in Embrio? Sure I was born with budding Antlers like a young Satyr, or a Citizen's Child 'Sdeath to be Out-witted, to be Out-jilted — Out-Matrimony'd, — If I had kept my Speed like a Stag, 'twere somewhat, — but to crawl after, with my Horns like a Snail, and be out-stripp'd by my Wife — 'tis Scurvy Wedlock.

Mrs. Mar. Then shake it off, you have often wish'd for an Opportunity to part; — and now you have it. But first prevent their Plot, — the half of *Millamant's* Fortune is too considerable to be parted with, to a Foe, to *Mirabell*.

Fain. Dam him, that had been mine — had you not made that fond Discovery — That had been forfeited, had they

they been Married. My Wife had added Lustre to my Horns, by that Encrease of Fortune, I cou'd have worn 'em tipt with Gold, tho' my Forehead had been furnish'd like a Deputy-Lieutenant's Hall.

Mrs. Mar. They may prove a Cap of Maintenance to you still, if you can away with your Wife. And she's no worle than when you had her—I dare swear she had given up her Game, before she was Marry'd.

Fain. Hum! That may be——

Mrs. Mar. You Married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected; why should you not keep her longer than you intended?

Fain. The Means, the Means.

Mrs. Mar. Discover to my Lady your Wife's Conduct; threaten to part with her——My Lady loves her, and will come to any Composition to save her Reputation. Take the Opportunity of breaking it, just upon the Discovery of this Imposture. My Lady will be enrag'd beyond Bounds, and sacrifice Neice, and Fortune, and all at that Conjunction. And let me alone to keep her warm; if she shou'd flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

Fain.

Fain. Faith this has an Appearance.

Mrs. Mar. I'm sorry I hinted to my Lady to endeavour a Match between *Mil-lamant* and *Sir Wilfull*, that may be an Obstacle.

Fain. O for that matter leave me to manage him; I'll disable him for that, he will drink like a *Dane*: After Dinner, I'll set his Hand in.

Mrs. Mar. Well, how do you stand affected towards your Lady?

Fain. Why faith I'm thinking of it. — Let me see — I am Marry'd already; so that's over — My Wife has plaid the Jade with me — Well, that's over too — I never lov'd her, or if I had, why that wou'd have been over too by this time — Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; so there's an end of Jealousie. Weary of her, I am and shall be — No, there's no end of that; No, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my Repose. Now for my Reputation, — As to my own, I Marry'd not for it; so that's out of the Question. — And as to my Part in my Wife's — Why she had parted with hers before; so bringing none to me, she can take none from me; 'tis against all rule of Play, that I should lose to one, who has not wherewithal to stake.

Mrs. Mar. Besides you forget, Marriage is honourable.

Fain.

Fain. Hum ! Faith and that's well thought on ; Marriage is honourable, as you say ; and if so, wherefore should Cuckoldom be a Discredit, being deriv'd from so honourable a Root ?

Mrs. Mar. Nay I know not ; if the Root be honourable, why not the Branches ?

Fain. So, so, why this Point's clear. — Well, how do we proceed ?

Mrs. Mar. I will contrive a Letter which shall be deliver'd to my Lady at the time when that Rascal who is to act *Sir Rowland* is with her. It shall come as from an unknown Hand — for the less I appear to know of the Truth, the better I can play the Incendiary. Besides, I wou'd not have *Foible* provok'd if I could help it, — because you know she knows some Passages — Nay I expect all will come out — But let the Mine be sprung first, and then I care not if I am discover'd.

Fain. If the worst come to the worst, — I'll turn my Wife to Grass — I have already a Deed of Settlement of the best Part of her Estate ; which I wheadl'd out of her ; and that you shall partake at least.

Mrs. Mar. I hope you are convinc'd
VOL. II. O that

that I hate *Mirabell* now: You'll be no more Jealous?

Fain. Jealous, no,—by this Kiss ——— let Husbands be Jealous; but let the Lover still believe: Or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his Pleasure, and prepare the Joy that follows, when he proves his Mistress true. But let Husbands Doubts convert to endless Jealousie; or if they have Belief, let it corrupt to Superstition, and blind Credulity. I am single, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the Badge, but I'll disown the Order. And since I take my Leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common Motto to their common Crest.

*All Husbands must, or Pain, or Shame, endure;
The Wise too jealous are, Fools too secure.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

[SCENE *Continues.*]

Lady WISHFORT and FOIBLE.

L A D Y.

IS Sir *Rowland* coming say'st thou, *Foible*? and are things in Order?

Foib. Yes, Madam. I have put Wax-Lights in the Sconces; and plac'd the Footmen in a Row in the Hall, in their best Liveries, with the Coachman and Postilion to fill up the Equipage.

Lady. Have you pullvill'd the Coachman and Postilion, that they may not stink of the Stable, when Sir *Rowland* comes by?

Foib. Yes, Madam.

Lady. And are the Dancers and the Musick ready, that he may be entertain'd in all Points with Correspondence to his Passion?

O 2

Foib.

Foib. All is ready, Madam.

Lady. And —— well —— and how do I look, *Foible*?

Foib. Most killing well, Madam.

Lady. Well, and how shall I receive him? In what Figure shall I give his Heart the first Impression? There is a great deal in the first Impression. Shall I sit? —— No, I won't sit —— I'll walk —— ay I'll walk from the Door upon his Entrance; and then turn full upon him —— No, that will be too sudden. I'll lye —— ay, I'll lye down —— I'll receive him in my little Dressing-Room, there's a Couch —— Yes, yes, I'll give the first Impression on a Couch —— I won't lye neither, but loll and lean upon one Elbow; with one Foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way —— Yes —— and then as soon as he appears, start, ay, start and be surpriz'd, and rise to meet him in a pretty Disorder —— Yes —— O, nothing is more alluring, than a Levee from a Couch in some Confusion —— It shews the Foot to advantage, and furnishes with Blushes, and re-composing Airs beyond Comparison. Hark! There's a Coach.

Foib. 'Tis he, Madam.

Lady. O dear, has my Nephew made his Addresses to *Millamant*? I order'd him.

Foib.

Foib. Sir *Wilfull* is set in to Drinking, Madam, in the Parlour.

Lady. Ods my Life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, *Foible*; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go — When they are together, then come to me *Foible*, that I may not be too long alone with Sir *Rowland*.



SCENE II.

Mrs. MILLAMANT, Mrs. FAINALL,
FOIBLE.

Foib. **M**Adam, I stay'd here, to tell your Ladiship that Mr. *Mirabell* has waited this half Hour for an Opportunity to talk with you. Tho' my Lady's Orders were to leave you and Sir *Wilfull* together. Shall I tell Mr. *Mirabell* that you are at leisure?

Milla. No — What wou'd the dear Man have? I am thoughtful, and wou'd amuse my self, — bid him come another time.

*There never yet was Woman made,
Nor shall, but to be curs'd.*

[Repeating and walking about.
That's hard!

Q. 3.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Fain*. You are very fond of Sir *John Suckling* to day, *Millamant*, and the Poets.

Milla. He? Ay, and filthy Verses——
So I am.

Foib. Sir *Wilfull* is coming, Madam. Shall I send Mr. *Mirabell* away?

Milla. Ay, if you please, *Foible*, send him away, — Or send him hither, — just as you will, dear *Foible*. — I think I'll see him —— Shall I? Ay, let the Wretch come.

Thyrsis, a Youth of the Inspir'd Train.

[Repeating.

Dear *Fainall*, entertain Sir *Wilfull* ——
Thou hast Philosophy to undergo a Fool,
thou art marry'd and hast Patience —— I
would confer with my own Thoughts.

Mrs. *Fain*. I am oblig'd to you, that
you would make me your Proxy in this
Affair; but I have Business of my own.



SCENE . III.

[To them] Sir WILFULL.

Mrs. *Fain*. O Sir *Wilfull*; you are come
at the Critical Instant.
There's your Mistress up to the Ears in
Love and Contemplation, pursue your
Point, now or never. Sir

Sir *Wil.* Yes; my Aunt will have it
 fo, — I would gladly have been encour-
 rag'd with a Bottle or } *This while Milla.*
 two, because I'm some- } *walks about Re-*
 what wary at first, be- } *peating to her*
 fore I am acquainted; } *self.*

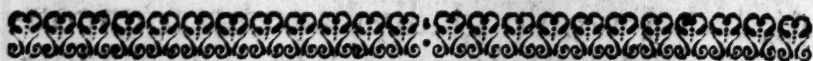
— But I hope, after a time, I shall break
 my Mind — that is upon further Ac-
 quaintance — So for the present, Cou-
 sin, I'll take my leave — If so be you'll
 be so kind to make my Excuse, I'll return
 to my Company —

Mrs. *Fain.* O fie, Sir *Wilfull!* What,
 you must not be daunted.

Sir *Wil.* Daunted, no, that's not it, it
 is not so much for that — for if so be
 that I set on't, I'll do't. But only for the
 present, 'tis sufficient 'till further Ac-
 quaintance, that's all — your Servant.

Mrs. *Fain.* Nay, I'll swear you shall
 never lose so favourable an Opportunity,
 if I can help it. I'll leave you together,
 and lock the Door.





SCENE IV.

Sir WILFULL, MILLAMANT.

Sir Wil. **N**AY, nay Cousin, — I have forgot my Gloves, — What d'ye do? 'Sheart a' has lock'd the Door indeed, I think — Nay, Cousin *Fainall*, open the Door — Pshaw, what a Vixon Trick is this? — Nay, now a' has seen me too — Cousin, I made bold to pass thro' as it were — I think this Door's enchanted —

Milla. [*repeating.*]

*I prithee spare me, gentle Boy,
Press me no more for that slight Toy.*

Sir Will. Anan? Cousin, your Servant.

Milla. — *That foolish Trifle of a Heart*
— *Sir Wilfull!*

Sir Wil. Yes — your Servant. No Offence I hope, Cousin.

Milla. [*Repeating.*]

*I swear it will not do its Part,
Tho' thou dost thine, employ'st thy Power
and Art.*

Natural, easie Suckling!

Sir Wil. Anan? *Suckling?* No such Suckling neither, Cousin, nor Stripling: I thank Heav'n, I'm no Minor.

Milla.

Milla. Ah Rustick, ruder than Gothic.

Sir Wil. Well, well, I shall understand your *Lingo* one of these Days, Cousin, in the mean while I must answer in plain *English*.

Milla. Have you any Business with me, *Sir Wilfull*?

Sir Wil. Not at present, Cousin, — Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know if that how you were dispos'd to fetch a Walk this Evening, if so be that I might not be troublesome, I would have fought a Walk with you.

Milla. A Walk? What then?

Sir Wil. Nay nothing — Only for the Walk's sake, that's all —

Milla. I nauseate Walking; 'tis a Country Diversion, I loath the Country and every thing that relates to it.

Sir Wil. Indeed! Hah! Look ye, look ye, you do? Nay, 'tis like you may — Here are choice of Pastimes here in Town, as Plays and the like, that must be confes'd indeed. —

Milla. Ah l'etourdie! I hate the Town too.

Sir Wil. Dear Heart, that's much — Hah! that you should hate 'em both! Hah! 'tis like you may; there are some can't relish the Town, and others can't
away

away with the Country, — 'tis like you may be one of those, Cousin.

Milla. Ha, ha, ha. Yes, 'tis like I may. — You have nothing further to say to me?

Sir Wil. Not at present, Cousin. — 'Tis like when I have an Opportunity to be more private, — I may break my Mind in some measure — I conjecture you partly guess — However that's as time shall try, — But spare to speak and spare to speed, as they say.

Milla. If it is of no great Importance, *Sir Wilfull*, you will oblige me to leave me: I have just now a little Business. —

Sir Wil. Enough, enough, Cousin: Yes, yes, all a case — When you're dispos'd, when you're dispos'd. Now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now. All's one for that, — Yes, yes, if your Concerns call you, there's no haste; it will keep cold as they say — Cousin, your Servant. — I think this Door's lock'd.

Milla. You may go this way, Sir.

Sir Wil. Your Servant, then with your leave I'll return to my Company.

Milla. Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha.

Like Phoebus sung the no less am'rous Boy.

SCENE



S C E N E V.

MILLAMANT, MIRABELL.

Mira.—**L**ike Daphne *she, as Lovely and
as Coy.*

Do you lock your self up from me, to make my Search more curious? Or is this pretty Artifice contriv'd, to signifie that here the Chace must end, and my Pursuit be crown'd, for you can fly no further? —

Milla. Vanity! No——I'll fly and be follow'd to the last Moment, tho' I am upon the very Verge of Matrimony, I expect you should sollicit me as much as if I were wavering at the Grate of a Monastery, with one Foot over the Threshold. I'll be sollicit to the very last, nay and afterwards.

Mira. What, after the last?

Milla. O, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduc'd to an inglorious Ease; and freed from the agreeable Fatigues of Sollicitation.

Mira. But do not you know, that when Favours are conferr'd upon instant
and

and tedious Sollicitation, that they diminish in their Value, and that both the Giver loses the Grace, and the Receiver lessens his Pleasure?

Milla. It may be in Things of common Application; but never sure in Love. O, I hate a Lover, that can dare to think he draws a Moment's Air, independent on the Bounty of his Mistress. There is not so impudent a Thing in Nature, as the saucy Look of an assured Man, confident of Success. The Pedantick Arrogance of a very Husband, has not so Pragmatical an Air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my Will and Pleasure.

Mira. Would you have 'em both before Marriage? Or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other 'till after Grace?

Milla. Ah don't be impertinent — My dear Liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful Solitude, my darling Contemplation, must I bid you then Adieu? Ay-h adieu — My Morning Thoughts, agreeable Wakings, indolent Slumbers, all ye *douceurs*, ye *Someils du Matin*, adieu — I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible — Positively *Mirabell*, I'll lye a-bed in a Morning as long as I please.

Mira.

Mira. Then I'll get up in a Morning as early as I please.

Milla. Ah! Idle Creature, get up when you will—— And d'ye hear, I won't be call'd Names after I'm Marry'd; positively I won't be call'd Names.

Mira. Names!

Milla. Ay, as Wife, Spouse, my Dear, Joy, Jewel, Love, Sweet-heart, and the rest of that nauseous Cant, in which Men and their Wives are so fulsomly familiar,—— I shall never bear that—— Good *Mirabell* don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before Folks, like my Lady *Fadler* and Sir *Francis*: Nor go to *Hide-Park* together the first *Sunday* in a new Chariot, to provoke Eyes and Whispers; And then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first Week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never Visit together, nor go to a Play together, but let us be very strange and well bred: Let us be as strange as if we had been marry'd a great while; and as well bred as if we were not marry'd at all.

Mira. Have you any more Conditions to offer? Hitherto your Demands are pretty reasonable.

Milla. Trifles,—— As Liberty to pay and receive Visits to and from whom I please;

please ; to write and receive Letters, without Interrogatories or wry Faces on your part ; to wear what I please ; and chuse Conversation with regard only to my own Taste ; to have no Obligation upon me to converse with Wits that I don't like, because they are your Acquaintance ; or to be intimate with Fools, because they may be your Relations. Come to Dinner when I please, dine in my Dressing-Room when I'm out of Humour, without giving a Reason. To have my Closet inviolate ; to be sole Empress of my Tea-Table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, where-ever I am, you shall always knock at the Door before you come in. These Articles subscrib'd, if I continue to endure you 'a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a Wife.

Mira. Your Bill of Fare is something advanc'd in this latter Account. Well, have I Liberty to offer Conditions — That when you are dwindled into a Wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarg'd into a Husband.

Milla. You have free leave, propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

Mira. I thank you. *Inprimis* then, I covenant that your Acquaintance be general ;

neral ; that you admit no sworn Confident, or Intimate of your own Sex ; no the Friend to skreen her Affairs under your Countenance, and tempt you to make Trial of a mutual Secrefie. No Decoy-Duck to wheadle you a *fop* — *scrambling* to the Play in a Mask — Then bring you home in a pretended Fright, when you think you shall be found out — And rail at me for missing the Play, and disappointing the Frolick which you had to pick me up and prove my Constancy.

Milla. Detestable *Inprimis!* I go to the Play in a Mask!

Mira. *Item,* I Article, that you continue to like your own Face, as long as I shall : And while it passes currant with me, that you endeavour not to new Coin it. To which end, together with all Vizards for the Day, I prohibit all Masks for the Night, made of Oil'd-skins and I know not what — Hog's Bones, Hare's Gall, Pig Water, and the Marrow of a roasted Cat. In short, I forbid all Commerce with the Gentlewoman in *what-d'ye-call-it* Court. *Item,* I shut my Doors against all Bauds with Baskets, and penny-worths of *Muslin, China, Fans, Attlasses, &c.* — *Item,* when you shall be Breeding —

Milla. Ah! Name it not.

Mira.

Mira. Which may be presum'd, with a Blessing on our Endeavours——

Milla. Odious Endeavours!

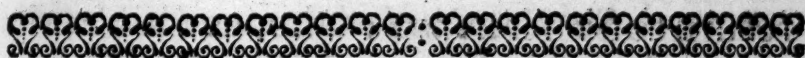
Mira. I denounce against all strait Lacing, squeezing for a Shape, 'till you mould my Boy's Head like a Sugar-loaf; and instead of a Man-Child, make me Father to a Crooked-billet. Lastly, to the Dominion of the *Tea-Table* I submit.

—— But with *proviso*, that you exceed not in your Province; but restrain your self to native and simple *Tea-Table* Drinks, as *Tea*, *Chocolate*, and *Coffee*. As likewise to Genuine and Authoriz'd *Tea-Table* Talk —— Such as mending of Fashions, spoiling Reputations, railing at absent Friends, and so forth —— But that on no Account you encroach upon the Mens Prerogative, and presume to drink Healths, or toast Fellows; for prevention of which, I banish all *Foreign Forces*, all Auxiliaries to the *Tea-Table*, as *Orange-Brandy*, all *Annisseed*, *Cinamon*, *Citron* and *Barbado's-Waters*, together with *Ratafia* and the most noble Spirit of *Clarry*. —— But for *Couflip-Wine*, *Poppy-Water*, and all *Dormitives*, those I allow. —— These *Proviso's* admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying Husband.

Milla.

Milla. O horrid *Provisō's*! filthy strong Waters! I toast Fellows, Odious Men! I hate your odious *Provisō's*.

Mira. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your Hand upon the Contract? and here comes one to be a Witness to the Sealing of the Deed.



SCENE VI.

[*To them*] *Mrs. FAINALL.*

Milla. **F***ainall*, what shall I do? Shall I have him? I think I must have him.

Mrs. Fain. Ay, ay, take him, take him, what shou'd you do?

Milla. Well then — I'll take my Death I'm in a horrid Fright — *Fainall*, I shall never say it — Well — I think — I'll endure you.

Mrs. Fain. Fy, fy, have him, have him, and tell him so in plain Terms: For I am sure you have a Mind to him.

Milla. Are you? I think I have — and the horrid Man looks as if he thought so too — Well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you — I won't be kiss'd, nor I won't be thank'd — Here kiss my

Hand tho' — So, hold your Tongue now, don't say a Word.

Mrs. Fain. *Mirabell*, there's a Necessity for your Obedience; — You have neither time to talk nor stay. My Mother is coming; and in my Conscience if she shou'd see you, wou'd fall into Fits, and may be not recover, time enough to return to *Sir Rowland*; who, as *Foible* tells me, is in a fair Way to succeed. Therefore spare your Extacies for another Occasion, and slip down the back Stairs, where *Foible* waits to consult you.

Milla. Ay, go, go. In the mean time I suppose you have said something to please me.

Mira. I am all Obedience.



S C E N E VII.

MILLAMANT, *Mrs. FAIN* ALL.

Mrs. Fain. **Y**onder *Sir Wilfull*'s drunk; and so noisie that my Mother has been forc'd to leave *Sir Rowland* to appease him; but he answers her only with Singing and Drinking — What they may have done by this time I know not; but *Petulant* and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

Milla.

Milla. Well, if *Mirabell* should not make a good Husband, I am a lost thing; — for I find I love him violently.

Mrs. Fain. So it seems; for you mind not what's said to you. — If you doubt him, you had best take up with Sir *Wilfull*.

Milla. How can you name that superannuated Lubber? foh!



S C E N E VIII.

[*To them*] WITWOUND from drinking.

Mrs. Fain. SO, is the Fray made up, that you have left 'em?

Wit. Left 'em? I could stay no longer — I have laugh'd like ten Christnings — I am tipsie with laughing — If I had staid any longer I should have burst, — I must have been let out and piec'd in the Sides like an unsiz'd Camlet — Yes, yes, the Fray is compos'd; my Lady came in like a *Noli prosequi*, and stopt the Proceedings.

Milla. What was the Dispute?

Wit. That's the Jest; there was no Dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for Rage; and so fell a sputt'ring at one another like two roasting Apples.



S C E N E IX.

[*To them*] PETULANT *Drunk.*

Wit. NOW *Petulant*? all's over, all's well? Gad my Head begins to whim it about ——— Why dost thou not speak? thou art both as drunk and as mute as a Fish.

Pet. Look you, *Mrs. Millamant* — if you can love me, dear Nymph — say it — and that's the Conclusion — pass on, or pass off, — that's all.

Wit. Thou hast utter'd *Volumes*, *Folio's*, in less than *Decimo Sexto*, my dear *Lacedemonian*. Sirrah, *Petulant*, thou art an Epitomizer of Words.

Pet. *Witwoud* — You are an Annihilator of Sense.

Wit. Thou art a Retailer of Phrases; and dost deal in Remnants of Remnants, like a Maker of Pincushions — thou art in truth (metaphorically speaking) a Speaker of Short-hand.

Pet. Thou art (without a Figure) just one half of an Afs, and *Baldwin* yonder, thy half Brother, is the rest — A *Gemini*
of

of Asses split, would make just four of you.

Wit. Thou dost bite, my dear Mustard-feed; kifs me for that.

Pet. Stand off — I'll kifs no more Males, — I have kifs'd your *Twin* yonder in a humour of Reconciliation, 'till he (*biccup*) rises upon my Stomach like a Radish.

Milla. Eh! filthy Creature — what was the Quarrel?

Pet. There was no Quarrel — there might have been a Quarrel.

Wit. If there had been Words enow between 'em to have exprefs'd Provocation, they had gone together by the Ears like a pair of Castanets.

Pet. You were the Quarrel.

Milla. Me!

Pet. If I have a Humour to quarrel, I can make less Matters conclude Premises, — If you are not handsom, what then; If I have a Humour to prove it? — If I shall have my Reward, say so; if not, fight for your Face the next time your self — I'll go sleep.

Wit. Do, wrap thy self up like a *Wood-louse*, and dream Revenge — And hear me, if thou canst learn to write by to Morrow Morning, pen me a Challenge — I'll carry it for thee.

Pet. Carry your Mistress's *Monkey* a *Spider*,——go flea Dogs, and read Romances——I'll go to Bed to my Maid.

Mrs. Fain. He's horridly Drunk——how came you all in this Pickle?

Wit. A Plot, a Plot, to get rid of the Knight,——Your Husband's Advice; but he sneak'd off.



S C E N E X.

Si WILFULL *Drunk*, · *Lady* WISHFORT, WITWOUD, MILLAMANT, *Mrs.* FAINALL.

Lady. OUT upon't, out upon't, at Years of Discretion, and comport your self at this Rantipole rate.

Sir Wil. No Offence, Aunt.

Lady. Offence? As I'm a Person, I'm ashamed of you——Fogh! how you stink of Wine! D'ye think my Neice will ever endure such a *Borachio*! you're an absolute *Borachio*.

Sir Wil. *Borachio*!

Lady. At a time when you shou'd commence an Amour, and put your best Foot foremost——

Sir

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, an you grutch me
your Liquor, make a Bill — Give me
more Drink, and take my Purse.

Sings. *Prithee fill me the Glass
'Till it baugh in my Face,
With Ale that is Potent and Mellow;
He that whines for a Lass
Is an ignorant Ass,
For a Bumper has not its Fellow.*

But if you would have me marry my Cou-
fin, — say the Word, and I'll do't —
Wilfull will do't, that's the Word —
Wilfull will do't, that's my Crest — my
Motto I have forgot.

Lady. My Nephew's a little overtaken,
Cousin — but 'tis with drinking your
Health — O' my Word you are oblig'd
to him —

Sir Wil. *In Vino Veritas,* Aunt: —
If I drunk your Health to Day, Cousin,
— I am a *Borachio*. But if you have a
Mind to be marry'd, say the Word, and
send for the Piper, *Wilfull* will do't.
If not, dust it away, and let's have't other
Round — *Tony*, Ods-heart where's *Tony*
— *Tony's* an honest Fellow, but he spits
after a Bumper, and that's a Fault,

Sings. *We'll drink and we'll never ha' done
Boys,
Put the Glass then around with the
Sun Boys,
Let Apollo's Example invite us ;
For he's drunk ev'ry Night,
And that makes him so bright,
That he's able next Morning to light us.*

The Sun's a good Pimple, an honest Soaker, he has a Cellar at your *Antipodes*. If I travel, Aunt, I touch at your *Antipodes*——your *Antipodes* are a good rascally sort of topsie turvy Fellows——If I had a Bumper I'd stand upon my Head and drink a Health to 'em——A Match or no Match, Cousin, with the hard Name——Aunt, *Wilfull* will do't. If she has her Maidenhead let her look to't; if she has not, let her keep her own Counsel in the mean time, and cry out at the Nine Months End.

Milla. Your Pardon, Madam, I can stay no longer——Sir *Wilfull* grows very powerful, Egh! how he smells! I shall be overcome if I stay. Come, Cousin.



SCENE



SCENE XI.

Lady WISHFORT, Sir WILFULL WITWOUND, Mr. WITWOUND, FOIBLE.

Lady. SMELLS! he would poison a Tallow-Chandler and his Family. Beastly Creature, I know not what to do with him.—Travel quoth a; ay travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the *Saracens*, or the *Tartars*, or the *Turks*——for thou art not fit to live in a Christian Commonwealth, thou beastly Pagan.

Sir Wil. *Turks*, no; no *Turks*, Aunt: Your *Turks* are Infidels, and believe not in the Grape. Your *Mahometan*, your *Mussulman* is a dry Stinkard——No Offence, Aunt. My Map says that your *Turk* is not so honest a Man as your Christian——I cannot find by the Map that your *Mufti* is Orthodox——Whereby it is a plain Case, that Orthodox is a hard Word, Aunt, and (*hiccup*) Greek for Claret.

Sings. *To Drink is a Christian Diversion.*
Unknown to the Turk or the Persian:

Let

*Let Mahometan Fools
Live by Heathenish Rules,
And be damn'd over Tea-Cups and
Coffee.*

*But let British Lads sing,
Crown a Health to the King,
And a Fig for your Sultan and Sophy.*

Ah, Tony! [Foible whispers Lady W.

Lady. Sir Rowland impatient? Good lack! what shall I do with this beastly Tumbril? — Go lie down and sleep, you Sot — Or as I'm a Person, I'll have you bastinado'd with Broom-sticks. Call up the Wenches with Broom-sticks.

Sir Wil. Ahey? Wenches, where are the Wenches?

Lady. Dear Cousin Witwoud get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an Affair of moment that invades me with some Precipitation — You will oblige me to all Futurity.

Wit. Come, Knight — Pox on him, I don't know what to say to him — Will you go to a Cock-match?

Sir Wil. With a Wench, Tony? Is she a shake-bag, Sirrah? Let me bite your Cheek for that.

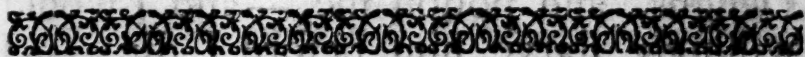
Wit. Horrible! He has a Breath like a Bagpipe — Ay, ay, come will you march, my Salopian?

Sir

Sir *Will*. Lead on, little *Tony* — I'll follow thee my *Anthony*, my *Tantony*, Sirrah thou shalt be my *Tantony*, and I'll by thy *Pig*.

— *And a Fig for your Sultan and Sophy*.

Lady. This will never do. It will never make a Match. — At least before he has been abroad.



SCENE XII.

Lady WISHFORT, WAITWELL disguis'd as for Sir ROWLAND.

Lady. **D**EAR Sir *Rowland*, I am confounded with Confusion at the Retrospection of my own Rudeness, — I have more Pardons to ask than the *Pope* distributes in the Year of *Jubile*. But I hope where there is likely to be so near an Alliance, — we may unbend the Severity of *Decorum* — and dispense with a little Ceremony.

Wait. My Impatience, Madam, is the Effect of my Transport ; — and 'till I have the Possession of your adorable Person, I am tantaliz'd on the Rack ; and do but hang, Madam, on the Tenter of Expectation.

Lady.

Lady. You have Excess of Gallantry, Sir Rowland; and press things to a Conclusion, with a most prevailing Vehemence. — But a Day or two for Decency of Marriage. —

Wait. For Decency of Funeral, Madam. The Delay will break my Heart — or if that should fail, I shall be Poison'd. My Nephew will get an inkling of my Designs, and poison me, — and I would willingly starve him before I die — I would gladly go out of the World with that Satisfaction. — That would be some Comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be reveng'd on that unnatural Viper.

Lady. Is he so unnatural, say you? Truly I would contribute much both to the saving of your Life, and the accomplishment of your Revenge — Not that I respect my self; tho' he has been a perfidious Wretch to me.

Wait. Perfidious to you!

Lady. O Sir Rowland, the Hours that he has dy'd away at my Feet, the Tears that he has shed, the Oaths that he has sworn, the Palpitations that he has felt, the Trances and the Tremblings, the Ardors and the Ecstacies, the Kneelings, and the Risings, the Heart-heavings and the Hand-gripings, the Pangs and the
Pathe-

Pathetick Regards of his protesting Eyes!
Oh no Memory can Register.

Wait. What, my Rival! Is the Rebel
my Rival? a' dies.

Lady. No, don't kill him at once, Sir
Rowland, starve him gradually Inch by
Inch.

Wait. I'll do't. In three Weeks he shall
be bare-foot; in a Month out at Knees
with begging an Alms,—— he shall starve
upward and upward, 'till he has nothing
living but his Head, and then go out in a
Stink like a Candle's End upon a Save-
all.

Lady. Well, Sir *Rowland*, you have
the way,—— You are no Novice in the
Labyrinth of Love—— You have the
Clue—— But as I am a Person, Sir
Rowland, you must not attribute my
yielding to any sinister Appetite, or Indi-
gestion of Widow-hood; nor impute my
Complacency to any Lethargy of Conti-
nence—— I hope you do not think me
prone to any Iteration of Nuptials.——

Wait. Far be it from me——

Lady. If you do, I protest I must re-
cede—— or think that I have made a
Prostitution of Decorums, but in the Ve-
hement of Compassion, and to save the
Life of a Person of so much Impor-
tance——

Wait.

Wait. I esteem it so —

Lady. Or else you wrong my Condescension —

Wait. I do not, I do not —

Lady. Indeed you do.

Wait. I do not, fair Shrine of Virtue.

Lady. If you think the least Scruple of Carnality was an Ingredient —

Wait. Dear Madam, no. You are all *Camphire* and *Frankincense*, all *Chastity* and *Odour*.

Lady. Or that —



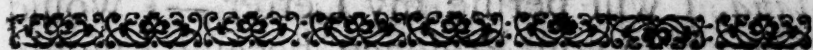
SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] FOIBLE.

Foib. **M**Adam, the Dancers are ready, and there's one with a Letter, who must deliver it into your own Hands.

Lady. Sir *Rowland*, will you give me leave? Think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a Person who would suffer Racks in Honour's Cause, dear Sir *Rowland*, and will wait on you incessantly.

SCENE



SCENE XIV.

WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

Wait. **F**IE, fie! — What a Slavery have I undergone; Spouse, hast thou any *Cordial*, I want *Spirits*.

Foib. What a washy Rogue art thou, to pant thus for a Quarter of an Hours Lying and Swearing to a fine Lady?

Wait. O, she is the Antidote to Desire. Spouse, thou wilt fare the worse for't — I shall have no Appetite to Iteration of Nuptials — this eight and forty Hours — By this Hand I'd rather be a Chair-man in the Dog-days — than act Sir Rowland 'till this time to Morrow.



SCENE XV.

[To them] LADY with a Letter.

Lady. **C**ALL in the Dancers; — Sir Rowland, we'll sit, if you please, and see the Entertainment. [Dance.

Now

Now with your Permission, Sir Rowland, I will peruse my Letter — I would open it in your Presence, because I would not make you uneasy. If it should make you uneasy I would burn it — speak if it does — but you may see, the Superscription is like a Woman's Hand.

Foib. By Heav'n! Mrs. Marwood's, I know it, — my Heart akes — get it from her — [To him.

Wait. A Woman's Hand? No, Madam, that's no Woman's Hand, I see that already. That's some Body whose Throat must be cut.

Lady. Nay, Sir Rowland, since you give me a Proof of your Passion by your Jealousie, I promise you I'll make a Return, by a frank Communication — You shall see it — we'll open it together — look you here.

Reads. — *Madam, though unknown to you, [Look you there, 'tis from no Body that I know.] — I have that Honour for your Character, that I think my self oblig'd to let you know you are abus'd. He who pretends to be Sir Rowland is a Cheat and a Rascal —*

Oh Heav'ns! what's this?

Foib. Unfortunate, all's ruin'd.

Wait. How, how, let me see, let me see — reading, *A Rascal and disguis'd,*
and

and suborn'd for that Imposture,—O Villany! O Villany!—by the Contrivance of—

Lady. I shall faint, I shall die, oh!

Foib. Say 'tis your Nephew's Hand.—
Quickly, his Plot, swear, swear it.—

[*To him.*

Wait. Here's a Villain! Madam, don't you perceive it, don't you see it?

L dy. Too well, too well. I have seen too much.

Wait. I told you at first I knew the Hand — A Woman's Hand? The Rascal writes a sort of a large Hand; your *Roman* Hand — I saw there was a Throat to be cut presently. If he were my Son, as he is my Nephew, I'd pistol him —

Foib. O Treachery! But are you sure, Sir *Rowland*, it is his Writing?

Wait. Sure? Am I here? do I live? do I love this Pearl of *India*? I have twenty Letters in my Pocket from him, in the same Character.

Lady. How!

Foib. O what Luck it is, Sir *Rowland*, that you were present at this Juncture! This was the Business that brought Mr. *Mirabell* disguis'd to Madam *Millamant* this Afternoon. I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me and would have hid his Face.

Lady. How, how! — I heard the Villain was in the House indeed; and now I remember, my Neice went away abruptly, when Sir *Wilfull* was to have made his Addresses.

Foib. Then, then Madam, Mr. *Mirabell* waited for her in her Chamber; but I would not tell your Ladiship to discompose you when you were to receive Sir *Rowland*.

Wait. Enough, his Date is short.

Foib. No, good Sir *Rowland*, don't incur the Law.

Wait. Law! I care not for Law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good Cause — My Lady shall be satisfy'd of my Truth and Innocence, tho' it cost me my Life.

Lady. No, dear Sir *Rowland*, don't fight, if you should be kill'd I must never shew my Face; or hang'd, — O consider my Reputation, Sir *Rowland* — No you shan't fight, — I'll go in and examine my Neice; I'll make her confess. I conjure you Sir *Rowland* by all your Love not to fight.

Wait. I am charm'd Madam, I obey. But some Proof you must let me give you; — I'll go for a black Box, which contains the Writings of my whole Estate, and deliver that into your Hands.

Lady.

Lady. Ay dear Sir Rowland, that will be some Comfort, bring the black Box.

Wait. And may I presume to bring a Contract to be sign'd this Night? May I hope so far?

Lady. Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy Discovery.

Wait. Dead or alive I'll come — and married we will be in spite of Treachery; ay and get an Heir that shall defeat the last remaining Glimpse of Hope in my abandon'd Nephew. Come, my Buxom Widow:

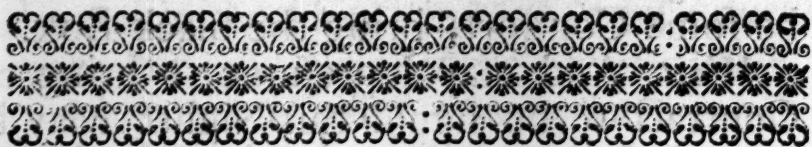
*E'er long you shall substantial Proof
receive*

That I'm an arrant Knight —

Foib. Or arrant Knave.

End of the Fourth Act.





ACT V. SCENE I.

[SCENE *Continues.*]*Lady WISHFORT and FOIBLE.*

LADY.



OUT of my House, out of my House, thou *Viper*, thou *Serpent*, that I have foster'd; thou bosom Traiteurs, that I rais'd from nothing—— Begone, begone, begone, go, go,—— That I took from washing of old Gause and weaving of dead Hair, with a bleak blue Nose, over a Chafing-dish of starv'd Embers, and Dining behind a Traver's Rag, in a Shop no bigger than a Bird-cage, — go, go, starve again, do, do.

Foib. Dear Madam, I'll beg Pardon on my Knees.

Lady. Away, out, out, go set up for your self again—— do, drive a Trade, do, with your Three-penny-worth of small Ware, flaunting upon a Packthread, under

under a Brandy-sellers Bulk, or against a dead Wall by a Ballad-monger. Go, hang out an old *Frisoneer-gorget*, with a Yard of Yellow *Colberteen* again; do; an old gnaw'd Mask, two Rows of Pins and a Child's Fiddle; A Glass Necklace with the Beads broken, and a Quilted Night-cap with one Ear. Go, go, drive a Trade, — These were your Commodities, you treacherous Trull, this was the Merchandize you dealt in, when I took you into my House, plac'd you next my self, and made you Governante of my whole Family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feather'd your Nest?

Foib. No, no, dear Madam. Do but hear me, have but a Moment's Patience — I'll confess all. Mr. *Mirabell* seduc'd me; I am not the first that he has wheedled with his dissembling Tongue; Your Ladiship's own Wisdom has been deluded by him, then how should I, a poor Ignorant, defend my self? O Madam, if you knew but what he promis'd me, and how he assur'd me your Ladiship should come to no Damage — Or else the Wealth of the *Indies* should not have brib'd me to conspire against so Good, so Sweet, so Kind a Lady as you have been to me.

Lady. No Damage? What to betray me, to marry me to a Cast-serving-Man; to make me a Receptacle, an Hospital for a decay'd Pimp? No Damage? O thou frontless Impudence, more than a big-belly'd Actress.

Foib. Pray do but hear me Madam, he could not marry your Ladiship, Madam — No indeed his Marriage was to have been void in Law; for he was marry'd to me first, to secure your Ladiship. He could not have bedded your Ladiship; for if he had consummated with your Ladiship, he must have run the risque of the Law, and been put upon his Clergy — Yes indeed, I enquir'd of the Law in that case before I would meddle or make.

Lady. What, then I have been your Property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it seems, — while you were catering for *Mirabell*; I have been Broaker for you? What, have you made a passive Bawd of me? — this exceeds all Precedent; I am brought to fine Uses, to become a Botcher of second-hand Marriages between *Abigails* and *Andrews*! I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baste you together, you and your *Philander*. I'll *Duke's-Place* you, as I'm a Person. Your Turtle is in Custody already: You shall Coo
in

in the same Cage, if there be Constable or Warrant in the Parish.

Foib. O that ever I was born, O that I was ever marry'd, — a Bride, ay I shall be a *Bridewell*-Bride. Oh!



SCENE II.

Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

Mrs. Fain. **P**OOOR *Foible*, what's the matter?

Foib. O Madam, my Lady's gone for a Constable; I shall be had to a Justice, and put to *Bridewell* to beat Hemp; poor *Waitwell*'s gone to Prison already.

Mrs. Fain. Have a good Heart, *Foible*, *Mirabell*'s gone to give Security for him. This is all *Marwood*'s and my Husband's doing.

Foib. Yes, yes; I know it, Madam; she was in my Lady's Closet, and overheard all that you said to me before Dinner. She sent the Letter to my Lady; and that missing Effect, Mr. *Fainall* laid this Plot to arrest *Waitwell*, when he pretended to go for the Papers; and in the mean time Mrs. *Marwood* declar'd all to my Lady.

Q 4

Mrs.

Mrs. Fain. Was there no Mention made of me in the Letter? — My Mother does not suspect my being in the Confederacy? I fancy *Marwood* has not told her, tho' she has told my Husband.

Foib. Yes, Madam; but my Lady did not see that Part: We stifled the Letter before she read so far. Has that mischievous Devil told Mr. *Fainall* of your Ladiship then?

Mrs. Fain. Ay, all's out, my Affair with *Mirabell*, every thing discover'd. This is the last Day of our living together, that's my Comfort.

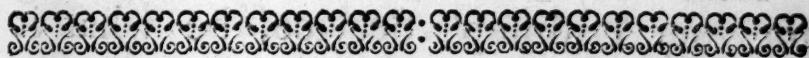
Foib. Indeed Madam, and so 'tis a Comfort if you knew all, — he has been even with your Ladiship; which I cou'd have told you long enough since, but I love to keep Peace and Quietness by my good Will: I had rather bring Friends together, than set 'em at Distance. But Mrs. *Marwood* and he are nearer related than ever their Parents thought for.

Mrs. Fain. Say'st thou so, *Foible*? Canst thou prove this?

Foib. I can take my Oath of it, Madam, so can Mrs. *Mincing*; we have had many a fair Word from Madam *Marwood*, to conceal something that passed in our Chamber one Evening when you were at *Hide-Park*; — and we were thought to have

have gone a Walking: But we went up unawares,——tho' we were sworn to Secresie too; Madam *Marwood* took a Book and swore us upon it: But it was but a Book of Poems,—— So long as it was not a Bible-Oath, we may break it with a safe Conscience.

Mrs. *Fain*. This Discovery is the most opportune Thing I cou'd wish. Now *Mincing*?



S C E N E III.

[To them] MINCING.

Minc. MY Lady wou'd speak with Mrs. *Foible*, *Mem.* Mr. *Mirabell* is with her; he has set your Spouse at liberty, Mrs. *Foible*, and wou'd have you hide your self in my Lady's Closet, 'till my old Lady's Anger is abated. O, my old Lady is in a perilous Passion, at something Mr. *Fainall* has said; he swears, and my old Lady cries. There's a fearful Hurricane I vow. He says *Mem*, how that he'll have my Lady's Fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorc'd.

Mrs. *Fain*. Does your Lady or *Mirabell* know that?

Minc.

Minc. Yes *Mem*, they have sent me to see if Sir *Wilfull* be sober, and to bring him to them. My Lady is resolved to have him I think, rather than lose such a vast Sum as Six Thousand Pound. O, come Mrs. *Foible*, I hear my old Lady.

Mrs. Fain. *Foible*, you must tell *Mincing*, that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

Foib. Yes, yes, Madam.

Minc. O yes *Mem*, I'll vouch any thing for your Ladiship's Service, be what it will.



SCENE IV.

*Mrs. FAINALL, Lady WISHFORT,
MARWOOD.*

Lady. O My dear Friend, how can I enumerate the Benefits that I have receiv'd from your Goodness? To you I owe the timely Discovery of the false Vows of *Mirabell*; to you I owe the Detection of the Impostor Sir *Rowland*. And now you are become an Intercessor with my Son-in-Law, to save the Honour of my House, and compound for the Frailties of my Daughter. Well Friend, You are enough

enough to reconcile me to the bad World, or else I would retire to Desarts and Solitudes; and feed harmless Sheep by Groves and purling Streams. Dear *Marwood*, let us leave the World, and retire by ourselves and be Shepherdesses.

Mrs. Mar. Let us first dispatch the Affair in Hand, Madam. We shall have Leisure to think of Retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concerned in the Treaty.

Lady. O Daughter, Daughter, is it possible thou should'st be my Child, Bone of my Bone, and Flesh of my Flesh, and as I may say, another Me, and yet transgress the most minute Particle of severe Virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to Iniquity, who have been cast in the direct Mold of Virtue? I have not only been a Mold but a Pattern for you, and a Model for you, after you were brought into the World.

Mrs. Fain. I don't understand your Ladyship.

Lady. Not understand? Why have you not been Naught? Have you not been Sophisticated? Not understand? Here I am ruin'd to compound for your *Caprices* and your *Cuckoldoms*. I must pawn my Plate and my Jewels, and ruin my Neice, and all little enough —

Mrs.

Mrs. Fain. I am wrong'd and abus'd, and so are you. 'Tis a false Accusation, as false as Hell, as false as your Friend there, ay or your Friend's Friend, my false Husband.

Mrs. Mar. My Friend, *Mrs. Fainall*? Your Husband my Friend, what do you mean?

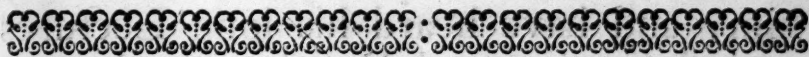
Mrs. Fain. I know what I mean, Madam, and so do you; and so shall the World at a Time convenient.

Mrs. Mar. I am sorry to see you so passionate, Madam. More Temper would look more like Innocence. But I have done. I am sorry my Zeal to serve your Ladiship and Family, should admit of Misconstruction, or make me liable to Affronts. You will pardon me, Madam, if I meddle no more with an Affair, in which I am not personally concern'd.

Lady. O dear Friend, I am so asham'd that you should meet with such Returns; — You ought to ask Pardon on your Knees, ungrateful Creature; she deserves more from you, than all your Life can accomplish — O don't leave me destitute in this Perplexity; — No, stick to me, my good Genius.

Mrs. Fain. I tell you, Madam, you're abus'd — Stick to you? ay, like a Leach, to suck your best Blood — she'll drop
off

off when she's full. Madam, you shan't pawn a Bodkin, nor part with a Brass Counter, in Composition for me. I defie 'em all. Let 'em prove their Aspersions: I know my own Innocence, and dare stand a Trial.



SCENE V.

Lady WISHFORT, MARWOOD.

Lady. **W**HY, if she should be innocent, if she should be wrong'd after all, ha? I don't know what to think, — and I promise you, her Education has been unexceptionable — I may say it; for I chiefly made it my own Care to initiate her very Infancy in the Rudiments of Virtue, and to impress upon her tender Years a young Odium and Aversion to the very Sight of Men, — ay Friend, she would ha' shriek'd if she had but seen a Man, 'till she was in her Teens. As I'm a Person 'tis true — She was never suffer'd to play with a Male-Child, tho' but in Coats; Nay her very Babies were of the *Feminine Gender*, — O, she never look'd a Man in the Face but her own Father, or the Chaplain, and him we made a shift to put upon her for a Woman,

Woman, by the help of his long Garments, and his sleek Face; 'till she was going in her Fifteen.

Mrs. Mar. 'Twas much she should be deceiv'd so long.

Lady. I warrant you, or she would never have born to have been catechiz'd by him; and have heard his long Lectures against Singing and Dancing, and such Debaucheries; and going to filthy Plays; and prophane Musick-meetings, where the lewd Trebles squeek nothing but Bawdy, and the Bases roar Blasphemy. O, she would have swoon'd at the Sight or Name of an obscene Play-Book — and can I think after all this, that my Daughter can be Naught? What, a Whore? And thought it Excommunication to set her Foot within the Door of a Play-house. O dear Friend, I can't believe it, no, no; as she says, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mrs. Mar. Prove it, Madam? What, and have your Name prostituted in a publick Court; yours and your Daughter's Reputation worry'd at the Bar by a Pack of bawling Lawyers? To be usher'd in with an *O Yes* of Scandal; and have your Case open'd by an old fumbling Leacher in a Quoif like a Man Midwife, to bring your

your Daughter's Infamy to Light; to be a Theme for legal Pundlers, and Quiblers by the Statute; and become a Jest, against a Rule of Court, where there is no Precedent for a Jest in any Record; not even in *Dooms-day-Book*: To discompose the Gravity of the Bench, and provoke naughty Interrogatories in more naughty Law *Latin*; while the good Judge, tickl'd with the Proceeding, simpers under a Grey Beard, and fies off and on his Cushion as if he had swallow'd *Cantharides*, or sate upon *Cow-Itch*.

Lady. O, 'tis very hard!

Mrs. Mar. And then to have my young Revellers of the *Temple* take Notes, like Prentices at a Conventicle; and after talk it over again in Commons, or before Drawers in an Eating-House.

Lady. Worse and worse.

Mrs. Mar. Nay this is nothing; if it would end here 'twere well. But it must after this be consign'd by the Short-hand Writers to the publick Press; and from thence be transferr'd to the Hands nay into the Throats and Lungs of Hawkers, with Voices more licentious than the loud Flounder-man's: And this you must hear 'till you are stunn'd; nay, you must hear nothing else for some Days.

Lady.

Lady. O, 'tis insupportable. No, no, dear Friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll Compound. I'll give up all, my self and my all, my Neice and her all — any thing, every thing for Composition.

Mrs. Mar. Nay, Madam, I advise nothing, I only lay before you, as a Friend, the Inconveniencies which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. *Fainall*, if he will be satisfy'd to huddle up all in Silence, I shall be glad. You must think I would rather Congratulate than Con-
dole with you.



S C E N E VI.

F A I N A L L, Lady W I S H F O R T,
Mrs. M A R W O O D.

Lady. AY, ay, I do not doubt it, dear *Marwood*: No, no, I do not doubt it.

Fain. Well, Madam; I have suffer'd my self to be overcome by the Importunity of this Lady your Friend; and am content you shall enjoy your own proper Estate during Life; on Condition you
oblige

oblige your self never to marry, under such Penalty as I think convenient.

Lady. Never to marry?

Fain. No more Sir *Rowlands*; — the next Imposture may not be so timely detected.

Mrs. Mar. That Condition, I dare answer, my Lady will consent to, without Difficulty; she has already but too much experienc'd the Perfidiousness of Men. Besides, Madam, when we retire to our Pastoral Solitude we shall bid adieu to all other Thoughts.

Lady. Ay, that's true; but in case of Necessity; as of Health, or some such Emergency —

Fain. O, if you are prescrib'd Marriage, you shall be consider'd; I will only reserve to my self the Power to chuse for you. If your Physick be wholesome, it matters not who is your Apothecary. Next, my Wife shall settle on me the Remainder of her Fortune, not made over already; and for her Maintenance depend entirely on my Discretion.

Lady. This is most inhumanly savage; exceeding the Barbarity of a *Muscovite* Husband.

Fain. I learn'd it from his *Czarish* Majesty's Retinue, in a Winter Evening's Conference over Brandy and Pepper, a-

mongst other Secrets of Matrimony and Policy, as they are at present practis'd in the Northern Hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, I will be endow'd, in right of my Wife, with that six thousand Pound, which is the Moiety of Mrs. Millamant's Fortune in your Possession; and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last Will and Testament of your deceas'd Husband, Sir Jonathan Witsfort) by her Disobedience in Contracting her self against your Consent or Knowledge; and by refusing the offer'd Match with Sir Wilfull Witwoud, which you, like a careful Aunt, had provided for her.

Lady. My Nephew was *non Compos*; and could not make his Addressee.

Fain. I come to make Demands——
I'll hear no Objections.

Lady. You will grant me Time to consider?

Fain. Yes, while the Instrument is drawing, to which you must set your Hand 'till more sufficient Deeds can be perfected: which I will take Care shall be done with all possible speed. In the mean while I will go for the said Instrument, and 'till my Return you may ballance this Matter in your own Discretion.

SCENE



SCENE VII.

Lady WISHFORT, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Lady. **T**HIS Insolence is beyond all Precedent, all Parallel; must I be subject to this merciless Villain?

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis severe indeed, Madam; that you shou'd smart for your Daughter's Wantonness.

Lady. 'Twas against my Consent that she marry'd this Barbarian; but she wou'd have him, tho' her Year was not out. — Ah! her first Husband; my Son *Languish*, wou'd not have carry'd it thus. Well; that was my Choice, this is hers; she is match'd now with a Witness — I shall be mad, dear Friend, is there no Comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated at this Rebel-rate? — Here come two more of my *Egyptian* Plagues too.



R 2

SCENE



S C E N E VIII.

[*To them*] MILLAMANT, *Sir WILFULL.*

Sir Wil. AUNT, your Servant.

Lady. Out *Caterpillar*, call not me Aunt; I know thee not.

Sir Wil. I confess I have been a little in Disguise, as they say, — 'Sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What wou'd you have? I hope I committed no Offence, Aunt — and if I did I am willing to make Satisfaction; and what can a Man say fairer? If I have broke any thing I'll pay for't, an it cost a Pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more Words. For what's to come, to pleasure you I'm willing to marry my Cousin. So pray let's all be Friends, she and I are agreed upon the Matter before a Witness.

Lady. How's this, dear Neice? Have I any Comfort? Can this be true?

Milla. I am content to be a Sacrifice to your Repose, Madam; and to convince you that I had no Hand in the Plot, as you were misinform'd, I have laid my Commands on *Mirabell* to come in Person, and be a Witness that I give my Hand to this Flower of *Knighthood*; and
for

for the Contract that pass'd between *Mirabell* and me, I have oblig'd him to make a Resignation of it in your Ladyship's Presence; — He is without, and waits your leave for Admittance.

Lady. Well, I'll swear I am something reviv'd at this Testimony of your Obedience; but I cannot admit that Traitor, — I fear I cannot fortifie my self to support his Appearance. He is as terrible to me as a *Gorgon*; if I see him I fear I shall turn to Stone, petrifie incessantly.

Milla. If you disoblige him he may resent your Refusal, and insist upon the Contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will be offensive to you.

Lady. Are you sure it will be the last time? — If I were sure of that — shall I never see him again?

Milla. Sir *Wilfull*, you and he are to Travel together, are you not?

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart the Gentleman's a civil Gentleman, Aunt, let him come in; why we are sworn Brothers and Fellow-Travellers. — We are to be *Pylades* and *Orestes*, he and I — He is to be my Interpreter in Foreign Parts. He has been Over-seas once already; and with *proviso* that I marry my Cousin, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me Company. — 'Sheart, I'll call him in, — an I set on't

once, he shall come in; and see who'll hinder him. [*Goes to the Door and hears.*]

Mrs. Mar. This is precious Fooling, if it wou'd pass; but I'll know the Bottom of it.

Lady. O dear *Marwood*, you are not going?

Mar. Not far, Madam; I'll return immediately.



S C E N E VIII.

Lady WISHFORT, MILLAMANT, *Sir* WILFULL, MIRABELL.

Sir Wil. LOOK up, Man, I'll stand by you, 'sbud an she do frown, she can't kill you; — Besides — harkee she dare not frown desperately, because her Face is none of her own; 'Sheart, and she shou'd her Forehead wou'd wrinkle like the Coat of a Cream-cheese; but mum for that, Fellow-Traveller.

Mira. If a deep Sense of the many Injuries I have offer'd to so good a Lady, with a sincere Remorse, and a hearty Contrition, can but obtain the least Glance of Compassion, I am too happy, — Ah Madam, there was a time — But let it be

be forgotten — I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high Place I once held, of sitting at your Feet; nay kill me not, by turning from me in Disdain — I come not to plead for Favour; — Nay not for Pardon; I am a Suppliant only for Pity — I am going where I never shall behold you more —

Sir Wil. How, Fellow-Traveller! — You shall go by your self then.

Mira. Let me be pitied first; and afterwards forgotten — I ask no more.

Sir Wil. By'r Lady a very reasonable Request, and will cost you nothing, Aunt, — Come, come, forgive and forget Aunt, why you must an you are a Christian.

Mira. Consider Madam, in reality, you cou'd not receive much Prejudice; it was an innocent Device; tho' I confess it had a Face of Guiltiness, — it was at most an Artifice which Love contriv'd — And Errors which Love produces have ever been accounted *Venial*. At least think it is Punishment enough, that I have lost what in my Heart I hold most dear, that to your cruel Indignation, I have offer'd up this Beauty, and with her my Peace and Quiet; nay all my Hopes of future Comfort.

Sir Wil. An he does not move me, wou'd I may never be *O' the Quorum*, —

An it were not as good a Deed as to drink, to give her to him again, — I wou'd I might never take Shipping — Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly ; I shall melt, I can tell you that. My Contract went no farther than a little Mouth-Glew, and that's hardly dry ; — One doleful Sigh more from my Fellow-Traveller and 'tis dissolv'd.

Lady. Well Nephew, upon your Account — Ah, he has a false insinuating Tongue — Well Sir, I will stifle my just Resentment at my Nephew's Request. — I will endeavour what I can to forget, — but on *proviso* that you resign the Contract with my Neice immediately.

Mira. It is in Writing and with Papers of Concern ; but I have sent my Servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all Acknowledgments for your transcendent Goodness.

Lady. Oh, he has Witchcraft in his Eyes and Tongue ; — When I did not see him I cou'd have brib'd a Villain to his Assassination ; but his Appearance rakes the Embers which have so long lain smother'd in my Breast. — [*Aside.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

[To them] FAINALL, Mrs. MARWOOD.

Fain. YOUR Date of Deliberation, Madam, is expir'd. Here is the Instrument, are you prepar'd to sign?

Lady. If I were prepar'd, I am not empower'd. My Neice exerts a lawful Claim, having match'd her self by my Direction to Sir Wilfull.

Fain. That Sham is too gross to pass on me — tho' 'tis impos'd on you, Madam.

Milla. Sir, I have given my Consent.

Mira. And, Sir, I have resign'd my Pretensions.

Sir Wil. And, Sir, I assert my Right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, Sir, and of your Instrument. S'heart an you talk of an Instrument Sir, I have an old Fox by my Thigh shall hack your Instrument of *Ram Vellam* to Shreds, Sir. It shall not be sufficient for a *Mittimus* or a Tailor's Measure; therefore withdraw your Instrument Sir, or by'r Lady I shall draw mine.

Lady. Hold, Nephew, hold.

Milla.

Milla. Good Sir *Wilfull* respite your Valour.

Fain. Indeed? Are you provided of your Guard, with your single Beef-eater there? But I'm prepared for you; and insist upon my first Proposal. You shall submit your own Estate to my Management, and absolutely make over my Wife's to my sole use; as pursuant to the Purport and Tenor of this other Covenant. — I suppose, Madam, your Consent is not requisite in this Case; nor, Mr. *Mirabell*, your Resignation; nor, Sir *Wilfull*, your Right — You may draw your Fox if you please Sir, and make a *Bear-Garden* flourish somewhere else: For here it will not avail. This, my Lady *Wishfort*, must be subscrib'd, or your Darling Daughter's turn'd a-drift, like a leaky Hulk to sink or swim, as she and the Current of this lewd Town can agree.

Lady. Is there no Means, no Remedy, to stop my Ruin? Ungrateful Wretch! dost thou not owe thy Being, thy Substance to my Daughter's Fortune?

Fain. I'll answer you when I have the rest of it in my Possession.

Mira. But that you wou'd not accept of a Remedy from my Hands — I own I have not deserv'd you shou'd owe any Obligation to me; or else perhaps I cou'd devise, —

Lady.

Lady. O what? what? to save me and my Child from Ruin, from Want, I'll forgive all that's past; nay I'll consent to any Thing to come, to be deliver'd from this Tyranny.

Mira. Ay Madam; but that is too late, my Reward is intercepted. You have dispos'd of her, who only cou'd have made me a Compensation for all my Services; — But be it as it may, I am resolv'd I'll serve you, you shall not be wrong'd in this Savage manner.

Lady. How! Dear Mr. *Mirabell*, can you be so generous at last! But it is not possible. Harkee, I'll break my Nephew's Match, you shall have my Neice yet, and all her Fortune; if you can but save me from this imminent Danger.

Mira. Will you? I take you at your Word. I ask no more. I must have leave for two Criminals to appear.

Lady. Ay, ay, anybody, any body.

Mira. *Feible* is one, and a Penitent.



SCENE



S C E N E X.

[*To them*] Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE,
MINCING.

Mrs. Mar. O My Shame! { *Mira and La-*
these cor- { *dy go to Mrs.*
rupt things are brought { *Fain. and Foib.*
hither to expose me. [To Fain.

Fain. If it must all come out, why let
let 'em know it, 'tis but the *Way of the*
World. That shall not urge me to relin-
quish or abate one Title of my Terms,
no, I will insist the more.

Foib. Yes indeed Madam, I'll take my
Bible-bath of it.

Minc. And so will I *Mem.*

Lady. O *Marwood*, *Marwood*, art thou
false? my Friend deceive me? Hast thou
been a wicked Accomplice with that pro-
fligate Man?

Mrs. Mar. Have you so much Ingrati-
tude and Injustice, to give Credit against
your Friend, to the Aspersions of Two
such mercenary Truls?

Minc. Mercenary, *Mem*? I scorn your
Words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr.
Fainall in the blue Garret; by the same
Token,

Token, you swore us to Secresie upon *Messalinas's* Poems. Mercenary? No, if we wou'd have been Mercenary, we shou'd have held our Tongues; you wou'd have brib'd us sufficiently.

Fain. Go, you are an insignificant Thing. — Well, what are you the better for this! Is this Mr. *Mirabell's* Expedient? I'll be put off no longer — You, Thing, that was a Wife, shall smart for this. I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy Shame: Your Body shall be Naked as your Reputation.

Mrs. Fain. I despise you, and desie your Malice — You have aspers'd me wrongfully — I have prov'd your Falseness — Go you and your treacherous — I will not name it, but starve together — Perish.

Fain. Not while you are worth a Groat, indeed my Dear. Madam, I'll be fool'd no longer.

Lady. Ah Mr. *Mirabell*, this is small Comfort, the Detection of this Affair.

Mira. O in good time — Your leave for the other Offender and Penitent to appear, Madam.

SCENE



S C E N E XI.

[*To them*] WAITWELL *with a Box of Writings.*

Lady. O Sir Rowland——Well, Rascal. *Wait.* What your Ladiship pleases.——I have brought the Black-Box at last, Madam.

Mira. Give it me. Madam, you remember your Promise.

Lady. Ay, dear Sir.

Mira. Where are the Gentlemen?

Wait. At hand Sir, rubbing their Eyes,——just risen from Sleep.

Fain. S'death what's this to me? I'll not wait your private Concerns:



S C E N E XII.

[*To them*] PETULANT, WITWOOD.

Pet. HOW now? what's the matter? who's Hand's out?

Wit. Hey day! what are you all got together, like Players at the End of the last Act?

Mira.

Mira. You may remember, Gentlemen, I once requested your Hands as Witnesses to a certain Parchment.

Wit. Ay I do, my Hand I remember —
Petulant set his Mark.

Mira. You wrong him, his Name is fairly written, as shall appear — You do not remember, Gentlemen, any thing of what that Parchment contained

[*Undoing the Box.*

Wit. No.

Pet. Not I. I writ, I read nothing.

Mira. Very well, now you shall know — Madam, your Promise.

Lady. Ay, ay, Sir, upon my Honour.

Mira. Mr. *Fainall*, it is now Time that you shou'd know, that your Lady, while she was at her own Disposol, and before you had by your Insinuations wheadl'd her out of a pretended Settlement of the greatest Part of her Fortune —

Fain. Sir! pretended!

Mira. Yes, Sir. I say that this Lady while a Widow, having it seems receiv'd some Cautions respecting your Inconstancy and Tyranny of Temper, which from her own partial Opinion and Fondness of you she cou'd never have suspected — she did, I say, by the wholesome Advice of Friends and of Sages learn'd in the Laws of this Land, deliver this same as
her

her Act and Deed to me in Trust, and to the Uses within mention'd. You may read if you please—[*Holding out the Parchment.*] tho' perhaps what is written on the Back may serve your Occasions.

Fain. Very likely, Sir. What's here? Damnation?

[*Reads.*] *A Deed of Conveyance of the whole Estate real of Arabella Languish, Widow, in Trust to Edward Mirabell.*

Confusion!

Mira. Even so, Sir, 'tis *the Way of the World*, Sir; of the Widows of the World. I suppose this Deed may bear an elder Date than what you have obtain'd from your Lady.

Fain. Perfidious Friend! then thus I'll be reveng'd.— [*Offers to run at Mrs. Fain.*

Sir Will. Hold, Sir, now you may make your *Bear-Garden* Flourish somewhere else, Sir.

Fain. *Mirabell*, you shall hear of this, Sir, be sure you shall. ——— Let me pass, Oaf.

Mrs. Fain. Madam, you seem to stifle your Resentment: You had better give it Vent.

Mrs. Mar. Yes, it shall have Vent ——— and to your Confusion, or I'll perish in the Attempt.

SCENE



SCENE *the Last.*

Lady WISFORT, MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, *Mrs.* FAINALL, *Sir* WILFULL, PETULANT, WITWOUND, FOIBLE, MINCING, WAITWELL.

Lady. O Daughter, Daughter, 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy Mother's Prudence.

Mrs. Fain. Thank Mr. *Mirabell*, a cautious Friend, to whose Advice all is owing.

Lady. Well Mr. *Mirabell*, you have kept your Promise——and I must perform mine.——First I pardon for your sake *Sir Rowland* there and *Foible*——The next thing is to break the Matter to my Nephew——and how to do that——

Mira. For that, Madam, give your self no Trouble,——let me have your Consent——*Sir Wilfull* is my Friend; he has had Compassion upon Lovers, and generously engag'd a Volunteer in this Action, for our Service; and now designs to prosecute his Travels.

Sir Will. 'Sheart, Aunt, I have no mind to marry. My Cousin's a fine Lady, and

the Gentleman loves her, and she loves him, and they deserve one another; my Resolution is to see Foreign Parts — I have set on't — and when I'm set on't, I must do't. And if these two Gentlemen wou'd travel too, I think they may be spar'd.

Pet. For my part, I say little — I think things are best off or on.

Wit. I gad I understand nothing of the matter, — I'm in a Maze yet, like a Dog in a Dancing-School.

Lady. Well Sir, take her, and with her all the Joy I can give you.

Milla. Why does not the Man take me? Wou'd you have me give my self to you over again?

Mira. Ay, and over and over again;
[*Kisses her Hand.*]

I wou'd have you as often as possibly I can. Well, Heav'n grant I love you not too well, that's all my Fear.

Sir Wil. 'Sheart you'll have time enough to toy after you're marry'd; or if you will toy now, let us have a Dance in the mean time; that we who are not Lovers may have some other Employment, besides looking on.

Mira. With all my Heart, dear Sir *Wil-*
full. What shall we do for Musick?

Exib.

Foib. O Sir, some that were provided for Sir Rowland's Entertainment are yet within Call. [*A Dance.*]

Lady. As I am a Person I can hold out no longer; — I have wasted my Spirits so to Day already, that I am ready to sink under the Fatigue; and I cannot but have some Fears upon me yet, that my Son *Fainall* will pursue some desperate Course.

Mira. Madam, disquiet not your self on that account; to my Knowledge his Circumstances are such, he must of Force comply. For my part I will contribute all that in me lyes to a Reunion: In the mean-time, Madam, [*To Mrs. Fain.*] let me before these Witnesses restore to you this Deed of Trust; it may be a Means, well manag'd, to make you live easily together.

From hence let those be warn'd, who mean to wed;

Lest mutual Falshood stain the Bridal-Bed:

For each Deceiver to his Cost may find,

That Marriage Frauds too oft are paid in kind.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

After our Epilogue this Crowd dismisses,
I'm thinking how this Play'll be pull'd to
But pray consider, e'er you doom its Fall, [Pieces.
How hard a thing 'twou'd be, to please you all.
There are some Criticks so with Spleen diseas'd,
They scarcely come inclining to be Pleas'd:
And sure he must have more than mortal Skill;
Who pleases any one against his Will.
Then, all bad Poets we are sure are Foes,
And how their Number's swell'd the Town well knows:
In shoals, I've mark'd 'em judging in the Pit; }
Tho' they're on no Pretence for Judgment fit, }
But that they have been Damn'd for Want of Wit. }
Since when, they by their own Offences taught,
Set up for Spies on Plays, and finding Fault.
Others there are whose Malice we'd prevent; }
Such, who watch Plays, with scurrilous Intent }
To mark out who by Characters are meant.

And

EPILOGUE.

*And tho' no perfect Likeness they can trace;
 Yet each pretends to know the Copy'd Face.
 These, with false Glosses feed their own Ill-nature,
 And turn to Libel, what was meant a Satire.
 May such malicious Fops this Fortune find,
 To think themselves alone the Fools design'd:
 If any are so arrogantly Vain,
 To think they singly can support a Scene,
 And furnish Fool enough to entertain.
 For well the Learn'd and the Judicious know,
 That Satire scorns to stoop so meanly low,
 As any one abstracted Fop to show.
 For, as when Painters form a matchless Face,
 They from each Fair one catch some diff'rent Grace;
 And shining Features in one Portrait blend,
 To which no single Beauty must pretend:
 So Poets oft, do in one Piece expose
 Whole Belles Assemblées of Cocquets and Beaux.*



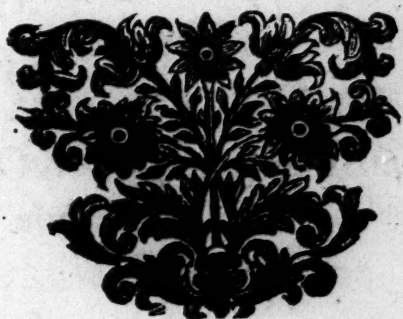
W P I L O G U E

And this no perfect likeness they can have;
The same person to show the Copy of Face.
The same of the Copy of Face and of the same;
And thus to Label, what our words a name.
May such another I oppose to Label, and
To think that I am alone the same of you.
If any are so arrogant, I am
To think they might, and I am not.
And for the Book, which is written in
For the Book, which is written in
That the Book, which is written in
As was our subject of the same of you.
For, as when I am in the same of you,
They are in the same of you, and I am not.
And for the Book, which is written in
To which no single Book, which is written in
So far off, as in the same of you,
Which is the same of you, and I am not.

THE
23

THE
J U D G M E N T
O F
P A R I S :
A
M A S Q U E.

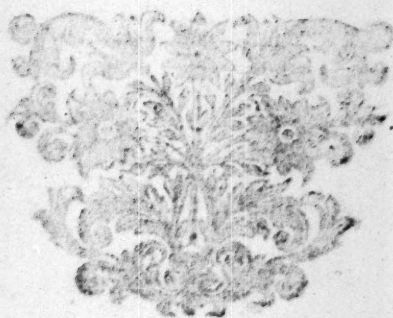
— *Vincis utramque Venus.* Ov. Art. Am. L. I.



Printed in the YEAR 1710.

THE
JUDGMENT
OF
PARKES
A
MASSQUE

Printed by Wm. Woodcock, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.



Printed in the Year 1710



THE
Judgment of *Paris*.

The SCENE is a Landskip of a beautiful Pasture supposed on Mount Ida. The Shepherd Paris is seen seated under a Tree, and playing on his Pipe; his Crook and Scrip, &c. lying by him. While a Symphony is playing, Mercury descends with his Caduceus in one Hand, and an Apple of Gold in the other: After the Symphony he sings.

M E R C U R Y.



FROM high Olympus, and the Realms
above,

Behold I come the Messenger of
Jove;

His dread Commands I bear,
Shepherd arise and hear;

Arise;

Arise, and leave a while thy Rural Care:
 Forbear thy Woolly Flock to feed,
 And lay aside thy tuneful Reed;

For thou to greater Honours art decreed.

P A R I S.

O *Hermes*; I thy Godhead know,
 By thy winged Heels and Head.
 By thy Rod that wakes the Dead,
 And guides the Shades below.

Say wherefore dost thou seek this humble Plain,
 To greet a lowly Swain?

What does the mighty Thunderer Ordain?

M E R C U R I.

This Radiant Fruit behold,
 More bright than burnish'd Gold;
 Three Goddesses for this Contend:

See now they descend,
 And this way they bend.

Shepherd take the Golden Prize,
 Yield it to the brightest Eyes:

(*Juno, Pallas, and Venus, are seen at a distance
 descending in several Machints.*)

P A R I S.

O Ravishing Delight!

What Mortal can support the Sight?

Alas too weak is Human Brain,
 So much Rapture to sustain.

I faint, I fall, O take me hence,
E'er Ecstasie invades my aking Sense:

Help me *Hermes* or I die,
Save me from Excess of Joy.

M E R C U R Y.

Fear not Mortal, none shall harm thee,
With my Sacred Rod I'll Charm thee;
Freely gaze and view all over,
Thou may'st ev'ry Grace discover.

Though a thousand Darts fly round thee,
Fear not Mortal, none shall wound thee.

<i>In two</i>	{	Happy thou of Human Race, [Place.
<i>Parts.</i>		Gods with thee would change their
<i>Paris.</i>		With no God I'd change my Place,
		Happy I of Human Race.

[Mercury ascends.

*While a Symphony is playing, Juno descends from
her Machine, after the Symphony she sings.*

J U N O.

Saturnia, Wife of Thundring Jove, am I,
Belov'd by him, and Empress of the Sky;
Shepherd fix on me thy wondring Sight,
Beware, and view me well, and judge aright.

(Symphony for Pallas.)

P A L L A S.

This way Mortal bend thy Eyes,
Pallas claims the golden Prize;

A Virgin Goddess free from Stain,
And Queen of Arts and Arms I Reign.

(Symphony for Venus.)

V E N U S.

Hither turn thee gentle Swain,
Let not *Venus* sue in vain;
Venus rules the Gods above,
Love rules them, and she rules Love.

Hither turn thee gentle Swain,

P A L L A S.

Hither turn to me again.

J U N O.

Turn to me, for I am she.

A L L T H R E E.

To me, to me, for I am she.

V E N U S.

Hither turn thee Gentle Swain.

J U N O and *P A L L A S.*

She will deceive thee.

V E N U S.

They will deceive thee, I'll never leave thee.

Chorus of { Hither turn to me again,
all three. { To me, to me, for I am she;
 { Hither turn thee, Gentle Swain.

P A R I S.

P A R I S.

I.

Distracted I turn; but I cannot decide;
So equal a Title sure never was try'd.
United, your Beauties so dazzle the Sight,
That lost in Amaze,
I giddily gaze,
Confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a Torrent of Light.

II.

Apart let me view then each Heav'nly Fair,
For Three at a time there's no Mortal can bear;
And since a gay Robe an ill Shape may disguise,
When each is undrest
I'll judge of the best,
For 'tis not a Face that must carry the Prize.

FINO Sings alone.

I.

Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to Reign,
Not to follow Flocks design'd,
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

II.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread,
Joys in Circles Joys shall meet,
Which way e'er thy Fancy's lead.

III. Let

III.

Let not Toils of Empire fright,
 Toils of Empire Pleasures are;
 Thou shalt only know Delight,
 All the Joy, but not the Care.

IV.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
 For the Blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,
 Happy thou shalt Reign below.

CHORUS.

*Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
 Thou wert born o'er Men to Reign,
 Not to follow Flocks design'd,
 Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.*

PALLAS Sings alone.

I.

Awake, awake, thy Spirits raise,
 Waste not thus thy youthful Days,
 Piping, Toying,
 Nymphs decoying,
 Lost in wanton and inglorious Ease.

II.

Hark, Hark! the glorious Voice of War
 Calls aloud, for Arms prepare:

Drums

Drums are beating,
Rocks repeating,
Martial Musick charms the joyful Air.

(Symphony.)

P A L L A S Sings.

O what Joys does Conquest yield!
When returning from the Field,
Oh how glorious 'tis to see
The Godlike Hero crown'd with Victory!
Lawrel Wreaths his Head surrounding,
Banners waving in the Wind;
Fame her golden Trumpet sounding,
Every Voice in Chorus join'd.
To me, kind Swain, the Prize resign,
And Fame and Conquest shall be thine.

C H O R U S.

*O how glorious 'tis to see
The Godlike Hero crown'd with Victory!*

(Symphony.)

V E N U S Sings alone.

Stay lovely Youth, delay thy Choice,
Take heed lest empty Names enthrall thee,
Attend to *Cytherea's* Voice;
Lo! I who am Love's Mother call thee.

Far

Far from thee be anxious Care,
 And racking Thoughts that vex the Great :
 Empire's but a gilded Snare,
 And fickle is the Warrior's Fate.

One only Joy Mankind can know,
 And Love alone can that bestow.

C H O R U S.

One only Joy, &c.

V E N U S' Sings.

I.

Nature fram'd thee sure for Loving,
 Thus adorn'd with every Grace ;
Venus self thy Form approving,
 Looks with Pleasure on thy Face.

II.

Happy Nymph who shall enfold thee,
 Circled in her yielding Arms !
 Should bright *Hellen* once behold thee,
 She'd surrender all her Charms.

III.

Fairest she, all Nymphs transcending,
 That the Sun himself has seen,
 Were she for the Crown contending,
 Thou wou'dst own her Beauty's Queen.

IV. Gen-

IV.

Gentle Shepherd, if my Pleading
Can from thee the Prize obtain,
Love himself thy Conquest aiding,
Thou that Matchless Fair shalt gain.

P A R I S.

I yield, I yield, O take the Prize,
And cease, O cease, th'enchanting Song;
All Loves Darts are in thy Eyes,
And Harmony falls from thy Tongue.

Forbear, O Goddess of Desire,
Thus my ravish'd Soul to move,
Forbear to fan the raging Fire,
And be propitious to my Love.

*Here Paris gives to Venus the Golden Apple.
Several Cupids descend, the three Graces
alight from the Chariot of Venus, they call
the Howrs, who assemble; with all the At-
tendants on Venus. All join in a Circle round
her, and sing the last grand Chorus; while
Juno and Pallas ascend.*

GRAND CHORUS.

*Hither all ye Graces, all ye Loves,
Hither all ye Howrs resort;*

T

Billing

The Judgment of PARIS.

*Billing Sparrows, Cooing Doves;
Come all the Train of Venus Court.
Sing all great Cytherea's Name;
Over Empire, over Fame,
Her Victory proclaim.*

*Sing and spread the joyful News around,
The Queen of Love, is Queen of Beauty Crown'd.*



S E M E-

S E M E L E.

A N

O P E R A.

*A Natura discedimus: Populo nos damus, nullius
rei bono auctori, & in hac re, sicut in omnibus,
inconstantissimo.*

Seneca Ep. 99.

Printed in the YEAR 1710.

S E M E L E

O P E R A

A Modern Spectator: Or, the History of the
Last Days of the Year 1710.
By John Gay.
London: Printed by J. Sturges, 1710.

Printed in the Year 1710



ARGUMENT

Introductory to the

OPERA of *SEMELE*.



After Jupiter's Amour with Europa, the Daughter of Agenor, King of Phœnicia, he again incenses Juno by a new Affair in the same Family; viz. with Semele, Neice to Europa, and Daughter to Cadmus King of Thebes. Semele is on the Point of Marriage with Athamas; which Marriage is about to be solemniz'd in the Temple of Juno, Goddess of Marriages, when Jupiter by ill Omens interrupts the Ceremony; and afterward transports Semele to a private Abode prepar'd for her. Juno, after many Contrivances, at length assumes the Shape and Voice of Ino, Sister to Semele; by the help of which Disguise, and

T 3

artful

ARGUMENT.

artful Insinuations, she prevails with her to make a Request to Jupiter, which being granted must end in her utter Ruin.

This Fable is related in Ovid. Metam. L. 3. but, there, Juno is said to impose on Semele in the Shape of an old Woman, her Nurse. 'Tis hoped, the Liberty taken in substituting Ino instead of the old Woman will be excus'd: It was done, because Ino is interwoven in the Design by her Love of Athamas; to whom she was marry'd, according to Ovid; and, because her Character bears a Proportion with the Dignity of the other Persons represented. This Reason, it is presumed, may be allowed in a Thing intirely fictitious; and more especially being represented under the Title of an Opera, where greater Absurdities are every Day excus'd.

It was not thought requisite to have any Regard either to Rhyme, or Equality of Measure, in the Lines of that Part of the Dialogue which was design'd for the Recitative Stile in Musick. For as that Stile in Musick is not confin'd to the strict Observation of Time and Measure, which is requir'd in the Composition of Aires and Sonata's, so
neither

ARGUMENT.

neither is it necessary that the same Exactness in Numbers, Rhymes, or Measure, should be observed in Words design'd to be set in that manner, which must ever be observed in the Formation of Odes and Sonnets. For, what they call Recitative in Musick, is only a more tuneable Speaking; it is a kind of Prose in Musick; its Beauty consists in coming near Nature, and in improving the natural Accents of Words by more Pathetick or Emphatical Tones.



Persons Represented.

Jupiter.

Cadmus, King of *Thebes*.

Athamas, A Prince of *Bæotia*, in Love with and design'd to marry *Semele*.

Somnus.

Apollo.

Cupid.

Zephyrs.

Loves.

Shepherds.

Satyrs.

Juno.

Iris.

Semele, Daughter to *Cadmus*, beloved by and in Love with *Jupiter*.

Ino, Sister to *Semele*, in Love with *Athamas*.

Shepherdesses.

Chief Priest of *Juno*, other Priests and Augurs.

SCENE BOEOTIA.

SEME-



S E M E L E .

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE is the Temple of Juno, near the Altar is a Golden Image of the Goddess. Priests are in their Solemnities, as after a Sacrifice newly offer'd; Flames arise from the Altar, and the Statue of Juno is seen to bow.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, SEMELE,
and INO.

FIRST PRIEST.



Behold auspicious Flashes rise;
Juno accepts our Sacrifice;
The grateful Odour swift ascends,
And see the Golden Image bends.

FIRST and SECOND PRIEST.

*Lucky Omens bless our Rites,
And sure Success shall crown your Loves;*

S E M E L E.

*Peaceful Days and fruitful Nights,
Attend the Pair that she approves.*

C A D M U S.

Daughter, obey,
Hear, and obey.
With kind Consenting
Ease a Parent's Care;
Invent no new Delay.

A T H A M A S.

O hear a faithful Lover's Pray'r;
On this auspicious Day
Invent no new Delay.

C A D M U S and A T H A M A S.

Hear, and obey;
Invent no new Delay
On this auspicious Day.

S E M E L E [apart.]

Ah me!
What Refuge now is left me?
How various, how tormenting,
Are my Miseries!
O Jove assist me.
Can Semele forgo thy Love,
And to a Mortal's Passion yield?
Thy Vengeance will o'ertake
Such Perfidy.

If

If I deny, my Father's Wrath I fear.
 O Jove, in Pity teach me which to chuse,
 Incline me to comply, or help me to refuse.

A T H A M A S.

*See, she blushing turns her Eyes;
 See, with Sighs her Bosom panting:*

*If from Love those Sighs arise,
 Nothing to my Bliss is wanting.*

*Hymen haste, thy Torch prepare,
 Love already his has lighted;*

*One soft Sigh has cur'd Despair,
 And more than my past Pains requited.*

I N O.

Alas! she yields,
 And has undone me:

I can no longer hide my Passion;
 It must have Vent——

Or inward burning
 Will consume me.

O *Athamas*——

I cannot utter it——

A T H A M A S.

On me fair *Ivo* calls

With mournful Accent,

Her Colour fading,

And her Eyes o'erflowing!

I N O.

S E M E L E.

I N O.

O Semele!

S E M E L E.

On me she calls,
 Yet seems to shun me!
 What wou'd my Sister?
 Speak ——

I N O.

Thou hast undone me.

C A D M U S.

*Why dost thou thus untimely grieve,
 And all our solemn Rites prophane?
 Can he, or she, thy Woes relieve?
 Or I? Of whom dost thou complain?*

I N O.

Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

A T H A M A S.

Can I thy Woes relieve?

S E M E L E.

Can I assuage thy Pain?

C A D M U S, A T H A M A S and S E M E L E.

Of whom dost thou complain?

I N O.

Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

*[It lightens, and Thunder is heard at a distance,
 then a Noise of Rain; the Fire is suddenly
 extin-*

extinguish'd on the Altar: The Chief-Priest comes forward.

FIRST PRIEST.

Avert these Omens, all ye Pow'rs!

Some God averse our holy Rites controlls.

O'erwhelm'd with sudden Night, the Day expires!

Ill-boding Thunder on the Right Hand rolls.

And Jove himself descends in Show'rs,

To quench our late propitious Fires.

CHORUS of PRIESTS.

Avert these Omens, all ye Pow'rs!

SECOND PRIEST.

Again auspicious Flashes rise,

Juno accepts our Sacrifice.

[Flames are again kindled on the Altar, and the Statue nods.]

THIRD PRIEST.

Again the sickly Flame decaying dies:

Juno assents, but angry Jove denies.

[The Fire is again extinguish'd.]

ATHAMAS [apart.]

Thy Aid, Pronubial Juno, Athamas implores.

S E M E L E [apart.]

Thee Jove, and thee alone, thy Semele adores.

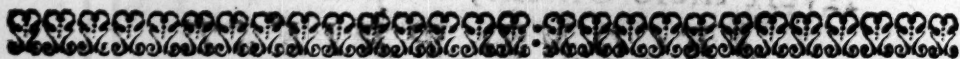
[A loud Clap of Thunder; the Altar sinks.]

FIRST

FIRST PRIEST.

Cease, cease your Vows, 'tis impious to proceed;
 Be gone, and fly this holy Place with Speed:
 This dreadful Conflict is of dire Presage;
 Be gone, and fly from Jove's impending Rage.

[All but the Priests come forward. The Scene closes on the Priests, and shews to View the Front and Outside of the Temple. Cadmus leads off Semele, Attendants follow. Athamas and Ino remain.]



SCENE II.

ATHAMAS, INO.

ATHAMAS.

O Athamas, what Torture hast thou born!
 And O, what hast thou yet to bear!
 From Love, from Hope, from near Possession torn,
 And plung'd at once in deep Despair.

I N O.

Turn, hopeless Lover, turn thy Eyes,

And see a Maid bemoan,

In flowing Tears and aking Sighs,

Thy Woes, too like her own.

ATHA-

A T H A M A S.

She weeps!

The gentle Maid, in tender Pity,

Weeps to behold my Misery!

So *Semete* wou'd melt

To see another mourn.

Such unavailing Mercy is in Beauty found,

Each Nymph bemoans the Smart

Of every bleeding Heart,

But that where she her self inflicts the Wound.

I N O.

Ah me, too much afflicted!

A T H A M A S.

Can Pity for another's Pain

Cause such Anxiety!

I N O.

Couldst thou but guess

What I endure;

Or could I tell thee —

Thou, *Athamas*,

Wou'dst for a while

Thy Sorrows cease, a little cease,

And listen for a while

To my Lamenting.

A T H A M A S.

Of Grief too sensible

I know your tender Nature.

Well

Well I remember,
 When I oft have fu'd
 To cold, disdainful *Semele*;
 When I with Scorn have been rejected;
 Your tuneful Voice my Tale wou'd tell,
 In Pity of my sad Despair;
 And, with sweet Melody, compel
 Attention from the flying Fair.

I N O.

Too well I see
 Thou wilt not understand me.
 Whence cou'd proceed such *Tenderness*?
 Whence such *Compassion*?
 Insensible! Ingrate! —
 Ah no, I cannot blame thee:
 For by Effects unknown before,
 Who cou'd the hidden Cause explore?
 Or think that Love cou'd act so strange a Part,
 To plead for Pity in a Rival's Heart.

A T H A M A S,

Ah me, what have I heard!
 She does her *Passion* own.

I N O.

What, had I not despair'd,
 You never shou'd have known.

You're

*You've undone me,
Look not on me;
Guilt upbraiding,
Shame invading;
Look not on me,
You've undone me.*

A T H A M A S.

*With my Life I wou'd atone
Pains you've born, to me unknown,
Cease, cease to shun me.*

I N O.

*Look not on me,
You've undone me.*

A T H A M A S.

*Cease, cease to shun me:
Love, Love alone
Has both undone.*

I N O, A T H A M A S.

*Love, Love alone
Has both undone.*



S C E N E III.

[*To them*] Enter CADMUS attended.

C A D M U S.

AH wretched Prince, doom'd to disastrous Love!
Ah me, of Parents most forlorn!

Prepare, O *Athamas*, to prove
The sharpest Pangs that e'er were born:
Prepare with me our common Loss to mourn.

A T H A M A S.

Can Fate, or *Semele*, invent
Another, yet another Punishment?

C A D M U S.

Wing'd with our Fears, and pious Haste,
From *Juno's* Fane we fled;
Scarce we the brazen Gates had pass'd,
When *Semele* around her Head

With azure Flames was grac'd,
Whose Lambent Glories in her Tresses play'd.
While this we saw with dread Surprise,
Swifter than Lightning downwards tending,
An Eagle stoopt, of mighty Size,
On Purple Wings descending;

Like

Like Gold his Beak, like Stars shone forth his Eyes,
 His Silver plummy Breast with Snow contending:
 Sudden he snatch'd the trembling Maid,
 And soaring from our Sight convey'd;
 Diffusing ever as he lessening flew
 Celestial Odour, and Ambrosial Dew.

A T H A M A S.

O Prodigy, to me of dire Portent!

I N O.

To me, I hope, of fortunate Event.



SCENE IV.

*Enter to them the Chief-Priest, with Augurs and
 other Priests.*

C A D M U S.

SEE, see, Jove's Priests and holy Augurs come:
 Speak, speak, of *Semele* and me declare the
 Doom.

F I R S T A U G U R.

Hail Cadmus, hail! Jove salutes the Theban King.

Cease your Mourning,

Joys returning,

Songs of Mirth and Triumph sing.

SECOND AUGUR.

Endless Pleasure, endless Love

Semele enjoys above;

On her Bosom Jove reclining,

Useless now his Thunder lies,

To her Arms his Bolts resigning,

And his Lightning to her Eyes.

Endless Pleasure, endless Love

Semele enjoys above.

FIRST PRIEST.

Haste, haste, haste, to Sacrifice prepare,

Once to the Thunderer, once to the Fair:

Jove and Semele implore:

Jove and Semele like Honours share,

Whom Gods admire, let Men adore;

Haste, haste, haste, to Sacrifice prepare.

Chorus of Priests and Augurs.

Hail, Cadmus, hail! Jove salutes the Theban King.

Cease your Mourning,

Joys returning,

Songs of Mirth and Triumph Sing.

[Exeunt omnes.

End of the First Act.

A C T



A C T II. S C E N E I.

The SCENE is a pleasant Country, the Prospect is terminated by a Beautiful Mountain adorn'd with Woods and Water-falls. JUNO and IRIS descend in different Machines. JUNO in a Chariot drawn by Peacocks; IRIS on a Rainbow; they alight and meet.

J U N O.

IRIS, impatient of thy Stay,
 From Samos have I wing'd my Way,
 To meet thy slow Return;
 Thou know'st what Cares infest
 My anxious Breast,
 And how with Rage and Jealousie I burn:
 Then why this long Delay?

I R I S.

With all his Speed not yet the Sun
 Thro' half his Race has run,
 Since I to execute thy dread Command
 Have thrice encompass'd Seas and Land.

U 3

J U N O.

S E M E L E.

J U N O.

Say, where is *Semele's* Abode?

'Till that I know,

Tho' thou hadst on Lightning rode,
Still thou tedious art and slow.

I R I S.

Look where *Citheron* proudly stands,
Bæotia parting from *Cecropian* Lands.
 High on the Summit of that Hill,
 Beyond the Reach of Mortal Eyes,
 By *Jove's* Command, and *Vulcan's* Skill,
 Behold a new-erected Palace rise.

There from mortal Cares retiring,
She resides in sweet Retreat;
On her Pleasure, Jove requiring,
All the Loves and Graces wait.

Thither Flora the Fair
With her Train must repair,
Her amorous Zephyr attending,
All her Sweets she must bring
To continue the Spring,
Which never must there know an Ending.

Bright

*Bright Aurora, 'tis said,
 From her old Lovers Bea
 No more the grey Orient adorning,
 For the future must rise
 From fair Semele's Eyes,
 And wait 'till she wakes for the Morning.*

J U N O.

No more — I'll hear no more,
 How long must I endure? —
 How long with Indignation burning,
 From impious Mortals
 Bear this Insolence!
 Awake *Saturnia* from thy Lethargy;
 Seize, destroy the curst Adultress,
 Scale proud *Citheron's* Top:
 Snatch her, tear her in thy Fury,
 And down, down to the Flood of *Acheron*
 Let her fall, let her fall, fall, fall:
 Rolling down the Depths of Night,
 Never more to behold the Light,
 If I am own'd above,
 Sister and Wife of *Jove*;
 (Sister at least I sure may claim,
 Tho' Wife be a neglected Name,)

If I th' Imperial Scepter fway — I swear
By Hell —

Tremble thou Universe this Oath to hear,
Not one of curst *Agenor's* Race to spare.

I R I S.

Hear mighty Queen, while I recount
What Obstacles you must surmount;
With Adamant the Gates are barr'd,
Whose Entrance two fierce Dragons guard:
At each approach they lash their forky Stings,
And clap their brazen Wings:
And as their scaly Horrors rise,
They all at once disclose
A thousand fiery Eyes,
Which never know Repose.

J U N O.

Hence, *Iris*, hence away,
Far from the Realms of Day;
O'er *Scythian* Hills to the *Meotian* Lake
A speedy Flight we'll take:
There, *Somnus* I'll compell
His downy Bed to leave and silent Cell:
With Noise and Light I will his Peace molest,
Nor shall he sink again to pleasing Rest,
'Till to my vow'd Revenge he grants Supplies,
And seals with Sleep the wakeful Dragons Eyes.
[*They ascend.*



S C E N E II.

The SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Palace of Semele; she is sleeping; Loves and Zephyrs waiting.

C U P I D.

SEE, after the Toils of an amorous Fight,
 Where weary and pleas'd, still panting she lies;
 While yet in her Mind she repeats the Delight,
 How sweet is the Slumber that steals on her Eyes!
 Come Zephyrs, come, while Cupid sings,
 Fan her with your silky Wings;
 New Desire
 I'll inspire,
 And revive the dying Flames;
 Dance around her
 While I wound her,
 And with Pleasure fill her Dreams.

A Dance of Zephyrs, after which Semele awakes, and rises,

S E M E L E.

O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?
 Why thy visionary Joys remove?

O Sleep, again deceive me,
To my Arms restore my wandring Love.



S C E N E III.

*Two Loves lead in JUPITER; while he meets
and embraces SEMELE, CUPID Sings.*

C U P I D.

*S*leep forsaking,
Seize him waking;
Love has sought him,
Back has brought him;
Mighty Jove tho' he be,
And tho' Love cannot see,
Yet by feeling about
He has found him out,
And has caught him.

S E M E L E.

Let me not another Moment
Bear the Pangs of Absence,
Since you have form'd my Soul for Loving,
No more afflict me
With Doubts and Fears, and cruel Jealousie.

J U.

S E M E L E.

81

J U P I T E R.

*Lay your Doubts and Fears aside,
And for Joys alone provide;
Tho' this Human Form I wear,
Think not I Man's Falshood bear.
You are Mortal, and require
Time to rest and to respire.*

*Nor was I absent,
Tho' a while withdrawn,
To take Petitions
From the needy World.
While Love was with thee
I was present;
Love and I are one.*

S E M E L E.

*If chearful Hopes
And chilling Fears,
Alternate Smiles,
Alternate Tears,
Eager Panting,
Fond Desiring,
With Grief now fainting,
Now with Bliss expiring;
If this be Love, not you alone,
But Love and I are one.*

BOTH.

S E M E L E.

B O T H.

*If this be Love, not you alone;
But Love and I are one.*

S E M E L E.

Ah me!

J U P I T E R.

Why Sighs my *Semele*?
What gentle Sorrow
Swells thy soft Bosom?
Why tremble those fair Eyes
With interrupted Light?
Where hov'ring for a Vent,
Amidst their humid Fires,
Some new-form'd Wish appears:
Speak, and obtain.

S E M E L E.

At my own Happiness
I sigh and tremble;
Mortals whom Gods affect
Have narrow Limits set to Life,
And cannot long be blest'd.
Or if they could ———
A God may prove inconstant.

J U P I T E R.

Beware of Jealousie:
Had *Juno* not been jealous,

I ne'er had left *Olympus*,
Nor wander'd in my Love.

S E M E L E.

*With my Frailty don't upbraid me,
I am Woman as you made me.
Causeless doubting or despairing,
Rashly trusting, idly fearing.*

*If obtaining
Still complaining,*

*If consenting
Still repenting,*

*Most complying
When denying,*

And to be follow'd, only flying.

*With my Frailty don't upbraid me,
I am Woman as you made me.*

J U P I T E R.

Thy Sex of *Jove's* the Masterpiece,
Thou, of thy Sex, art most excelling.
Frailty in thee is Ornament,
In thee Perfection.

Giv'n to agitate the Mind,
And keep awake Mens Passions;
To banish Indolence,
And dull Repose,
The Foes of Transport
And of Pleasure.

S E-

S E M E L E.

S E M E L E.

Still I am mortal,
 Still a Woman;
 And ever when you leave me,
 Tho' compass'd round with Deities,
 Of Loves and Graces,
 A Fear invades me,
 And conscious of a Nature
 Far inferior,
 I seek for Solitude,
 And shun Society.

J U P I T E R [*apart.*]

Too well I read her Meaning,
 But must not understand her.
 Aiming at Immortality
 With dangerous Ambition,
 She wou'd dethrone *Saturnia*;
 And reigning in my Heart
 Would reign in Heav'n.

Least she too much explain,
 I must with Speed amuse her;
 It gives the Lover double Pain,
 Who hears his Nymph complain,
 And hearing must refuse her.

S E M E-

S E M E L E.

Why do you cease to gaze upon me?

Why musing turn away?

Some other Object

Seems more pleasing.

J U P I T E R.

Thy needless Fears remove,

My fairest, latest, only Love.

By my Command,

Now at this Instant,

Two winged *Zephyrs*

From her downy Bed

Thy much-lov'd *Ino* bear;

And both together

Waft her hither

Thro' the balmy Air.

S E M E L E.

Shall I my Sister see!

The dear Companion

Of my tender Years.

J U P I T E R.

See she appears

But sees not me,

For I am visible

Alone to thee.

While

While I retire, rise and meet her,
 And with Welcomes greet her.
 Now all this Scene shall to *Arcadia* turn,
 The Seat of happy Nymphs and Swains,
 There without the Rage of Jealousie they burn,
 And taste the Sweets of Love without its Pains.

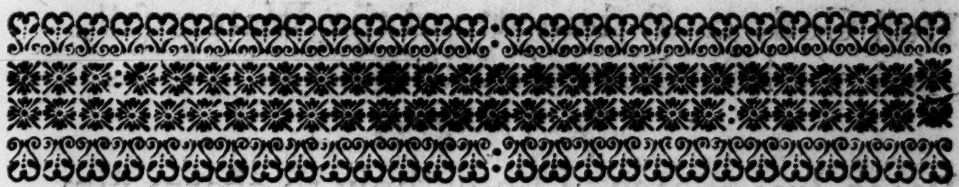


S C E N E IV.

JUPITER retires. SEMELE and INO meet and embrace. The SCENE is totally changed, and shews an open Country. Several Shepherds and Shepherdesses enter. SEMELE and INO having entertain'd each other in dumb Shew, sit and observe the Rural Sports, which end the Second Act.



A C T



ACT III. SCENE I

The SCENE is the Cave of Sleep. The God of Sleep lying on his Bed. A soft Symphony is heard. Then the Musick changes to a different Movement.

JUNO *and* IRIS.

J U N O.



Omnus, awake,
Raife thy reclining Head;

I R I S.

Thy self forsake,
And lift up thy heavy Lids of Lead.

S O M N U S [waking.]

Leave me, loathsome Light;

Receive me, silent Night.

Lethe, why does thy lingring Current cease?

O murmur, murmur me again to Peace.

[Sinks down again.]

S E M E L E.

I R I S.

Dull God, canst thou attend the Waters fall,
And not hear *Saturnia* call!

J U N O.

Peace *Iris*, Peace, I know how to charm him,
Pasithea's Name alone can warm him.

J U N O, I R I S.

Only Love on Sleep has Pow'r;

O'er Gods and Men

Tho' Somnus reign,

Love alternate has his Hour.

J U N O.

Somnus arise,

Disclose thy tender Eyes;

For *Pasithea's* Sight

Endure the Light:

Somnus arise.

S O M N U S [rising.]

More sweet is that Name

Than a soft purling Stream;

With Pleasure Repose I'll forsake,

If you'll grant me but her to sooth me awake.

J U N O.

My Will obey,

She shall be thine.

Thou with thy softer Pow'rs

First

First *Jove* shalt captivate,
 To *Morpheus* then give Order,
 Thy various Minister,
 That with a Dream in Shape of *Semele*,
 But far more beautiful,
 And more alluring,
 He may invade the sleeping Deity;
 And more to agitate
 His kindling Fire,
 Still let the Phantom seem
 To fly before him,
 That he may wake impetuous,
 Furious in Desire;
 Unable to refuse whatever Boon
 Her Coyneſs ſhall require.

S O M N U S.

I tremble to comply.

J U N O.

To me thy leaden Rod reſign,
 To charm the Centinels
 On Mount *Citheron*;
 Then caſt a Sleep on mortal *Ino*:
 That I may ſeem her Form to wear,
 When I to *Semele* appear.
 Obey my Will, thy Rod reſign,
 And *Paſithea* ſhall be thine.

S E M E L E.

S O M N U S.

All I must grant, for all is due
To *Pasithea*, Love and you.

J U N O.

*Away let us haste,
Let neither have rest,
'Till the sweetest of Pleasures we prove;
'Till of Vengeance possess'd
I doubly am bless'd,
And thou art made happy in Love.*

[*Ex Juno and Iris.*

[*Somnus retires within his Cave, the Scene changes to Semele's Apartment.*



S C E N E II.

S E M E L E [*alone.*]

S E M E L E.

I Love and am lov'd, yet more I desire;
Ah, how foolish a Thing is Fruition!
As one Passion cools, some other takes Fire,
And I'm still in a longing Condition.

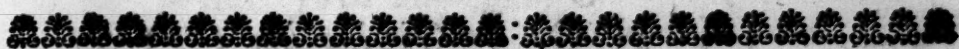
Whate'er I possess

Soon seems an Excess,

For something untry'd I petition;

Tho'

*Tho' daily I prove
The Pleasures of Love,
I die for the Joys of Ambition.*



S C E N E III.

*Enter JUNO as INO, with a Mirrour in
her Hand.*

J U N O [*apart.*]

THUS shaped like *Ino*,
With Ease I shall deceive her,
And in this Mirrour she shall see
Her self as much transform'd as me.
Do I some Goddess see! [*To her.*
Or is it *Semele*?

S E M E L E.

Dear Sister speak,
Whence this Astonishment?

J U N O.

Your Charms improving
To Divine Perfection,
Shew you were late admitted
Amongst Celestial Beauties.
Has *Jove* consented?
And are you made Immortal?

S E M E L E.

S E M E L E.

Ah no, I still am Mortal,
Nor am I sensible
Of any Change or new Perfection.

J U N O. [*Giving her the Glass.*]

*Behold in this Mirrour
Whence comes my Surprise;
Such Lustre and Terror
Unite in your Eyes,*

*That mine cannot fix on a Radiance so bright;
'Tis unsafe for the Sense, and too slipp'ry for Sight.*

S E M E L E. [*Looking in the Glass.*]

O Ecstasy of Happiness!

Celestial Graces

I discover in each Feature!

*My self I shall adore,
If I persist in gazing;
No Object sure before
Was ever half so pleasing.*

How did that Glance become me!

But take this flatt'ring Mirrour from me.

*Yet once again let me view me.**Ah charming all o'er!*

[Offering the Glass, withdraws her Hand again.]

*Here — hold, I'll have one Look more,
Tho' that Look I were sure would undo me.*

JUNO.

J U N O. [*Taking the Glass from her.*
 Be wise as you are beautiful,
 Nor lose this Opportunity.
 When Jove appears,
 All ardent with Desire,
 Refuse his proffer'd Flame
 'Till you obtain a Boon without a Name.

S E M E L E.

Can that avail me?

J U N O.

*Unknowing your Intent,
 And eager for possessing,
 He unawares will grant
 The nameless Blessing,
 But bind him by the Stygian Lake,
 Lest Lover-like his Word he break.*

S E M E L E.

But how shall I attain
 To Immortality?

J U N O.

Conjure him by his Oath
 Not to approach your Bed
 In Likeness of a Mortal,
 But like himself, the mighty Thunderer,
 In Pomp of Majesty,
 And heav'nly Attire;

As when he proud *Saturnia* charms,
 And with ineffable Delights
 Fills her encircling Arms,
 And pays the Nuptial Rites.
 By this Conjunction
 With entire Divinity
 You shall partake of heav'nly Essence,
 And thenceforth leave this Mortal State
 To reign above,
 Ador'd by *Jove*,
 In spite of jealous *Juno's* Hate.

S E M E L E.

*Thus let my Thanks be paid,
 Thus let my Arms embrace thee;
 And when I'm Goddess made,
 With Charms like mine I'll grace thee.*

J U N O.

Rich Odours fill the fragrant Air,
 And *Jove's* Approach declare.
 I must retire —

S E M E L E.

Adieu — Your Counsel I'll pursue.

J U N O [*apart.*]

And sure Destruction will ensue.

Vain wretched Fool — [*To her.*] Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE



S C E N E IV.

JUPITER *enters, offers to embrace SEME-
LE; she looks kindly on him, but retires a lit-
tle from him.*

J U P I T E R.

Come to my Arms, my lovely Fair,
Sooth my uneasy Care:

In my Dream late I woo'd thee,
And in vain I pursu'd thee,
For you fled from my Pray'r,
And bid me despair.

Come to my Arms, my lovely Fair.

S E M E L E.

Tho' 'tis easie to please ye,
And hard to deny;
Tho' Possessing's a Blessing
For which I could die,
I dare not, I cannot comply.

J U P I T E R.

When I languish with Anguish,
And tenderly sigh,
Can you leave me, deceive me,
And scornfully fly?
Ah fear not. You must not deny.

S E M E -

S E M E L E, J U P I T E R.

I dare not, I cannot comply.

Ah fear not; you must not deny.

J U P I T E R.

O Semele,

Why art thou thus insensible?

Were I a Mortal,

Thy barbarous disdaining

Would surely end me,

And Death at my Complaining

In Pity would befriend me.

S E M E L E.

I ever am granting,

You always complain;

I always am wanting,

Yet never obtain.

J U P I T E R.

Speak, speak your Desire,

I'm all over Fire.

Say what you require,

I'll grant it — now let us retire.

S E M E L E.

Swear by the *Stygian* Lake.

J U P I T E R.

By that tremendous Flood I swear,

Ye *Stygian* Waters hear,

And

And thou *Olympus* shake,
In witness to the Oath I take.

[Thunder at a Distance, and underneath.

S E M E L E.

You'll grant what I require.

J U P I T E R.

I'll grant what you require.

S E M E L E.

Then cast off this human Shape which you wear,

And Jove since you are, like Jove too appear;

When next you desire I should charm ye.

As when Juno you blest,

So you me must carest,

And with all your Omnipotence arm ye.

J U P I T E R.

Ah! take heed what you press,

For beyond all Redress,

Should I grant what you wish, I shall harm ye.

S E M E L E.

I'll be pleas'd with no less,

Than my Wish in Excess;

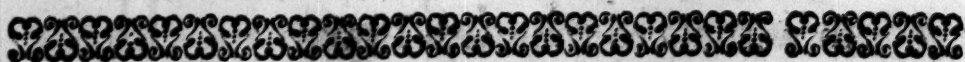
Let the Oath you have taken allarm ye:

Haste, haste, and prepare,

For I'll know what you are;

So with all your Omnipotence arm ye.

SCENE



S C E N E V.

*She withdraws, JUPITER remains pensive
and dejected.*

J U P I T E R.

AH! whither is she gone! unhappy Fair!
Why did she wish? — Why did I rashly swear?

*'Tis past, 'tis past Recall,
She must a Victim fall.*

Anon, when I appear
The mighty Thunderer,
Arm'd with inevitable Fire,
She needs must instantly expire.

*'Tis past, 'tis past Recall,
She must a Victim fall.*

My softest Lightning yet I'll try,
And mildest melting Bolt apply:
In vain — for she was fram'd to prove
None but the lambent Flames of Love.

*'Tis past, 'tis past Recall,
She must a Victim fall.*

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

JUNO *appears in her Chariot ascending.*

J U N O.

Above measure
Is the Pleasure
Which my Revenge supplies.

Love's a Bubble
Gain'd with Trouble,

And in possessing dies.

With what Joy shall I mount to my Heav'n again,
At once from my Rival and Jealousie freed!
The Sweets of Revenge make it worth while to reign,
And Heav'n will hereafter be Heav'n indeed.

[She ascends.]

S C E N E VII.

The SCENE opening discovers Semele lying under a Canopy, leaning pensively While a mournful Symphony is playing she looks up and sees Jupiter descending in a black Cloud; the Motion of the Cloud is slow. Flashes of Lightning issue

*sue from either Side, and Thunder is heard
grumbling in the Air.*

S E M E L E.

AH me! too late I now repent
My Pride and impious Vanity.
He comes! far off his Lightnings scorch me.

— I feel my Life consuming:
I burn, I burn — I faint — for Pity I implore —
O help, O help — I can no more. [Dies.

*As the Cloud which contains Jupiter is arrived
just over the Canopy of Semele, a sudden and
great Flash of Lightning breaks forth, and a
Clap of loud Thunder is heard; when at one in-
stant Semele with the Palace and the whole
present Scene disappears, and Jupiter re-ascends
swiftly. The Scene totally changed represents
a pleasant Country, Mount Citheron closing
the Prospect.*



S C E N E VII.

Enter CADMUS, ATHAMAS and INO.

I N O.

O F my ill-boding Dream
Behold the dire Event.

C A D M U S, A T H A M A S.

O Terror and Astonishment.

I N O.

How I was hence remov'd,
 Or hither how return'd, I know not:
 So long a Trance with-held me.
 But *Hermes* in a Vision told me
 (As I have now related)

The Fate of *Semele*;
 And added, as from me he fled,
 That *Jove* ordain'd I *Athamas* should wed.

C A D M U S.

Be *Jove* in ev'ry thing obey'd.

[Joyns their Hands.]

A T H A M A S.

Unworthy of your Charms, my self I yield:
 Be *Jove's* Commands and yours fullfill'd.

C A D M U S.

See from above the bellying Clouds descend,
 And big with some new Wonder this Way tend.



S C E N E IX.

A bright Cloud descends and rests on Mount Citheron, which opening discovers Apollo seated in it as the God of Prophecy.

A P O L L O.

Apollo comes to relieve your Care,
 And future Happiness declare.

*From Tyrannous Love all your Sorrows proceed,
From Tyrannous Love you shall quickly be freed.*

*From Semele's Ashes a Phænix shall rise,
The Joy of this Earth, and Delight of the Skies:*

A God he shall prove

More mighty than Love,

And a Sovereign Juice shall invent,

Which Antidote pure

The sick Lover shall cure,

And Sighing and Sorrow for ever prevent.

*Then Mortals be merry, and scorn the blind Boy;
Your Hearts from his Arrows strong Wine shall
defend:*

*Each Day and each Night you shall revel in Joy,
For when Bacchus is born, Love's Reign's at an end.*

CHORUS.

Then Mortals be merry, &c.

Dance of Satyrs.

[Exeunt omnes.]

F I N I S:



+

22

